THE LITERARY DIGEST

(Title registered in the U. S. Patent Office and in Foreign Countries)

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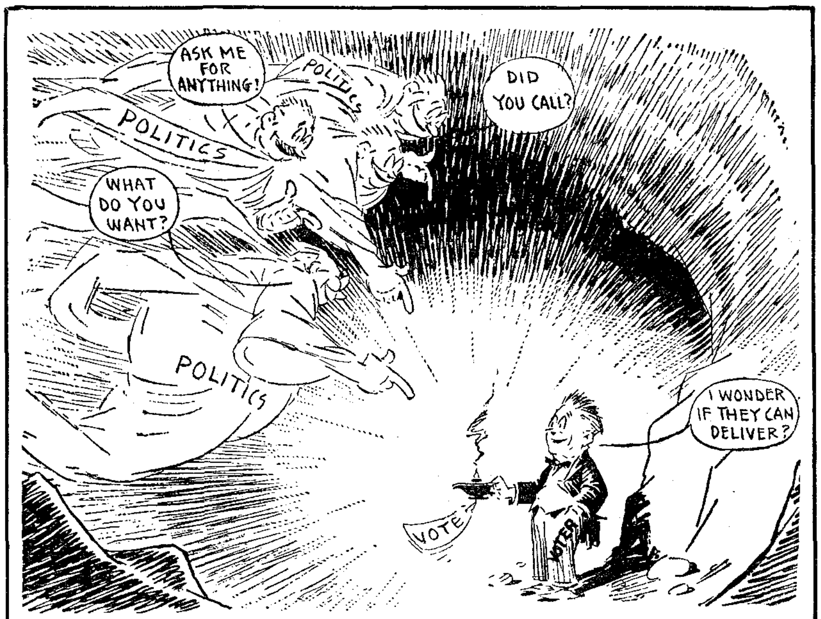
TOPICS - OF - THE - DAY

(This title registered in U. S. Patent Office)

689,019 VOTES IN "THE DIGEST'S" BIG ELECTION POLL

"THE DEMOCRATIC TICKET will sweep the country in November." So announces Senator "Pat" Harrison of Mississippi, in a ringing counterblast to the strong Republican showing made by the first returns in THE LITERARY DIGEST'S Presidential Poll, two weeks ago, when a scattering 25,000 votes were tabulated. Senator Harrison is a Democrat who has often been chosen to be the mouthpiece of his party, and it is quite possible, of course, that his prediction may be perfectly correct. How the election will go, no one knows, and his prophecy is a "straw" that must be accepted and weighed at its proper valuation in attempting to forecast the result one month from to-day. THE DIGEST is merely counting the straws and records his contribution with the rest. The more strongly Democratic States are still to be heard from in our poll, and the Senator's statement is welcome as a support to the Democratic side pending the flood of Democratic ballots they will undoubtedly send in. The poll is young yet and many thousands of ballots are still going out in the mails daily.



THE MODERN ALADDIN AND HIS MAGIC LAMP

—Brown in the Chicago *Daily News*.

Twenty-five times 25,000 votes have now been collected, but still it must be kept in mind that only 18 of the 48 States contribute to the present total. Five contributed to the first published summary. Most Democratic editors commented merely that, as the Houston (Texas) *Post* phrases the general idea, "it can hardly be said that the first 25,000 replies prove anything, except that the five States are Republican and probably will remain so." Senator Harrison, however, evidently arguing from different assumptions, utters this combined defiance and prophecy:

"The Republican managers are pursuing the same hypocritical methods as the party has pursued in the past. Through every agency of propaganda they are trying to make the people believe that Coolidge is far in the lead in the Presidential race.

"Friendly newspapers, magazines and periodicals are trying to delude the people by showing alleged straw votes. The latest is from THE LITERARY DIGEST. . . .

"The trend of political sentiment to-day is toward Davis. La Follette is a Republican and it is foolish to suppose that he will draw more from the opposition party than from the party with which he has been affiliated since his appearance in public life. Every State that La Follette carries will be a Republican State and will lessen the chance of Coolidge's election.

"The Democratic situation is better to-day than at any time in this campaign. The ticket will sweep the county in November.

"No one can doubt the control of the next Senate by a safe Democratic majority. We have only three sitting Democratic Senators coming up for reelection in so-called doubtful States. The Republicans have eighteen. We need only six seats to control. To state the facts is to answer the question."

Senator Harrison's answer to the question is, of course, far different from the answers of Coolidge and La Follette representatives, both of whom are claiming somewhat the same sort of "sweep" for their cohorts that the Mississippi Senator foresees for his party. In the meantime, the present distribution of votes in THE DIGEST'S poll of the nation, representing returns from eighteen States but still without anything like complete reports from the Southern strongholds of Democracy, stands as follows:

Coolidge, 397,522. Davis, 118,259. La Follette, 164,366.

The first returns, when the votes stood at 25,000, gave Coolidge, 16,071; Davis, 3,792 and La Follette, 5,596. It will readily be seen that Mr. Davis's present vote is at a much improved ratio. In the earliest returns, Mr. Coolidge had between four and five times as many as his Democratic opponent. In the present poll of 689,019 votes, the Republican candidate has only a trifle more than three times as many, a very considerable reduction in his proportional lead. Mr. La Follette, also, has cut down the lead of the President, the first returns showing the Coolidge strength at approximately three to one in La Follette's case, while the present report gives somewhat less than two and a half to one. Mr. La Follette's popular vote continues to be well above that registered by Mr. Davis, but, of course, on the basis of the returns so far received, Mr. Davis would have the greater number of votes in the Electoral College. Only Wisconsin is thus far credited to the Wisconsin Senator, with Minnesota, where he was expected to have a considerable lead, thus far, apparently, safe in the Republican column.

Senator Harrison's allusion to the parties from which La

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THE LITERARY DIGEST 1924 PRESIDENTIAL POLL

1924 VOTE

	COOLIDGE	DAVIS	LA FOLLETTE	FARIS	FOSTER	NATIONS	WALLACE	JOHNS	TOTAL FOR STATE
1 California	45,324	6,124	38,926	126	22	579	56	344	91,703
2 Colorado	4,167	853	1,065	2	12	48	5	23	6,175
3 Illinois	63,743	13,325	22,919	63	322	561	55	86	101,074
4 Indiana	8,338	3,218	1,718	10	8	66	18	2	13,378
5 Iowa	9,487	1,868	3,381	7	30	114	9	6	14,902
6 Kansas	19,626	5,526	5,011	37	38	321	24	93	30,676
7 Minnesota	24,435	3,719	13,134	23	158	193	40	137	41,839
8 Nebraska	3,074	1,197	872	1	8	59	7	8	5,226
9 New Jersey	15,199	2,981	3,105	12	27	47	9	10	21,390
10 New York	59,726	12,979	21,846	19	303	148	59	92	95,172
11 Ohio	34,568	9,937	9,820	36	111	757	39	59	55,327
12 Oregon	1,455	389	468	—	8	19	—	2	2,341
13 Pennsylvania	58,596	12,267	16,863	66	186	1,489	55	228	89,750
14 Texas	11,426	18,880	3,340	23	29	128	12	22	33,860
15 Virginia	6,752	12,508	1,620	8	21	112	7	11	21,039
16 Washington	10,617	1,864	5,779	11	37	239	10	60	18,617
17 West Virginia	9,324	7 564	1,070	4	12	93	1	10	18,078
18 Wisconsin	8,593	1,461	10,773	12	29	63	7	51	20,989
19 State unknown	3,072	1,599	2,656	8	31	67	12	38	7,483
TOTAL VOTES	397,522	118,259	164,366	468	1,594	5,103	425	1,282	689,019

HOW THE SAME VOTERS VOTED IN 1920

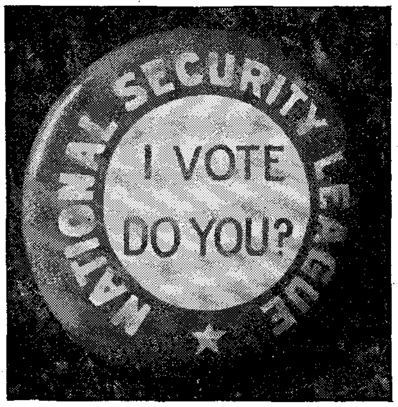
	REP.	DEM.	SOC.	FARM LABOR	PROH.	DID NOT VOTE	TOTAL
1 California	54,507	15,068	1,187	59	321	20,561	91,703
2 Colorado	3,740	1,176	51	4	16	1,188	6,175
3 Illinois	64,525	16,416	613	218	124	19,178	101,074
4 Indiana	7,555	3,184	61	14	21	2,543	13,378
5 Iowa	10,006	2,242	39	10	12	2,593	14,902
6 Kansas	18,121	6,103	139	22	29	6,262	30,676
7 Minnesota	25,942	4,953	262	592	53	10,037	41,839
8 Nebraska	2,972	1,178	13	1	7	1,055	5,226
9 New Jersey	14,385	3,374	125	11	15	3,480	21,390
10 New York	58,155	16,995	1,148	109	137	18,628	95,172
11 Ohio	33,497	12,097	289	22	26	9,396	55,327
12 Oregon	1,445	424	15	2	3	452	2,341
13 Pennsylvania	58,352	12,528	560	129	253	17,928	89,750
14 Texas	6,725	21,137	115	4	5	5,874	33,860
15 Virginia	5,644	11,792	41	12	9	3,541	21,039
16 Washington	11,476	2,969	116	228	20	3,808	18,617
17 West Virginia	8,965	6,145	40	5	9	2,914	18,078
18 Wisconsin	13,022	2,482	170	13	92	5,210	20,989
19 State unknown	3,152	1,605	40	18	10	2,658	7,483
TOTAL VOTES	402,186	141,868	5,024	1,473	1,162	137,306	689,019

TOTAL VOTES, ALL CANDIDATES, UP TO AND INCLUDING SEPTEMBER 20, 1924........689,019

Follette draws his strength, touches on one of the most interesting phases of the campaign. THE DIGEST is keeping a detailed record of the previous affiliations of those who vote in this largest and most detailed of Presidential "straw votes." These records will become increasingly illuminating as the vote mounts up. At present, to take the critical State of Minnesota, for instance, our records show that, of the 13,134 voters who vote for La Follette, 6,010 voted the Republican ticket in 1920 while 1,888 voted Democratic, and 4,455 either did not vote or did not register their previous vote on the DIGEST card. In that State, 1,124 previous Democrats are now voting for Coolidge, with 18,696 former Republicans, to make up the large total of more than 24,000 registered for the President. The comparatively small Democratic vote in this State, 3,719, is contributed chiefly by 1,884 former Democrats and 1,054 former Republicans.

The State that continues to hold the center of the stage, however, is California, where La Follette has piled up a total of 38,926 votes against the President's 45,324. Even tho this shows a slight weakening in the La Follette strength since THE DIGEST's first printed returns of 1,624 for Coolidge and 1,561 for La Follette, the Wisconsin candidate's apparent strength continues to surprize those political prophets who had confided California safely to the Republican fold. THE DIGEST, in order to get the views of editors on the ground, telegraphed to a number of California papers for comment on the remarkable strength of La Follette as shown in the first return. The old-line Republican papers present different explanations, while the organs supporting Mr. La Follette are openly jubilant. Even with regard to Mr. Coolidge's "bit of a lead," says one apparently radical editor, who does not sign his name nor give a hint as to the name of his paper, "it is not likely that a ballot through the mails can plumb the depths of the masses of Californians, where the La Follette voting strength is greatest." The Sacramento *Union* presents this lively bit of comment:

"Those persons who from the plush comfort of their club-room chairs and from the wide spaces of their golf links have been airily poopooing the claims of the La Follette workers that the Wisconsin Senator would carry California in November would do well to arouse themselves from the enjoyment of their fat black cigars and their perfumed cigarets long enough to look at the first returns from THE LITERARY DIGEST's 15,000,000 vote poll of the country on the Presidential contest. They show that, out of 3,455 California votes cast, La Follette receives 1,561 against 1,624 for Coolidge and 233 for Davis.



BUTTON OF THE VOTE-BOOSTERS

Several national organizations are out to increase the number of voting citizens, which was only 49 per cent., at the last Presidential election, of those entitled to vote. Buttons like these are issued by the National Security League.

"Altho we do not share the view, it has been claimed that THE DIGEST's famous straw votes represent the opinions of the so-called 'higher classes' of the population and do not reach down to the 'mudsills' of society—the manual workers, the clerical workers, and the agricultural workers. The plan adopted in taking the poll seems to assure a broadly representative showing. If it does not, then the Coolidge managers may well take alarm at the early returns, for they show the President leading by only a fractional margin. If it does, they would do well to begin pressing their activities at top speed, for they may be sure that this is what the La Follettistas will do. This national horse-race is for mighty stakes, and the entry which is handicapped by overconfidence and lethargy might easily lose it."

The Oakland *Tribune* (Rep.) believes that "the first results of THE DIGEST's poll bear out the sentiments exprest in the State primaries, and those obtained by the sectional straw vote taken by *The Farm Journal*." The heaviest Coolidge vote is expected to come in last, observes the San Francisco *Chronicle*, pointing out that "those interested in third-party attempts at control register their preferences early." *The Chronicle* concludes: "Politicians see in the Coolidge lead a most hopeful sign now that the Coolidge-Dawes campaign is just getting under way, while the La Follette boom seems to have reached its peak." A new phase of the situation is brought out by the Fresno *Republican*, whose editor believes that:

"The Davis figures, as shown in THE LITERARY DIGEST poll of California so far, are much smaller in proportion than the Democratic registration in California in proportion to the Coolidge figures and the Republican registration. The La Follette enthusiasts are coming, it is well known, much more from the Democratic registration in California than from the Republican, and a large proportion of these Democratic La Follette shouters will vote for Davis, rather than La Follette, after they have, as they think, done as much harm to the Coolidge cause as they can by joining La Follette clubs or adding to La Follette straw votes."

There may be still another turn in the political complexities of the coast State, intimates Charles K. McClatchy, editor of the Fresno *Bee*. His editorial runs in part:

"The DIGEST poll supports what has been the general opinion among the politically studious, that California was certain to go for either Coolidge or La Follette with no chance whatever of the Democrats carrying it for Davis. Thousands of Democrats beside those who will vote for La Follette through conviction are deserting their party nominee in this State to cast their ballots for one of the two candidates between whom the battle lies. Many

Democrats figure it to their party advantage to help La Follette carry the State so Coolidge may not have it in his column. For these reasons the Democrats will probably record the lowest Presidential vote in this State of recent years. But principally so far the DIGEST poll is important in driving home the fact that the La Follette candidacy is not a noisy flare-up which will die down quickly, but a movement of strong current and deep waters which seriously endangers the chances that Coolidge otherwise would have had of carrying California."

A conservative view, both of the poll and of the situation, is presented by the editor of the San Francisco *Bulletin* (Rep.), under the head of "Unripe Returns." In this editor's opinion:

> "It will be the part of wisdom to await further developments in THE LITERARY DIGEST'S Presidential Poll before getting het up over the first hand-out. Yet the figures of the first return from California for Coolidge, 1,624; for La Follette, 1,561; for Davis, 233; are undeniably disquieting. They indicate at least that the La Follette propagandists in California are actively on the job and that they have made a point, in response to THE DIGEST'S questionnaire, of getting in early—and we can but suspect often. The discrepancy between reports made to THE LITERARY DIGEST and the results of systematic inquiry privately made is so wide as to suggest that future reports may tell a different story."

Looking at the California situation from half-way across the continent, and throwing still another sidelight on it, the Duluth *New Tribune* (Rep.) remarks that "the California vote is not surprizing," since:

> "It has long been recognized that President Coolidge has a fight on his hands there, because there is normally a big Democratic vote and because Senator Johnson has been sulking in his tent. But at least Mr. Coolidge has a little better than an even chance to carry California on this showing, and that is all that has ever been claimed for him."

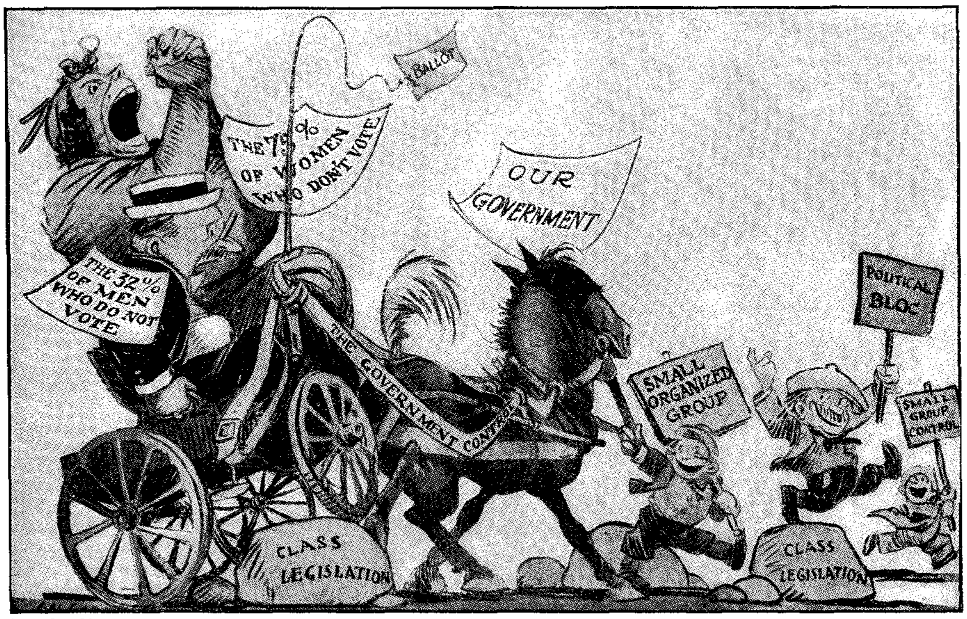
THE DIGEST vote, together with other local straw votes, concludes *The News Tribune*, "simply confirm the conclusion that this is not a fight between Coolidge and Davis, but between Coolidge and a possible deadlock in the Electoral College, and it is going to be decided very largely by the Middle West." The Boston *Herald*, another Republican paper, has the same general opinion, and cites John Moody, of *Moody's Magazine*, whose predictions, it says, in several Presidential contests, "have proved amazingly accurate," in support of THE DIGEST'S figures. The Minneapolis *Tribune*, also Republican, finds the La Follette strength, as revealed in the DIGEST poll, "astonishing, and, to say the least, disquieting." Of course, continues this Minnesota journal:

> "There is not the remotest chance of La Follette being in second place when the votes are counted. Davis will have his solid South, and if we concede the entire West to the Wisconsin Senator, he can not finish otherwise than in third place. But this concession of the West to La Follette brings Coolidge below the 266 electoral votes necessary for election."

Rather more cheerful is the editor of the independent St. Paul *Dispatch*, a supporter of the Administration, who finds that "the first figures in this enormous straw vote seem to prove" that "other things being equal, as they are in the present instance, the advantage always is with the man who is on the job, rather than with the man who merely wants it himself." To continue with pro-Administration views, *The Wall Street Journal* announces that the poll to date indicates these things:

> "That President Coolidge's popular vote, at least in the East, will be as great or greater than that for President Harding in 1920.
>
> "That La Follette has a little more than an even chance to outstrip Davis.
>
> "That La Follette has drawn more heavily on the Democratic than on the Republican strength, and that Mr. Coolidge is likely to get a greater percentage of the vote that stayed at home in 1920 than either of the other two candidates."

The Democratic comment, so far as it has yet appeared, more generally confines itself to the obvious fact that very few centers of Democratic strength have been heard from—that the votes so far tabulated in the poll come from Coolidge and La Follette territory. The Richmond *Times-Dispatch*, with an introductory compliment to "THE DIGEST'S nation-wide poll" as "an undertaking of real value," concludes:



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FOLKS WHO WON'T USE THE REINS AND WHIP ON THEIR OWN HORSE SHOULDN'T COMPLAIN IF IT'S LED OFF THE ROAD

—Darling in *Collier's, The National Weekly.*

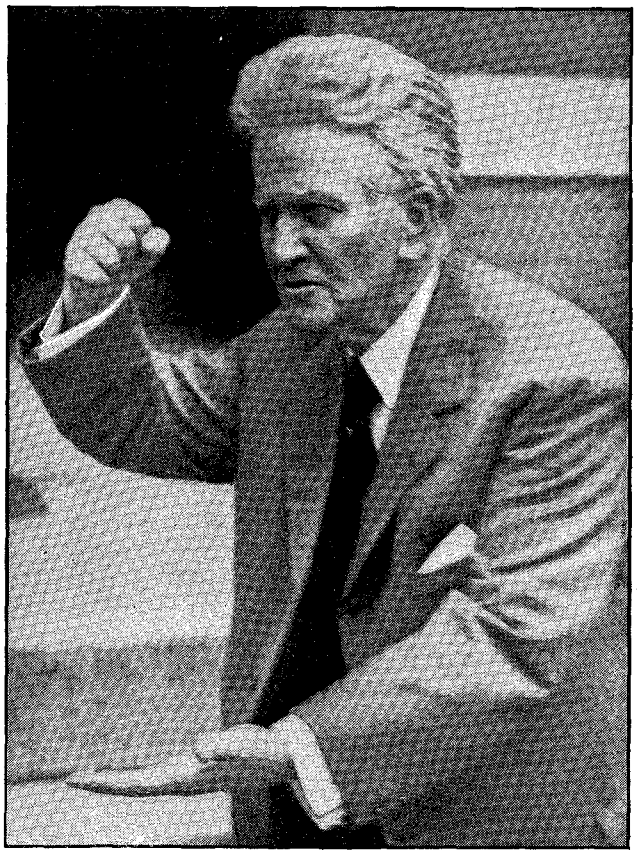
> "The first few ripples, as THE DIGEST expresses it, of the flood of votes expected already are in and tabulated. These, of course, show little, save in so far as they indicate surprizing La Follette strength. Whether the apparent third-party strength will develop or decrease is a question in which everybody is interested."

The Columbia (S. C.) *Record*, under the headline, "As the Straws Point," observes:

> "The battle-ground in the Northeast is rallying around the Davis colors remarkably well at this writing. West Virginia is Mr. Davis's home State. It has honored him time and again, and if he can not carry it, we might as well class West Virginia with Pennsylvania in the future. And there are fine signs that Delaware, New Jersey, Rhode Island and New Hampshire will swing into the Democratic column this year as they did in 1912.
>
> "With victory in the States just mentioned, and with the electoral vote of New York added to the electoral vote of the Solid South and border States, Davis and Bryan will win as smoothly as one could slide off a slippery log. . . . If the election should go to Congress, the House should be able to decide it quickly, since it has rejected Mr. Coolidge on all his leading proposals as regularly as they came up.
>
> "Democrats, La Follette Independents and Independent Republicans will repudiate him again, if the people do not reject him at the public polls. We are making that prediction and it will stand until inauguration day. The next President will not be Calvin Coolidge."

THE FIGHT CENTERING AROUND LA FOLLETTE

A MONTH BEFORE ELECTION DAY both Republicans and Democrats are seen by political observers to be fighting La Follette. Republicans and Democrats, observes the Utica *Press* (Ind.) "are doing more to advertise him than to advance their own cause." Mr. La Follette acknowledges this situation when he declares that both the policies and the candidates of the Republican and Democratic parties are as alike as "two peas in a pod," and that he therefore prefers to lump them together as "our opponents." The outstanding development that Mark Sullivan has been noticing in political circles is the increasing "concession from practically everybody concerned as to La Follette's strength." As this trained political observer depicts the situation in the Republican New York *Herald Tribune*, it consists "essentially of the Republicans talking about La Follette, the Democrats talking about La Follette, and La Follette talking about himself." Naturally, notes Mr. Sullivan, the situation is "very agreeable to the La Follette people." Small wonder, remarks the Madison (Wisc.) *Capitol Times*, that, in view of the reception given Senator La Follette in New York and elsewhere, "the leaders in each of the old parties are issuing statements saying that La Follette is the man that their party has to defeat." "All the La Follette news is good news," exults *The Nation*, one of his leading supporters in the East—



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"FUNDAMENTAL AND IRRECONCILABLE"

Says Senator La Follette, "are the differences between ourselves and our opponents."

> "Iowa is so certain for La Follette that, according to reliable reports, a group of the leading Wall Street financiers was hastily called together at a luncheon in mid-September, at which they pledged a large sum of money to buy Iowa back for Coolidge. But the most amazing news comes from California. At the outset of the campaign no one dared hope that this reactionary State would turn toward La Follette. The early optimism of Rudolph Spreckels, the La Follette manager, was readily discounted, but the Hearst and LITERARY DIGEST polls show an amazing turning to La Follette, even in Los Angeles. More than that, Gus Karger, the anti-La Follette correspondent of the Taft Cincinnati paper, wires from California that the State is now La Follette's. In New York the tide is turning from Coolidge. There Representative John D. Clark, of Delaware County, who upheld the President throughout the last session of Congress, was defeated for renomination, while Hamilton Fish, Jr., who opposed the President and was violently attacked during the primary campaign for not being regular, was triumphantly renominated. Chairman Shaver's admission that if the election were held to-day it would go into the House is further convincing proof of the growth of the La Follette movement. Even in a border State like Maryland the amount of support for La Follette is causing the Davis managers the greatest concern. The tidal wave is growing."

"Coolidge versus La Follette" is what the Presidential election now comes down to from the Republican point of view, that is, it is Coolidge or a deadlock throwing the election into Congress, writes Arthur Sears Henning in the Republican Chicago *Tribune*. He adds that what Republican leaders "have learned of the situation in such a traditional Republican bulwark as Iowa has sent the shivers chasing up and down some extremely distinguished spinal columns." But while the acknowledgments of La Follette strength have encouraged the Senators' followers it seems to the Springfield *Republican* (Ind.) that they have also "spurred the Republican workers to more intensive efforts."

"For the Republicans to attack La Follette is in every way logical and is a part of their well-planned strategy," Mark Sullivan tells us further. Their campaign is now frankly at a stage, we are told, where they are saying to conservative Democrats and to the public generally: "Come and vote for Coolidge and elect him decisively in November, so as to prevent the election being thrown into Congress, with all the chaos that may follow." Mr. Sullivan thinks this is an intelligent and effective plea, but he adds that the Democrats are adopting similar strategy. They "propose to take Colonel Harvey's Republican slogan of 'Coolidge or chaos' and change it to 'Coolidge and chaos.'" The Democratic argument is that the election of Coolidge might prevent a deadlock in Congress over the Presidency, but would insure a deadlock in Congress later on other issues. As an unnamed Democrat is quoted as saying:

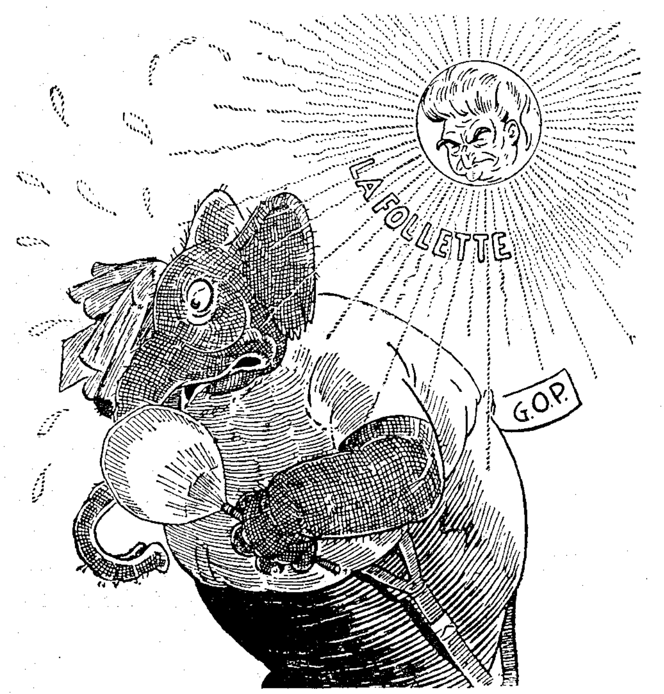
> "The only prospect of a return to government by cooperation between the Executive and a legislative majority lies in the election of John W. Davis. A vote for La Follette is a vote to deadlock the election. A vote for Coolidge is a vote to deadlock the Government."

So Mr. Sullivan comes to the conclusion that "voters who dread the spectacle of a deadlock in Congress over the Presidency, because of the candidacy of La Follette, will vote for whichever one of the two old party candidates who seems, about the last of October, to be in the lead and to have, therefore, the better chance of winning the election." Turning to La Follette's purposes, Mr. Sullivan says that his main idea certainly is not to throw the election into Congress, rather—

> "La Follette's primary purpose is to found a new party; a permanent party which shall take its place as one of the two main parties of the country and which shall provide an enduring home for radicals, progressives and every degree of political opinion that now fails to find satisfaction with either the Republican or the Democratic party."

But Mr. Sullivan thinks that "La Follette's chances of founding a permanent third party this year are inferior to Roosevelt's in 1912," and he takes up a number of the chief planks in the La Follette platform and argues that "there is less popular interest in each of them than there was a few years ago." Whether La Follette's present enterprise results in the founding of a permanent party depends, we are told, "less on the votes La Follette gets for President than the number of Senators and Congressmen elected this year who will belong to the new party, or will accept La Follette's leadership." And "at this moment, with practically all the Senatorial and the Congressional nominations made, it does not seem likely that La Follette will have any more followers in the next Congress than in the present one."

Quoting statements from Progressive headquarters that La Follette is drawing about equally from the two major parties, the Duluth *News Tribune* (Rep.) remarks that this, if true, "is rather cold comfort for the Democrats." Their hope has been a repetition of 1912, with the third party drawing chiefly from the Republicans, but if the Progressives really draw equally on both old parties, the Minnesota paper finds it "difficult to see how the Democrats can hope to carry any States outside of the Solid South."



"WHAT DO THEY MEAN, KEEP COOL?"

—McCarty in the Fort Worth *Record*.

A stanch supporter of the Republican ticket, the New York *Evening Post*, finds the Progressives now expecting to be the "second party" rather than the "third party" when the votes are counted. And the Democrats, we are told by this observer, "are making a miserable showing over at least half the nation; there may be a Democratic rally, but to-day Republicans and La Follettistas are uniting in the belief that the break-up in the historic Democratic party, oldest of living American and political units, is under way." The followers of La Follette are said to believe that the time is near for a political line-up "that will place every American voter either in the Conservative Republican party, or in the Radical party of protest." And this thought, it is continued, affects the strategy of the Progressives:

> "Just now they have ceased to flirt with the possibility of throwing their strength to Governor Bryan should the election go to a deadlocked House and finally to the Senate. Better, they feel, would be the acceptance of General Dawes, the straight conservative, than one of their own stripe of political 'medicine men' and 'devil-devil doctors' wearing a Democratic gee-string. Better a straight Republican in the White House, thinks La Folletteism to-day, than giving Democracy a new life lease by taking a Democrat who might steal some of its mildewed thunder."

And the Republicans, continues *The Evening Post*, "are almost ready to 'count ten' over Davis and Democracy and swing the full power of a vigorous and fighting Republicanism against the La Follette invasion of the corn belt, and the Far West. Within a month La Follette may find Republican shock troops storming his very strongholds in the Northwest."

But this theory is stoutly combated by a Democratic newspaper. The idea that the country is to be divided between a conservative Republican party and a radical Progressive party, says the New York *World*, "runs against all the facts of American politics, American constitutional arrangements, American sectional interest and political human nature." In the first place, any Democratic candidate is absolutely sure of 120 votes from the Solid South, and these States will remain solid, for "to turn them into doubtful States, with two contending national parties, there would have to be not a political revolution, but a social and racial revolution," and "nothing of the sort is remotely in sight." So our present party system "is not likely to be changed until the South is revolutionized, and until the constitutional method of electing a President by electoral votes is scrapped." As *The World* argues:

> "If La Follette actually founds a party we should have for a time three parties—a Republican party based on the East, a Democratic party based on the South, and a Progressive party based on the West. If anybody thinks that will make for progress and good government he has more appetite for log-rolling and intrigue than we have.
>
> "The alternative is the historic two-party system, in which each party is a coalition worked out in the party conventions."

It was in his Madison Square Garden speech, on September 18, that Senator La Follette linked the Democrats and the Republicans together as his "opponents." There are two kinds of differences he said, between his party and these antagonists. On the political side—

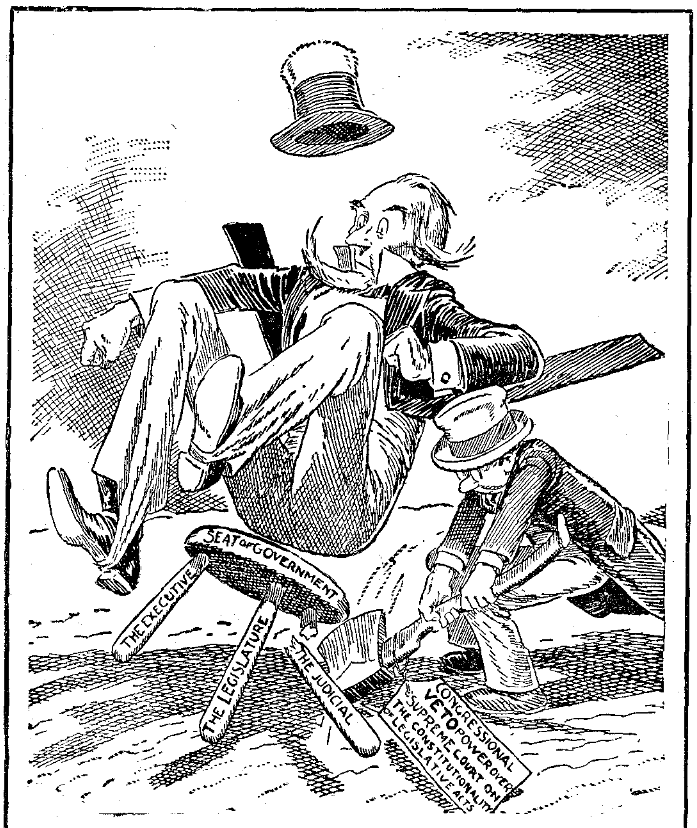
> "We stand for the maximum control of government by the entire electorate in the interest of all the people and with special privileges to none.
>
> "Our opponents stand for the maximum control of government by the few in the interest of favored classes to which special privileges are extended."

In line with their theory of greater popular control of government, the Progressives, says Senator La Follette, favors the submission of constitutional amendments to provide "for direct nomination and election of the President, Federal initiative and referendum restriction of the veto power of Federal judges over Congressional action, election of Federal judges for fixt terms, and popular referendum for or against war, except in cases of actual invasion."

On the economic side, according to Senator La Follette, "the differences between the Progressives and their opponents are equally clear-cut"—

> "We hold as fundamental the proposition that productive labor—whether it is of the hand or the brain, whether it is on the farm or in the city—is entitled to receive as nearly as possible the full value of the service which is performed. We also hold that the prime motive of every form of industry should be service, with just compensation for all those who contribute to its promotion, financing, management and operation.
>
> "The position of our opponents, on the other hand, as proved by their record on all economic legislation, is that the producers in industry and agriculture shall receive the least practicable portion of the product of their toil, and that the prime purpose of industry should be the amassing of the largest possible profits for those favored few who control industry."

Senator La Follette declared that "the acts of the Harding-Coolidge Administration must be judged as a whole," and that even if Mr. Coolidge had not sat with the Cabinet, or had not presided over the Senate, he could not have helped hearing the common Washington talk about the oil scandals. According to Senator La Follette, it is not so much the individuals who are to blame but the "system" which controls both big parties. Whether you vote for the Republican ticket or for the Democratic ticket, according to the Senator, "you vote for four more years of Government by the private monopoly system." On the Supreme


SEAT OF GOVERNMENT
THE EXECUTIVE
THE LEGISLATURE
THE JUDICIAL
CONGRESSIONAL VETO POWER OVER SUPREME COURT ON THE CONSTITUTIONALITY OF LEGISLATIVE ACTS

SOME FOLKS' IDEA OF POLITICAL REFORM

—Evans in the Columbus *Dispatch.*

Court issue all the Progressives propose, we are told, is to give the people a chance to vote on the constitutional amendment giving Congress power to override a judicial veto. The Supreme Court, argues Senator La Follette, has not only overruled many important laws, but its decisions "are on the side of the wealthy and powerful and against the poor and weak, when it is the policy of the lawmaking branch of the Government to assist by enlightening and humanitarian legislation." Senator La Follette argues strongly for his views on this subject, even citing John Marshall as an authority on his side, but he insists that the real issue of the campaign is the policies and records of the old parties. Turning to foreign affairs, Senator La Follette asserts "that the Great War came because the peoples of the world did not control their own Governments." If placed in power, concluded the Senator—

"Progressives will be in a position to use our influence to bring about a revision of the Treaty of Versailles, which now rests its dead hand upon the body of Europe. It will mean that we can cooperate whole-heartedly with the liberal Governments of the world to outlaw war, to abolish conscription, to reduce to a purely defensive basis naval, aerial and land armaments, and to place in the hands of the people of every country the decision upon the declaration of war. It will mean the end of war and the dawn of peace for all the world."

This speech, together with other utterances of the Senator and his political record, "are sufficient reasons for every forward-looking man and woman supporting his candidacy," says *The Wisconsin Farmer* (Madison) in La Follette's State, adding that La Follette is "the sole hope of four-fifths of the farmers and wage-earners of America to-day." To the Sacramento *Bee* it is another proof of La Follette's faithful "championship of popular rights." Another La Follette supporter, the Washington *News*, of the Scripps-Howard chain, says of La Follette's New York speech:

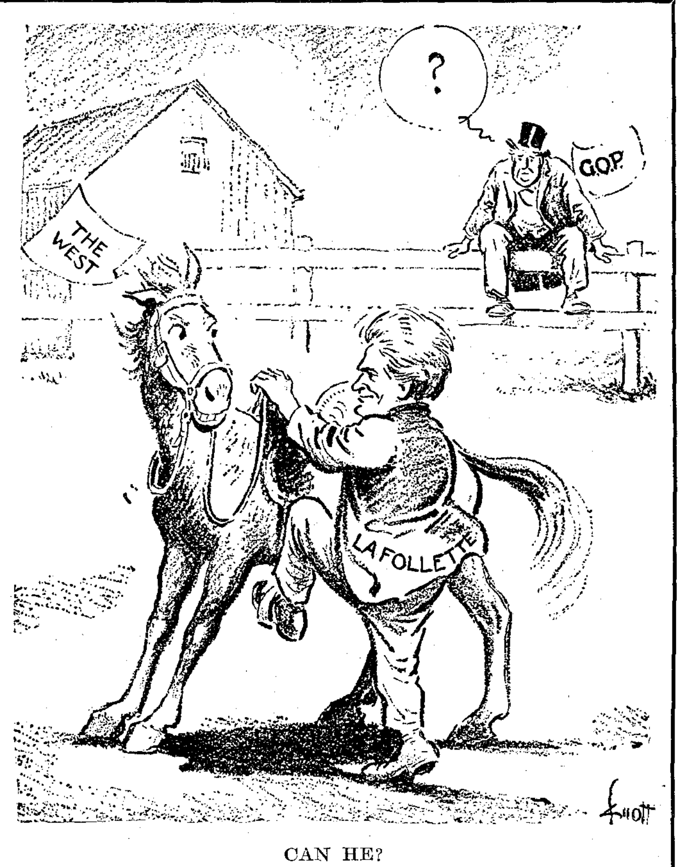
"La Follette notified the selfish interests, that sit behind the scenes and pull the strings that move their dummy managers of the twin parties, what the people want, what they have a right to have, and what they intend to get."

While Democratic papers applaud the hot-shot that Senator La Follette pours into the Republican camp, they deny that the two parties can be lumped together so easily. The people of the nation, says the Columbia *Record* (Dem.), "know there is no more similarity between the Wilson Administrations and the Harding-Coolidge Administrations than there is between day and night." The Norfolk *Virginian-Pilot* likewise tells Senator La Follette that:

"There is surely no economic identity between the Democratic and Republican positions on the tariff. There are material differences between the two parties on the subject of foreign relations. They look with different eyes on big business aggregations and their potentiality for economic mischief."

Democratic papers like the Memphis *Commercial Appeal,* Macon *Telegraph,* and Chicago *Journal* declare that the only effective way to cure the evils of which Mr. La Follette complains is to elect Davis and Bryan. The Democratic New York *World* finds nothing new in La Follette's arguments. Neither does the Republican New York *Herald Tribune*, nor the independent New York *Evening Post*, both supporting Coolidge.

Republican and Democratic papers agree in condemning La Follette's Supreme Court plank, arguments for and against which were presented at length in these pages two weeks ago. On the matter of foreign policy, *The Nation* argues that the important thing is the spirit of human brotherhood which inspires Senator La Follette and which would give him the right approach of international questions. On the other hand, the Democratic Birmingham *Age-Herald* says that "a La Follette Administration would have no reason to expect a welcome among the leading Powers of the world," because of the Senator's isolationist record and opposition to the program of peace and disarmament which the world is now embracing. European liberals and progressives, says the Chicago *Daily News* (Ind.), "are not creating fresh complications by reopening dangerous questions concerning the Treaty of Versailles. They are seeking peace, not bedlam. Mr. La Follette ought to catch up with the times."



CAN HE?

—Knott in the Dallas *News.*

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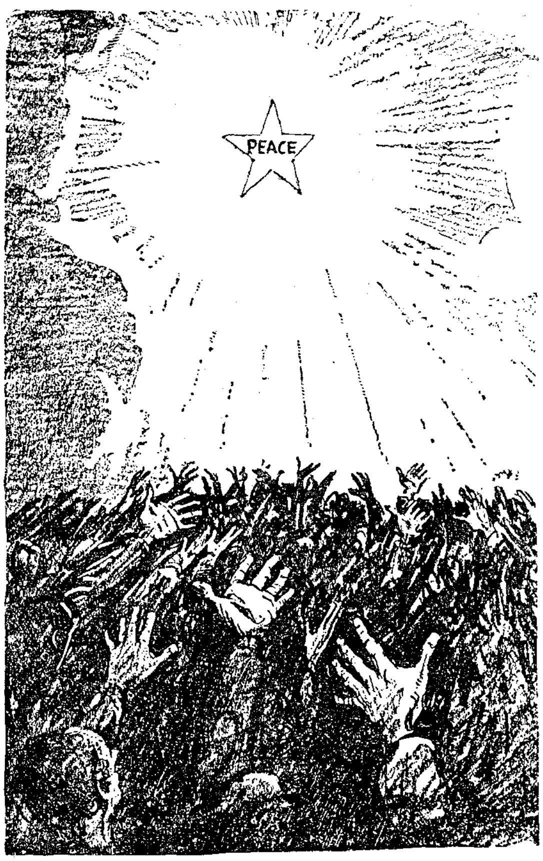
SCIENCE TO END WAR OR END THE RACE

AN ARGUMENT FOR PEACE which was badly shaken by the advent of the World War is being advanced again with renewed confidence as a result of hints dropt recently by scientists and technicians. This argument is that the appalling and ever-increasing destructiveness of the weapons of modern warfare tends to make the very thought of war intolerable. The human race must choose between peace and suicide, say the advocates of this theory, for unless some way is found to prevent wars, war will destroy civilization itself. This warning is given new weight by statements made before two great gatherings of scientists—a convention of a thousand chemists in Ithaca, New York, and the centenary celebration of the Franklin Institute in Philadelphia. At the Ithaca meeting Sir Max Muspratt, one of the most eminent chemists of Great Britain, declared that the science of chemistry has now reached the stage where it is able to destroy the world in short order; and Dr. Leo Hendrik Baekeland, president of the American Chemical Society, averred that the complete destruction of entire cities was merely a matter of somebody giving the order with such authority that the chemists would have to obey. "And then," notes the Philadelphia *Evening Public Ledger*, "both Sir Max and Dr. Baekeland grew evangelistic and declared that the chemists ought to turn to and help steer the world away from a frightful chemical debacle."



THE GREAT ASPIRATION

—Kirby in the New York *World*.

At the international conference of scientists in Philadelphia more specific testimony was offered concerning the increasing horrors of modern warfare. General Squier declared that no limit could be imposed upon new ideas of attack if war should come again; and he mentioned as a possibility that "a whole nation will be put to sleep for twenty-four hours by gases distributed by radio-controlled airplanes." And Gen. Mason M. Patrick, Chief of the Army Air Service, who conceived and fostered the round-the-world flight, gave the following testimony concerning the progress made in fighting from the air:

> "Airplanes by dropping bombs can sink any naval vessel yet built. Even when a direct hit is not made, a bomb dropt alongside gives a vital blow. Anti-aircraft guns are powerless to protect.
>
> "Coast-defense scouting planes could discover the approach of an enemy fleet 200 miles off the coast. That would mean eight to ten hours to concentrate an air force.
>
> "With the aid of the Chemical Service we have developed a means of laying smoke-screens to prevent ships from seeing planes.
>
> "Ships are powerless against night attacks from airplanes. The planes can drop parachute flares which illuminate the sea for miles. Above the source of light the planes remain invisible. Planes now can talk to one another from ten miles apart or talk back and forth with a land station 100 miles away by radio.
>
> "We have developed automatic pilots so that airplanes can be sent off at a predetermined height and made to drop their bombs at a predetermined point. Or they can be maneuvered by radio with no pilot aboard. They may be carried across a continent by dirigibles and then sent forth on combat missions."

The same body of scientists were informed by Maj-Gen. C. O. Williams, Chief of Army Ordnance, that the range of our guns has been virtually doubled since the World War. His statements, which are reported to have "made his hearers gasp," are briefly summarized as follows by a Philadelphia correspondent of the New York *Herald Tribune:*

> "A semi-automatic rifle is in process of perfection for use as a shoulder weapon, General Williams said, as well as a .50 caliber machine-gun to replace the war-time .30 caliber. New trench mortars of great firing accuracy; high-speed tanks, with guns in turrets, instead of in the body of the tank; a 75-millimeter field-gun of 15,000 yards range, compared to 9,000 in the war, and other wonders were outlined.
>
> "The 105-millimeter gun has been replaced with a 155-millimeter, General Williams said, increasing the range from 12,000 to 20,000 yards. The 4.7-inch gun now hurls a projectile of 100 pounds 20,000 yards, whereas a 45-lb. shell was formerly used, he continued. . . .
>
> "Modern aerial bombs, he stated, are six times more destructive than those used in the Zeppelin raids of the World War."

Such suggestions as the bombing of cities by manless airplanes, the destruction of a battle-ship by a single air bomb, and the paralyzing of an entire nation by a combination of chemicals, remarks the New York *Times*, give "an intimation of what may come upon this earth if the Assembly sitting in Geneva or some other international effort does not succeed in averting another world war." And in the New York *Evening Post* we read:

> "Scientists are doing more for the cause of peace and a warless world than all our statesmen, leagues and peace societies. They made disarmament the great world problem by making war an engine of world destruction. This threat raised by Science has become so great that it may be on the eve of forcing the world to solve it or perish in its own ruins. . . .
>
> "Applied Science has brought aviation to a day when a lone aviator, riding a mother plane, may drive before him through the sky-lanes a covey of death in the shape of pilotless planes. Under gas waves spread by them a great city or an Army might be anesthetized for a day or sent into that sleep that knows no waking. In this winged brood of destruction, radio-guided, every plane will be able to drop bombs twenty times as destructive as the largest shell ever hurled from a gun muzzle. . . .
>
> "Science has left no non-combatants in modern warfare, which has become a clash of nations rather than of Armies. It has lifted war from the land and the water, and from under the water, into a 'Fourth Dimension,' the air. Ancient conquerors ravaged the land with the sword and the torch and sowed with salt the ruined towns of their enemies. A modern conqueror hurls tons of nitrogen explosives at a nation and sows an invisible death out of the sky.
>
> "The wars where Science is the handmaiden of Mars put a new fear into mankind and this fear may be the beginning of wisdom. Certainly the world is more afraid of the 'next war' than ever before. Mankind begins to dread that Science may solve all the problems of war and disarmament by the final and utter destruction of the race and its civilization. In the shadow of that fear the instinct of self-preservation in humanity begins to assert itself as it glimpses the new terrors that are the products and by-products of Science."

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"PEOPLE'S COURTS" OF ARBITRATION

THE GREATEST STEP in twenty-five years to simplify legal procedure and prevent unnecessary court action, leading New York lawyers, judges, and business men agree, is the establishment by the Arbitration Society of America of tribunals for settling business and other disputes without recourse to the courts. This new system of arbitration—new in this country, but well-known in England—its sponsors believe, will relieve the New York courts of some 72 per cent. of their cases, and obtain for the poor "a degree of justice frankly impossible now," to quote the New York *Tribune*. For, as Judge Godwin recently pointed out in a speech before the American Bar Association, "the rich are represented in court by the most competent members of the lawyers' profession, while the poor are often represented by untrained and incompetent men." Furthermore, Dr. Frank Crane reminds us in one of his syndicated editorials, "lawyers are human, and if they can make a good living by delaying a case, it is a great temptation for some of them not to settle it quickly."

International Newsreel photograph

"NEXT TO WAR"

Declares Judge Moses H. Grossman, of New York, "litigation is the gravest menace to the progress of civilization." Judge Grossman, who is the executive head of the Arbitration Society of America, recently put arbitration machinery in motion in France.

"The project of the Arbitration Society," therefore, maintains the New York *Sun*, "should appeal to thousands whose experience with legal procedure has made them hesitate to chance the delay and expense of certain kinds of process in the regular civil courts. Besides, legal disputes cost heavily in time and money, and if the arbitration plan can cut down their number, the courts will be relieved and both litigants and the general public will be saved much expense."

The purposes of the Arbitration Society, we are told by the New York *Times*, are three:

> "To conduct an international campaign of education in promotion of the general cause of arbitration in all disputes and differences.
>
> "To organize and operate in New York City and in other cities of this country tribunals of arbitration for the speedy, inexpensive and just determination of all disputes and controversies.
>
> "To move for a uniform arbitration law in all the States of the Union, and for the insertion of an arbitration clause in all trade and industrial contracts."

Behind the Society, says the Philadelphia *Bulletin*, stands the American Bar Association. The Society is incorporated under the membership law, which provides that the organization's officials may not profit from the venture. The power of the tribunal of arbitration is derived from a law passed by the New York legislature in 1920, which gives a legal status to arbitration and invests the arbitrator with the power to subpena witnesses and render a judgment, financial or otherwise. There is no appeal, as in the courts. Behind the arbitrator stand the courts to render his orders and subpenas effective. Mr. E. C. Kreutzberg, writing in *The Iron Trade Review* (Cleveland), tells how the arbitration plan works:

> "Two business men or institutions have a point of difference in reference to a transaction. One of them is a pig-iron seller and the other a buyer. For settlement of their dispute they agree on an arbitrator who is well informed on pig-iron-trade usages and who is recognized as a fair and honest man. The arbitrator investigates the case. He holds a hearing, at his home, at his office, in a hotel room or anywhere that suits his convenience and that of the disputants. He gets the story of each. If necessary, he looks over books or appraises property involved. He calls in witnesses when necessary. There is no badgering of witnesses; no legal verbiage. The whole thing is conducted in an informal, conversational, businesslike way, and the arbitrator makes his decision.
>
> "One big thing which arbitration accomplishes is the elimination of the long delays attendant on litigation in the courts. On January 1, 1923, 27,000 untried cases were on the Supreme Court calendars in New York County. Using every effort, the Court can dispose of about 8,000 cases a year. On the other hand, about 13,000 new cases are being added to the calendar each year. Thus it is going to take close to three years before a good many cases now developing can be brought to trial. This court congestion prevails to at least some extent all over the country. In some sections it assumes proportions which handicap or prevent the administration of justice."

In no sense, says a statement from the Society, does the plan involve a competition with the courts. Moreover, many editors believe, it will deliver a solar plexus blow to the "shyster" lawyer. Poor people may go to the Society and obtain justice, they point out, without vast expenditures of time and money. "There will be no marshaling of expensive and contradictory expert testimony," we are reminded by the New York *Times*, "no falsely dramatic appeal to the passions and the prejudices of jurors."

Then there is the purely economic phase. In the opinion of the Department of Commerce's Division of Commercial Laws, "the aggregate economic loss to the nation through the necessity of instituting court proceedings would stagger the imagination if it could be accurately computed." The motion-picture industry, fifth largest in the world, during the past year made a nation-wide test of arbitration as a substitute for litigation, at the suggestion of Will H. Hays, its "Czar." According to the Chicago *Evening Post:*

> "Dealings between film distributors and exhibitors have, in the past, been fertile in begetting conflicts of rights and interests. Mr. Hays drafted a plan by which boards of arbitration, composed of members of the industry, were established in thirty-two key cities. Now when a dispute arises, instead of the disputants hiring lawyers and seeking a judge, they appear before the nearest arbitration board. Each side is given a private hearing. Each side presents its case as fully as it wishes. Decisions are given promptly by men who can reach common-sense conclusions because of their thorough familiarity with the business.
>
> "Last year more than 6,000 cases were heard and disposed of, with the unprecedented record of final settlement in all but two. It is estimated that the year's saving in legal fees and costs may be conservatively put at $1,500,000."

Of course, remarks the New York *World:*

> "Experience alone will determine the measure of success of this experiment. In any event the courts will not be relieved of the necessity of simplifying their procedure and reducing their costs of administering justice. They will none the less be trifling with the forces which make for violent upheavals in the established social order by letting matters drift."

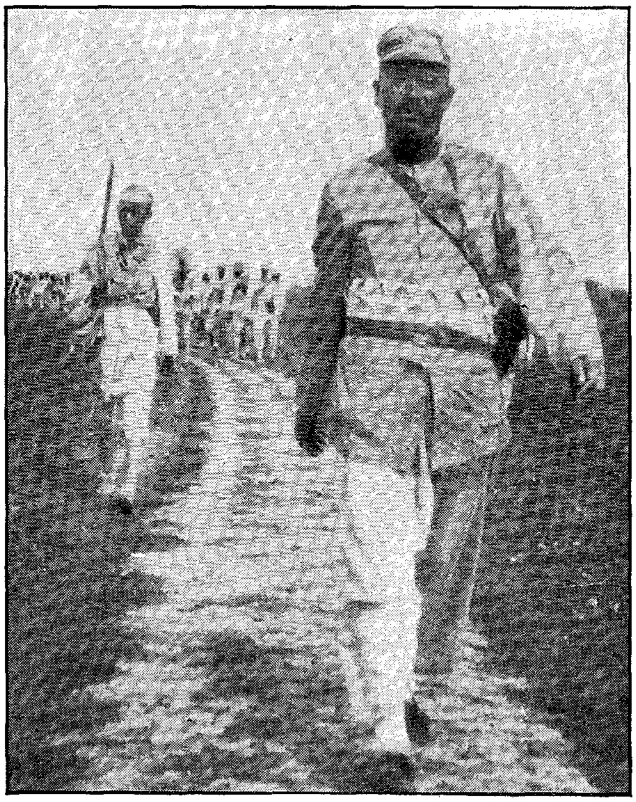
P. & A. photograph

CHEKIANG TROOPS NEAR SHANGHAI

China is said to have between 1,000,000 and 1,500,000 troops in the field, about equally divided between the attackers of Shanghai and Peking and their defenders. While the soldier at the right took careful aim at the photographer, the one at the left, with his arm extended, picked up a rock and hurled it at the camera-man, we are told, while the two in the center smiled.

CHINA'S WAR FLAMING HIGHER

WILL CHINA'S CIVIL WAR, now a month old, which started as a local brush between rival Governors at Shanghai, flame up into the greatest conflict that has ever been waged in that country? And when China has fought it out and settled her internal affairs, will she help to build a formal or informal three-Power organization with Japan and Soviet Russia, to present a united front to the world? Newspaper editors are asking these questions. A Russo-Japanese combination, according to the Peking correspondent of the New York *Evening Post*, has for weeks been secretly but materially supporting Chang Tso-Lin, Manchurian war-lord, now marching on the Chinese capital. And as far back as September 10 Dr. Sun Yat Sen, founder of the Chinese Republic and its first provisional President, came out openly as a Bolshevist, and threw in his lot—and his Canton forces—with the Manchurian "tuchun." On September 16 Chang Tso-Lin issued a proclamation declaring his intention to make war against Tsao Kun, President of China. Already the Chinese Cabinet had been taken over by a military council, the rolling stock of the railways had been commandeered, the vernacular press muzzled, and a strict censorship established, according to a Peking dispatch to the Chicago *Daily News.*



P. & A. photograph

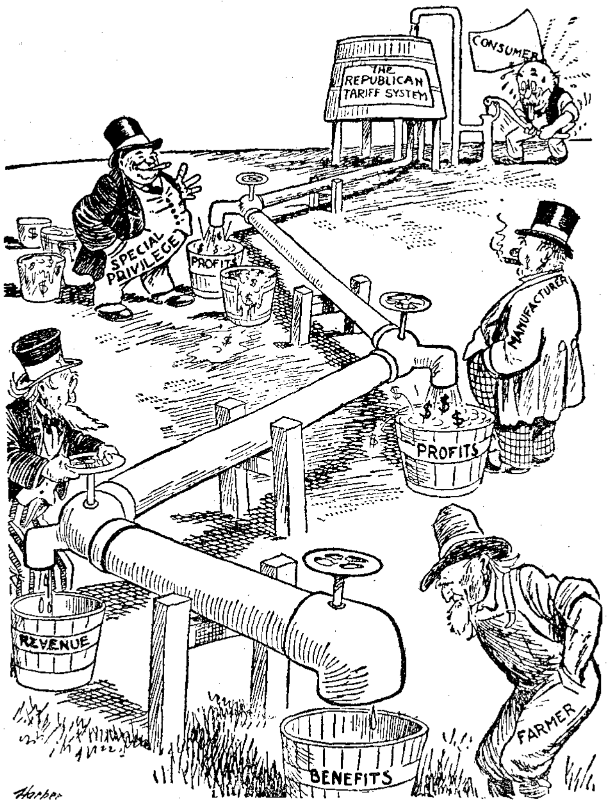
A CHEKIANG CAPTAIN ON THE WAR-PATH

The column of Chinese seen in the background objected to being photographed, it is said, but the Captain herded them back into line and strutted past the photographer, an American newspaperman.

What effect, if any, will China's civil war have upon the United States? American property interests in the Republic are estimated at $50,000,000. Our Marines and warships already have been sent to protect American property and lives. But the Sacramento *Union* sees something more significant in President Coolidge's hurried recall of Secretary of the Navy Wilbur from California than his need for the Secretary's advice in naval budget matters—Japan's threatened invasion of China. Said this paper:

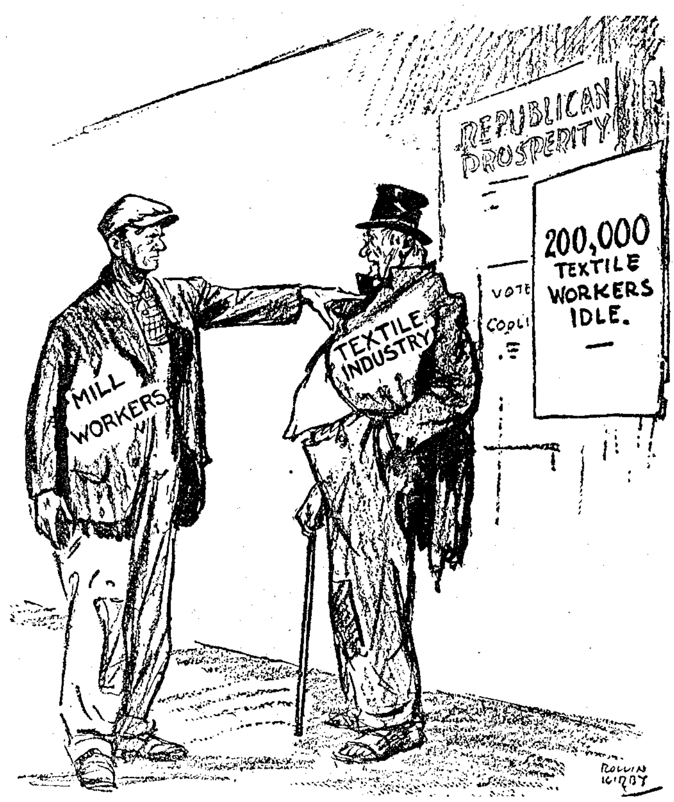
> "The opening of a civil war in China might well presage the beginning of a world turmoil greater than that created by the World War. If it does, there is no possible escape for this country from becoming involved in it. We have interests and commitments there which in no circumstance could be abandoned. Only the Navy could protect them. And alongside of China stands grim, determined, resentful Japan—grim and resentful of the Congressional act which excluded her nationals from our shores; determined to pursue her long-established plan to enlarge her dominions and powers in the Orient.
>
> "Once there, these warlike forces will stay, unless America, in association with the other foreign countries whose rights are imperiled, ejects them. Our open-door policy would require that this be done.
>
> "Undoubtedly it is to consider this grave problem that Secretary Wilbur was recalled to Washington."

"Chang Tso-Lin takes his orders from the Japanese Government," declares the New York *Bulletin.* "He is surrounded by Japanese officers, and he draws $50,000 a month from the Japanese Consul-General at Mukden, Manchuria." But Chang, we are told in the San Francisco *Chronicle*, is merely one of a half-dozen "Little Napoleons" who seek to rule China's 350,000,000 souls. The present state of war, we are told, is entirely due to their greed for money and power. As in the civil war of 1922, the outstanding figures in the present fracas are Sun Yat Sen, Wu Pei-Fu, and Chang



HOW IT WORKS

—Harper in the Birmingham *Age-Herald.*



A TRIUMPH OF THE TARIFF ACT

—Kirby in the New York *World.*

DEMOCRATIC SLAMS—

Tso-Lin. Wu Pei-Fu, who supports the Tsao Kun Government at Peking, is trying to prevent the others from capturing Shanghai, a seaport of a million people—the Paris of the Orient. Chang Tso-Lin, writes Clifford Fox, staff correspondent of the San Francisco *Chronicle* in China, would seat the boy Emperor of China on the throne, and become the Mussolini of China, himself. According to Junius B. Wood, who recently completed a tour of China for the Chicago *Daily News:*

> "In its present stage the fighting which has broken out in the vicinity of Shanghai is purely a local struggle for the possession of that rich and populous city and the port through which flows close to one-third of all China's commerce. That it may become the spark which will plunge all China into a war is possible.
>
> "If that comes, it will be a war which has never been equaled—waged with the scientific engines of warfare which civilization perfected for its own recent struggle, but wielded by barbarians who still eat the hearts of their prisoners to gain courage."

Thomas Steep, writing in the New York *Herald Tribune,* says it is difficult for us to deduce from current news dispatches "just what the Chinese civil war is all about." Mentioning the half-dozen best-known military leaders, Mr. Steep goes on:

> "To understand the Chinese situation it is essential to realize that these names belong to politicians with military backing and with wealth accumulated in past military activities, and that their motives are precisely the same as the motives of unscrupulous politicians elsewhere."

If a map of China were superimposed on one of North America, in order that its geography might be more readily understood, Shanghai would be found where Jacksonville now stands, Peking at Washington, and Mukden in the vicinity of Boston. In the words of a Washington observer, the present situation amounts to this:

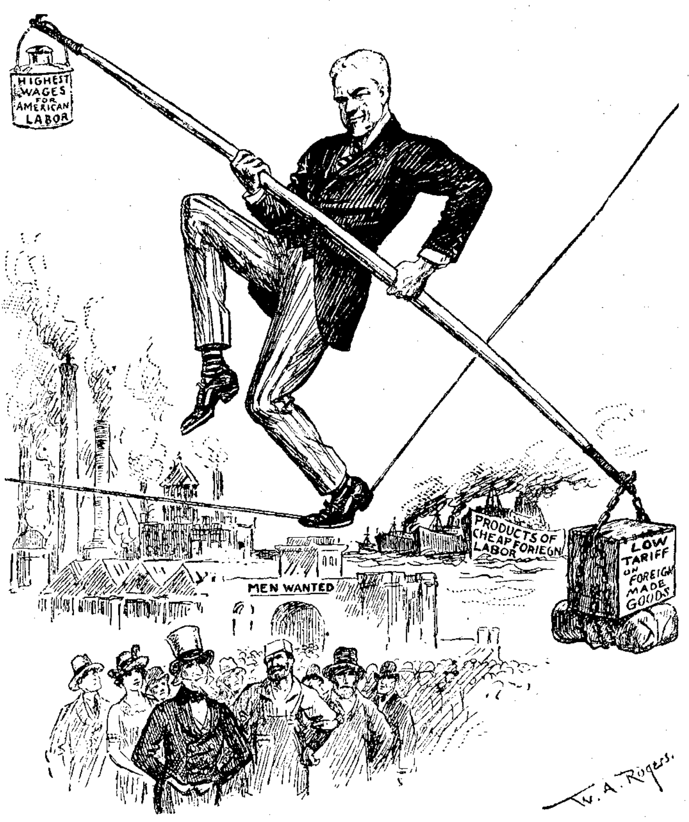
> "Shanghai is the New York City of China. New York City lies in the corner of New York State, over against the border of Connecticut. The Mayor of New York is friendly to the Governor of Connecticut and permits him to control the city, rather than the Governor of New York. The Defense Commissioner of Shanghai, Gen. Ho Feng-Lin, is friendly to the Governor of Chekiang, Gen. Lu Yung-Hsiang, rather than to the Governor of Kiangsu, Gen. Chi Hsieh-Yuan. The Governor of New York proceeds by force to unseat the disloyal Mayor of New York and the encroaching Governor of Connecticut. Governor Chi of Kiangsu attacks Defense Commissioner Ho of Shanghai and Governor Lu of Chekiang.
>
> "China to-day is in much the same position of secession as was the United States in 1861. The President of the United States takes the side of the Governor of New York against the Mayor of New York City and the Governor of Connecticut. President Tsao Kun and Marshal Wu Pei-Fu take the side of Kiangsu against Shanghai and Chekiang. The President of the Confederate States of America takes the side of New York City and Connecticut against the Governor of New York. Dr. Sun Yat Sen, President of the South China Republic, takes the side of Shanghai and Chekiang against Kiangsu and Peking. Marshal Chang Tso-Lin, Dictator of Manchuria, declares for Shanghai, South China and Chekiang."

A writer in the Los Angeles *Times,* Garner Curran, says the main cause of the conflict lies in the system of government by military war-lords. According to Mr. Curran:

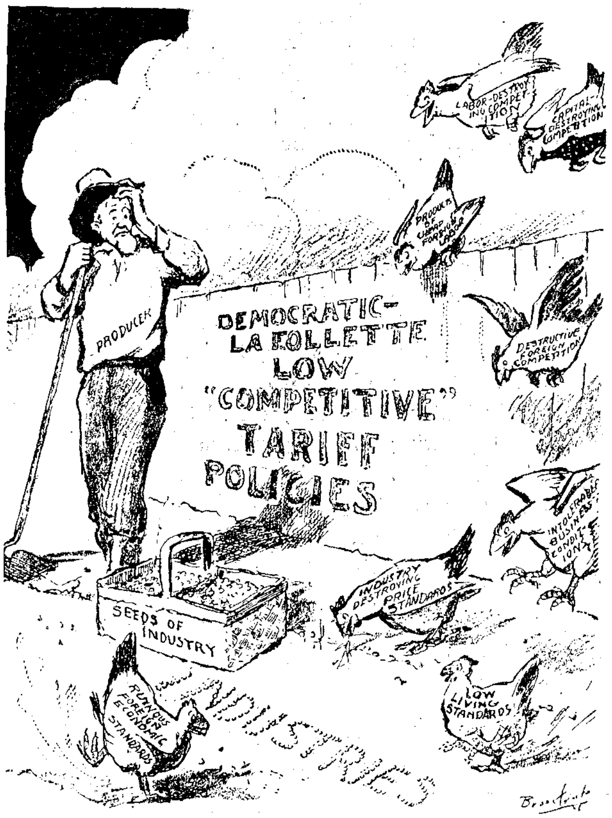
> "These tuchuns not only control all the political offices, collect taxes and determine how much shall be sent to the Central Government at Peking, but all the soldiers under arms in their Province are under direct control of the local tuchun.
>
> "Here was a three-cornered game between Sun Yat Sen, Wu Pei-Fu, and Chang Tso-Lin until lately, when the Bolsheviki were successful in securing signatures to a treaty from those in control at Peking. Those who understand the schemes of the Soviet Government see in this conflict in China the last desperate effort to start a revolution which may involve the entire world."

Earl Hamilton Smith, writing in the New York *Times,* however, is more hopeful. Says this experienced observer:

> "China will live through this flare-up as it has hundreds of others. The teeming millions will ignore this fight just as they have all previous ones. When taxation becomes too great in a given area, they will rise up and drive the offending officials to other fields, just as in the past.
>
> "What is a revolution to a country that has seen 45,000,000 of its people killed by flood, famine and rebellion since 1846?"


HIGHEST WAGES FOR AMERICAN LABOR
PRODUCTS OF CHEAP FORIEGN LABOR
LOW TARIFF ON FOREIGN MADE GOODS
MEN WANTED
W. A. Rogers.

THE ESTEEMED CANDIDATE ONLY DREAMED THIS
—Rogers in the Washington *Post.*


LABOR-DESTROYING COMPETITION
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DESTRUCTIVE FOREIGN COMPETITION
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INTOLERABLE BUSINESS CONDITIONS
SEEDS OF INDUSTRY
INDUSTRY DESTROYING PRICE STANDARDS
RUINOUS FOREIGN ECONOMIC STANDARDS
LOW LIVING STANDARDS
INDUSTRIES
Bronstrup

IT WON'T KEEP THOSE CHICKENS OUT!
—Bronstrup in the San Francisco *Chronicle.*

AND REPUBLICAN COUNTERSLAMS

MR. DAVIS'S ATTACK ON THE REPUBLICAN TARIFF

IT'S "IMMORALITY" IS "THE WORST THING" about the Fordney-McCumber tariff, thinks John W. Davis, and his speeches make it clear that the Democratic attack will make the Republican tariff law one of the big issues of the campaign. "Once the Government accepts the theory of favoring some at the expense of all, it renders corruption inevitable," he says, as "special privileges are always paid for." The "only tariff law of this generation to which no taint of corruption or undue political influence attached" was the Underwood-Simmons tariff adopted under Wilson, he contends, but before it could be adopted "it was necessary to drive the lobbyists from the Capitol." As he tells us, "they came back with a rush when the Republicans came in and the word went out that a new tariff of special privileges was to be written." The result was "the rates and discriminatory provisions of the present tariff law." According to Mr. Davis, there "was no waiting for the report of any board, commission or body." There was "a brushing aside of all considerations of deliberation and appraisal." There was "a prompt and ready concession of any rate and any figure that any of the favored few had the courage and audacity to demand." Next morning, as Mr. Davis reminds us, "the Republican newspapers from ocean to ocean" condemned the new tariff "as an outrage and an imposition on the consumers of this country." Mr. Davis sees no excuse whatever for such a tariff. Ridiculing "the sacred Chinese wall" that now surrounds us because of "the highest tariff in American history," he denies that an "avalanche of cheap-made European goods will overwhelm us and drown and extinguish our commerce" if we abandon it. He does not believe that Europe, "exhausted, prostrate and bleeding after the war, her man-power diminished, her commerce destroyed, her currency worthless, her credit gone, is so much more formidable to-day as a commercial competitor than she was ten years ago in all her strength and vigor." Says Mr. Davis:

> "Let me give you two or three illustrations of what a high protectionist means when he talks of a commercial avalanche. Under a Democratic tariff, sewing-machines, necessary in every home, were on the free list and we were importing scarcely 1 per cent. of the value of our domestic production. This was an avalanche, however, not to be tamely borne and a duty of 33⅓ per cent. was imposed to check it.
>
> "Of aluminum kitchen ware, now in such universal use, we were importing less than 2 per cent. of the amount which we consumed. Such an avalanche accordingly was permanently barred by taxing the domestic consumer three times the existing rate. In rubber footwear our imports were too small to be worth reporting, but the duty nevertheless was raised 150 per cent.
>
> "In manufactures of wool our imports were less than 6 per cent. of the domestic production, so the rates of duty were increased by 80 per cent. Truly, a Republican protectionist's avalanche is a fearful thing to witness, even from afar."

The Democratic party "believes in tariff for revenue purposes," and Mr. Davis explains. "It is one way to raise money for the expenses of the Government." However, he insists that, while "the Fordney-McCumber tariff enacted by the Republican party raises some revenues," it "principally raises the cost of living." As he says,

> "The duties on men's clothing were put up 76 per cent. above the 1914 level; on women's dress-goods, trebled; on cotton hosiery, increased 75 per cent.; on household furniture, quadrupled.
>
> "The Republicans do not claim that these schedules have been written to raise revenue for the Government, but to protect infant industries. The schedules on aluminum ware, it was said, had been asked 'by and for a monopoly which earned more than $10,000,000 net in 1920 on a capitalization of less than $19,000,000."
>
> "The Democratic party maintains that such tariff schedules are extortionate, that they are unsound from the economic view-point; breeding monopoly, taxing all the people for the benefit of a favored class."

Warmly supporting Mr. Davis, the New York *Times* (Ind. Dem.) remarks:

> "When the Republicans were making their tariff of concatenated jobs, they were warned by members of their own party of the folly and the peril of their course. At the very worst time for making a tariff, as Senator McCumber ingenuously confessed, they made the worst of tariffs. They are hearing from it more and more; and the news is always bad. It fleeces every consumer. To the farmers it is an added burden and grievance. Now it is seen powerless to buttress the great manufacturing interests, conspicuous among its framers, powerless to keep from unemployment 'the American workingman,' powerless to dupe him."

The Minnesota *Daily Star* (Minneapolis), formerly a labor paper, complains that, under a "crucifying tariff," the United States Government "is taking $5 out of the pocket of the Minnesota farmer for every $1 it puts in." As the editor goes on to observe, "now we begin to understand why the farmer, knowing only that he was being hurt, kept crying out 'robber, robber,' and pointing at the plundering tariff-subsidized industries." Meanwhile, the Chicago *Journal* (Dem.) says,

> "It is worth-while for a moment to see where tariff benefits go, to whom the increased prices forced by import duties are paid. The first step in that inquiry is to see where they do not go.
>
> "Not to the transportation industry. Not to the building industry. Not to retail merchants, big or little. Not in any perceptible degree to American farming.
>
> "The fruits of the tariff, the increased prices resulting from duties, are paid into the coffers of manufacturers who make the 'protected' articles. Probably nine-tenths of the money goes to less than one-tenth of 1 per cent. of the population. The rest is distributed variously—to farmers who raise sheep and sugar-beets, for example."

As the Philadelphia *Record* (Dem.) informs us,

> "The present tariff takes more than $6,000,000,000 from the people for distribution among favored classes, and it yields something over $500,000,000 of public revenue. It recalls the ratio of bread and sack found upon the person of Sir John Falstaff. It does seem as if the private interests might divide with the Government on a little more equitable ratio."

In an editorial headed "Fooling the Farmer," the New York *World* (Dem.) charges that "in so far as it affects the farmer, the tariff of abominations was framed to deceive," and continues:

> "If it can deceive also the newspaper writers, so much the better for the beneficiaries. There is the Washington *Post*, which gravely reproves *The World* for saying that the tariff robs the farmer twice, once in the price of household supplies and again on farm supplies.
>
> "But that is the fact. It is true that shoes are free, but not if they have cloth tops; harvesters are free, but not small tools; harness leather, but not harness hardware; binding twine, but not wire; various nitrates, but not all nitrates; leather, which the farmer raises, but not textiles, which he buys.
>
> "The farmer is taxed on paint for his barn, glass for his house, cement for his silo; on explosives for ditching and land-clearing; on nails, horseshoes, saws, clippers, knives. The plaster for his lame back is taxed. So are the funny straw hat and the patch on the seat of his trousers which all orthodox caricatures display.
>
> "No, there is not much uncertainty about what the tariff does to the farmer, who usually sells in a free-trade market and always buys in a protective market. What is worrying the G. O. P. is that the farmer is beginning to understand that he has been fooled.
>
> "Where the tariff of abominations robs the city man once, it robs the farmer twice. It kites the prices of household purchases, which are much the same for all of us, except that the farmer, with his help, has a larger family than the average. It exploits him again as a buyer of tools, fertilizers and supplies for the farm."

Sharply disagreeing with these "assertions," the Washington *Post* (Ind. Rep.) remarks that the following "tools, fertilizers and supplies" are on the free list:

> "Plows, tooth or disk harrows, headers, harvesters, reapers, agricultural drills and planters, mowers, horse-rakes, cultivators, threshing machines, cotton-gins, machinery for the manufacture of sugar, wagons and carts, cream separators valued at not more than $50 each, wholesale, and all other agricultural implements.
>
> "All animals imported for breeding purposes.
>
> "Binding twine.
>
> "Fertilizers, including guano, manures and bones used for fertilizers; nitrate of potash, sodium nitrate, potassium nitrate and calcium nitrate used for fertilizers.
>
> "Gasoline, benzine, kerosene and crude, fuel or refined petroleum.
>
> "Leather, harness and saddles, also pads for horses.
>
> "Boots and shoes."

The same Washington paper continues the argument as follows:

> "There were nearly 5,000,000 unemployed men in the United States before the present tariff law was enacted. These men are now employed. If the tariff is so ruinous, why are not millions of men out of work? The fact is that the American market is more valuable to Americans than all others combined. If Americans can produce for their home market at an advantage over all other producers, such as is given by tariff protection, they can and will make more money than by admitting foreigners to their market in exchange for the imaginary free admission of American goods into foreign markets."

Since "the days when the Democratic party first fought against a policy of protection to American industry," it "has learned nothing on that subject," thinks the Philadelphia *Inquirer* (Rep.), which says of Mr. Davis's declaration,

> "One looks in vain throughout his assault for a new idea. The reason is perfectly apparent. A new idea doesn't exist. A wise tariff act gives employment to our wage-earners. An unwise one of the for-revenue-only sort floods the markets with the products of cheap foreign labor. That is all there is to it. All the arguments in the world can not change the fact.
>
> "Plenty of foreign-made goods are coming in—quite as much as we can easily assimilate. Had Mr. Davis cared to ascertain that fact, he could have discovered that we are making large purchases abroad; that never before have duties brought in such public revenues; that the annual return—we quote the President's figures—amounts to 'the unprecedented sum of $550,000,000.'"

After pointing out that "a tariff for revenue means primarily a tariff on what we must import, because all that is consumed pays duty, but little or nothing is paid on what we produce here because we get taxes from only part of the consumption," the San Francisco *Chronicle* (Ind.) says:

> "The Republican policy is the reverse. First there is levied on all imports of products which we can produce such duty as will equalize our producers with foreign producers of a lower standard of living. Per contra, the lowest possible tariff which will supply the necessary revenue on tropical or other products which we must import, and especially raw materials for manufacture. We very heartily welcome Mr. Davis and the Democratic party to combat on that issue.
>
> "The Democratic tariff policy is best stated from the Democratic tariff act of 1913. Here is a comparison on a few items: Wheat, Republican tariff of 1922, 30 cents per bushel; Democratic tariff of 1913, free. How will that suit the wheat-growers of the Middle West whose torments the Democratic platform so loudly laments?
>
> "Fresh beef and veal, act of 1922, 3 cents a pound; act of 1913, free. How will that suit our live-stock men?
>
> "Butter, act of 1922, 8 cents a pound; act of 1913, 2½ cents a pound. How would our dairymen like that?
>
> "Eggs 8 cents a dozen by act of 1922, on the free list in 1913. Every poultryman in America will vote the Republican ticket.
>
> "All this and more will come out as the campaign progresses. And whenever a campaign is fought out on this issue, at the end nothing is left of the Democracy but an unfragrant memory."

Finally—to complete the presentation of both sides—in his speech of acceptance, Mr. Coolidge stated the Republican theory of the tariff thus:

> "The Republican party supports the policy of protection as a broad principle, good alike for producer and consumer, because it knows that no other means to prevent the lowering of the standards of pay and living for the American wage-earner toward the misery scale that prevails abroad has ever been devised. Before we are carried away with any visionary expectation of promoting the public welfare by a general avalanche of cheap goods from foreign sources, imported under a system which, whatever it may be called, is in reality free trade, it will be well first to count the cost and realize just what such a proposal really means."

TOPICS IN BRIEF

(An extension of this department appears weekly on the screen as "Fun from the Press")

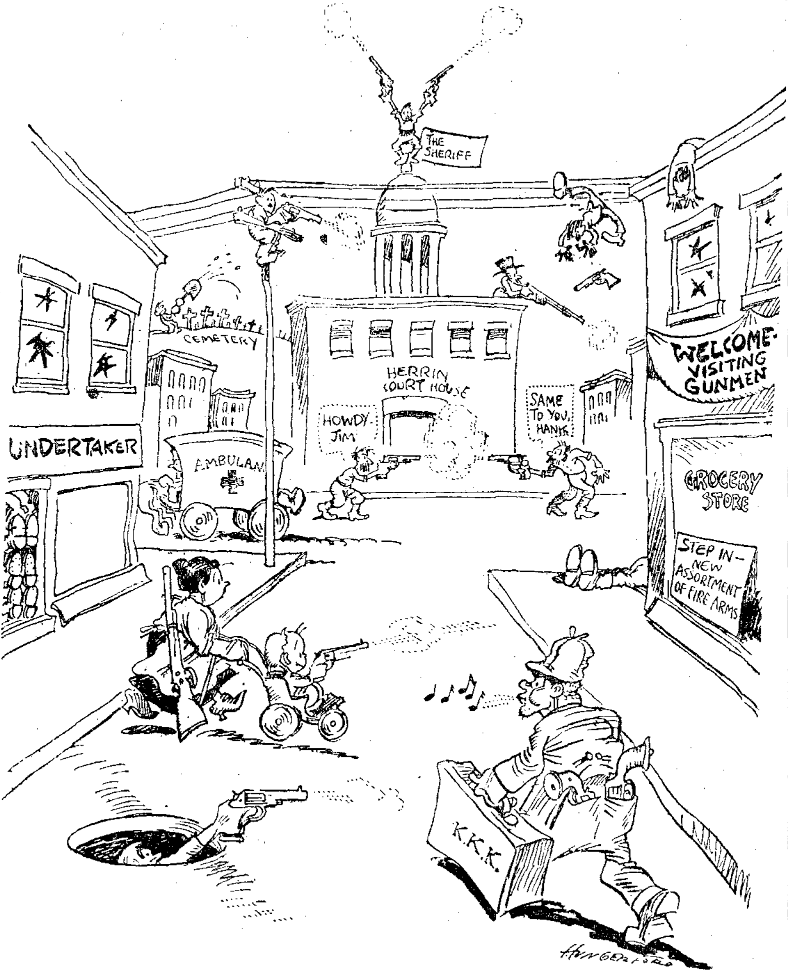
THE key to success locks the door to excess.—*Columbia Record.*

WE need one more law: A law to make people obey laws.—*Atchison Globe.*

CHEER up. When all the neighbors buy autos you can get a seat on a street-car.—*Lake County Times.*

ARE the grade-crossings to be eliminated, or merely all the people who don't look and listen?—*Boston Transcript.*

ONE of the characteristics of Henry Ford's *Dearborn Independent*, which we can thoroughly understand, is that it is always full of knocks.—*Columbia Record.*



OLD-HOME WEEK IN HERRIN

—Hungerford in the Pittsburgh *Sun.*

ONE nice thing about baseball is that nobody takes any straw votes.—*American Lumberman.*

"MA" FERGUSON'S idea seems to be that a pillow-slip government is a sham.—*Columbia Record.*

WOMEN may not have as much sense as men, but they quit wearing stiff collars years ago.—*Spartanburg Sun.*

FRANCE may as well make up her mind that she can't land Germany's marks and her landmarks too.—*Norfolk Virginian-Pilot.*

THE chief advantage of unofficial observing is that it affords opportunity to claim the credit, and shun the blame.—*Buffalo Enquirer.*

"SHOW me any hungry people," demands Chairman Butler. For goodness' sake, hasn't Mr. Butler ever seen an office-hunter?—*Detroit News.*

AN expedition to British Honduras has brought back a pair of strange animals that crawl along the ground like alligators, have the armor of turtles and can spring six feet. It sounds as tho the perfect pedestrian had been discovered at last.—*The Humorist (London).*

THE Prince of Wales did not come over here to lecture, nor has he indicated to any eligible young woman as yet that he wants to be lectured.—*Detroit News.*

"OUR opponents in America are getting it in the neck every time," Pussyfoot Johnson told a London reporter. And it burns all the way down.—*Milwaukee Journal.*

THE Chinese don't seem clearly to know what they are fighting about; which demonstrates that they are no wiser than the more civilized nations that engage in war.—*Columbia Record.*

"YOU can fool some of the people all of the time," said Lincoln. And ever since it has been this particular group on which the professional office-hunter has lavished most of his attention.—*Detroit News.*

AFTER all, when you think of our automobiles, Prohibition and the Chicago murder trial, it almost seems as if the Japanese ought to pass a resolution thanking us for keeping them out.—*Philadelphia North American.*

THE first step in national defense is to vote.—*Talladega Home.*

YOU can't keep gasoline down by stepping on it.—*New Orleans Times-Picayune.*

LET Wales occupy Page 1 while he can. He will be king some day.—*Associated Editors (Chicago).*

WHEN an Irishman wins a British peace prize the world may fairly be said to be topsy-turvy.—*New York Herald Tribune.*

THE Council of the League of Nations seems to have arrived at the mature decision that the way to end war is to get everybody to stop fighting.—*Southern Lumberman.*

A MAN is known by the company he keeps, and a company is known by the men it keeps.—*Shoe and Leather Reporter.*

WITH Keane and Edge as candidates, the senatorial campaign in New Jersey is developing into a sharp fight.—*Tampa Tribune.*

THE Prince of Wales rode unrecognized in the subway rush and, strangely enough, was recognizable afterward.—*New York Herald Tribune.*

LUTHER BURBANK has produced prunes six inches in circumference, but politics produces prunes very much larger than that.—*Greenville Piedmont.*

EXCAVATORS have found pieces of highly embroidered fabrics in what is reputed to have been Nero's bathhouse. Obviously the ancient guest towel.—*Detroit News.*

ACCORDING to the pre-election promises we are to have higher wages for labor and lower prices for the products of labor. Similarly the farmers are assured of higher prices for all they sell and lower prices for everything they buy.—*Shoe and Leather Reporter.*

A GENTLEMAN was hanged the other day for killing two taxi drivers. Well, we suppose the law must be enforced.—*Dallas Times-Herald.*

AS the Allies view the matter, after accepting judgment and agreeing to pay the fine it is too late for Germany to enter a plea of not guilty.—*Norfolk Virginian-Pilot.*

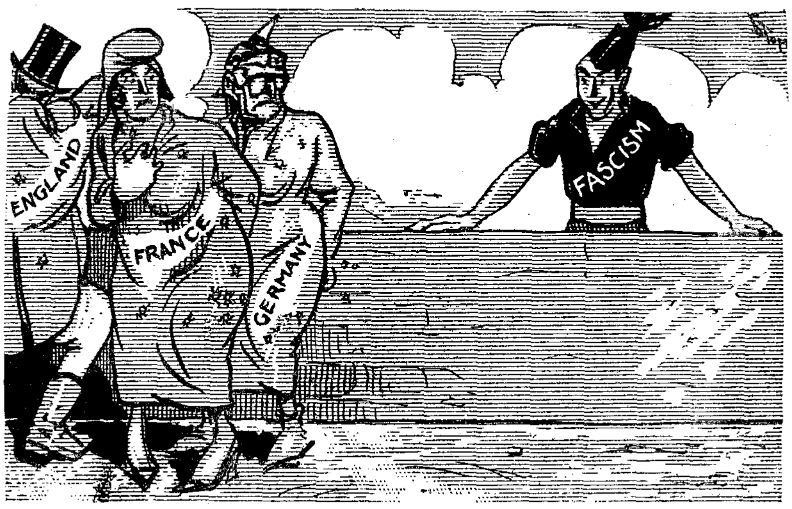
SEVENTY-FIVE years from now we surmise that our descendants will be meeting lots of old ladies who danced with the Prince of Wales on his present visit.—*Columbia Record.*

DEMPSEY and Serg. Samuel Woodfill have been photographed together at Atlantic City. A more interesting picture would have been one of the same pair shoulder to shoulder in the Argonne.—*Detroit News.*

IT'S all right to talk about the family of nations getting together around a table to settle their quarrels, but they're getting darned tired finding on the table a few fragments of China and a Young Turkey in Greece.—*Philadelphia North American.*

FASCIST COYNESS ON POLITICAL COOPERATION

"I DO AS I PLEASE to please you, but I can't please you," seems to be Fascism's motto with regard to cooperation with the Liberals in Italy, according to some adverse critics, who base their interpretation on the conflict between what the Fascists say and the way they act. In the Italian press we find Premier Mussolini's view about collaboration with other political parties in a speech delivered at Monte Amiata, Tuscany, where he said that Italian Fascism is "essentially incorruptible and not ready to sell its rights for a mess of pottage," but he added that at the same time "it does not wish to shut itself up in an aristocratic and unapproachable ivory tower." Such cooperation he claims always to have supported and cherished, saying: "I was not looking for anybody, nor was I driving anybody off. But any one wishing to travel with me must be above all a person of good faith, and superior to more or less distinctively party interests. He must have in sight the common interest of the nation." On another occasion, when strife between the Florentine Liberals and Fascists came to a happy ending, Mr. Mussolini wrote a letter to the Mayor of Florence, in which we read:



AN ITALIAN REBUKE

Fascist Government: "Why don't you mind your own business instead of criticizing mine?" —*420* (Florence).

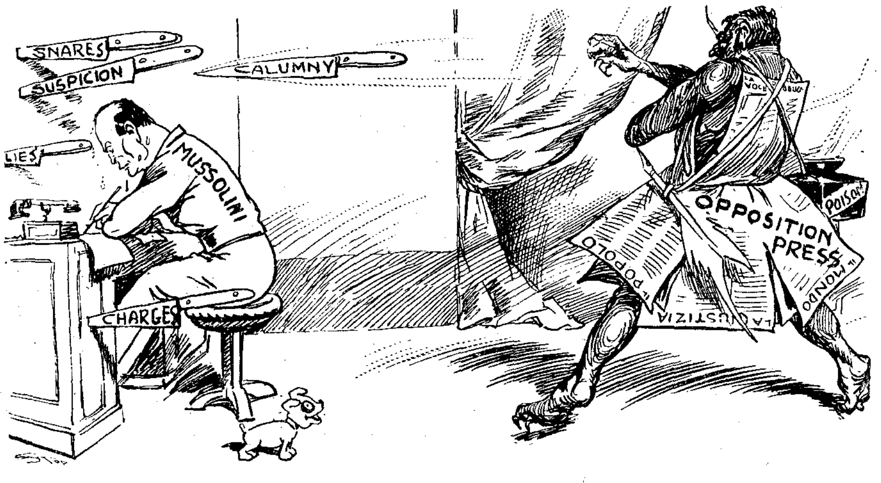
> "I promptly express the sentiments of my deep satisfaction to you who have arranged this settlement in such a dignified manner and to the representatives of both parties. This episode shows that collaboration between Fascists and Liberals is still as ever possible, even without the pretense of absurd adjustments, and that such a collaboration is desirable in so far as the wise experience of manhood, joined with the enthusiasm of youth, will be of profit to the city and the nation."

This apparent eagerness for collaboration is not so emphatically exprest among the Fascist newspapers, such as the extremist Rome *Impero*, which declares that Fascism must be rid of all who "feign to be Fascists and have the illusion that they are such," and it adds:

> "They are hypocrites who pretend that we must work for the restoration of the liberal State, against which we victoriously fought by exploiting the lack of an ideal program. These very silly people would have Fascism wearing felt slippers. They would like force, but force without its consequences; they would like energy, but energy without its consequences. They want a strong State, but cry out in panic when the prison doors are opened to take in the Reds, or when the public authority is obliged to fire upon rioters."

Another Fascist journal which considers collaboration an impossibility is the *Nuovo Paese*, which first of all claims that a party numbering 900,000 members is absolutely entitled from the constitutional view-point to retain power, and it goes on to say: "It is therefore human and the duty of this party to defend its positions strenuously, because it is to the interest of the nation that State authority be exercised continuously and harmoniously without having to face the experiment of a combination of elements that can not be combined." This Fascist organ then observes:

> "It is plain that Italy is not inclined to revolutionary experiments. She would probably accept a revolution already accomplished, a revolution without excessive tragedy and of short duration; but the atmosphere of constant revolution is not congenial to the nature of a people who in all classes deeply love order and tranquillity. Now, altho Italian Liberalism never succeeded in animating a party of political efficiency, it owes its strength and credit to the fact that it represents precisely that wish for a quiet life which is felt among the masses of the population and is not bound up with any party. Italian Liberalism owes its strength and credit also to the fact that in a certain way it expresses the mentality and taste of the man of middle age, the so-called common-sense person who is utterly removed from all political and intellectual extremism. Fascism must reckon above all with this common-sense person."



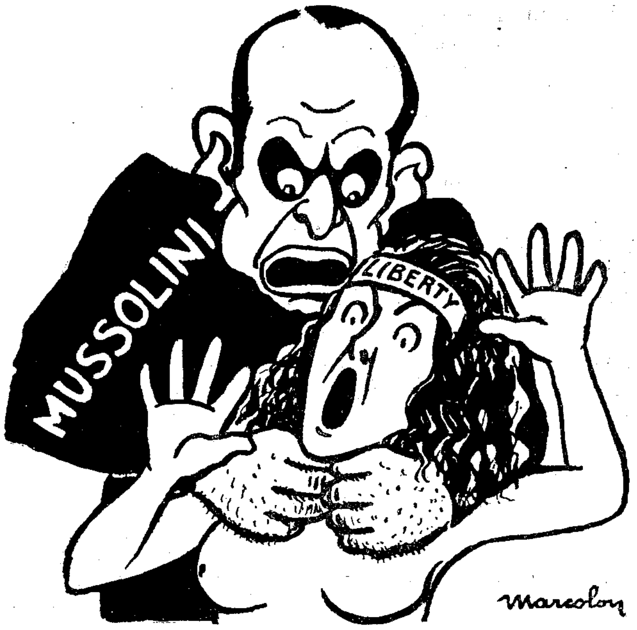
DAILY DOZEN OF ITALY'S OPPOSITION PRESS

—*420* (Florence).

The Naples *Mattino* stresses the point that altho the number of those in Italy who think as Liberals is far greater than Fascism's 900,000, still they are not organized as a party and in squadrons as are the Fascists.

Turning from the Fascist point of view to the contrary, we find the famous historian Guglielmo Ferrero uttering himself in the Rome *Mondo* on the subject of collaboration as follows:

"He who would understand the tide by which we are carried should not forget that the more the Mussolini Government wavers and public opinion becomes impatient, the more Mussolini must rely, first, on the extreme faction of his party, which is the firmest in defying the will of the nation to the end. Secondly, he must please and flatter conciliatory opinion and the moderate purposes of legal action and thought in Parliament, the Govment and in the public mind. Such a contradiction of factors to be dealt with explains all the incertitude of the Government's policy during the past two months. On the one hand they promise normalization and on the other they mobilize black shirts. The simple naked and terrible truth is this: The *coup d'état* by which Parliament was humiliated and gagged in October, 1922, and from which many of inferior mind expected security to come, on the contrary paralyzed the State which was already worn out by the war. We have no Government any more, and we shall not get one so long as we proceed on present lines. . . . The Fascist Government, whether it will or not, is being dragged by the extremists toward the adventure of constitutional 'reform,' which, if put into effect, would mean the actual suppression of statutory liberties, the abolition of Parliament and the setting-up of a régime more tyrannous than Russian Bolshevism or the régime of the Young Turks before the war. It would mean also the end of unity in the nation and the removal of Italy from among the western Powers."



A FRENCH PREDICTION

"For all that, he will be unable to kill her."

—*Le Peuple* (Paris).

Of similar mind is the Rome *Giornale d'Italia*, which says that in spite of Mr. Mussolini's possible good intentions and the delicate and difficult situation in which he stands, it must be realized that "he is losing ground every day in the popular consideration, because he appears not as the dominator but as the dominated." This daily continues:

"We were convinced that after the emphatic promises made by Mussolini before the Chamber, the Senate and the Nation that he would have his party cleansed and normality restored in the country. But another phase has come to view and tho we can not exactly define it as yet, it consists substantially of new pressure exerted by the Fascist extremists over the outstanding figure of the Government."

Another severe critic of Fascism is the Milan *Corriere della Sera*, which declares that the indisputable fact at present is that Fascism as proclaimed in the National Council is hostile to the Liberal idea, contemptuous of cooperators who state their conditions for team-work, and determined to follow to the end its revolutionary start by the total conquest of the State and amendment of the Constitution. One of its most vaunted revolutionary boasts, according to this daily, is "the end of the Liberal State and the rise and apotheosis of the Fascist State." We read then:

"Such is the disposition of the party, even if we overlook its 'encouraging' daily deeds. The Government, after assuring itself a parliamentary majority through an absurd electoral law has gone further with its press decrees and has approved the design of the National Council to put the hands of Fascism on the Constitution."

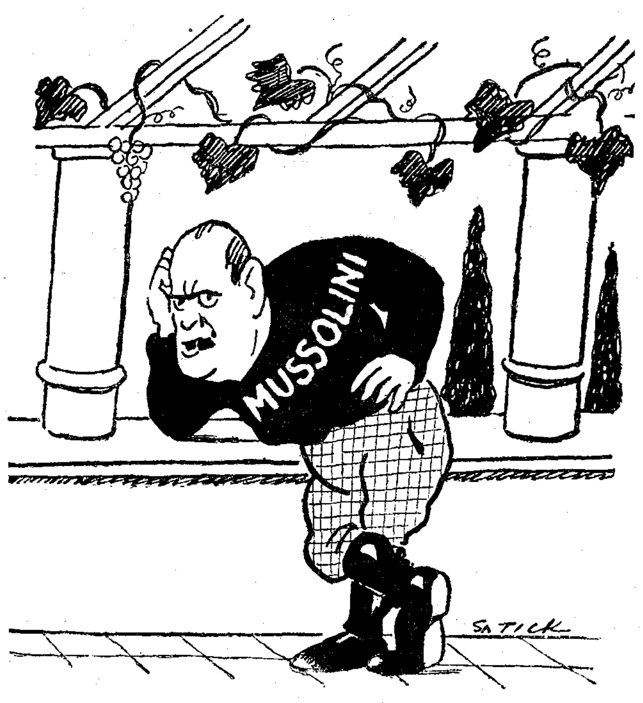
According to the Turin *Stampa*, "Fascism is to Liberalism what black is to white, the night to the day; because Fascism has two distinctly negative characteristics, namely disregard for the principle of liberty, and violence as a determinative and essential element in political struggles." Of immediate point in connection with these criticisms are Milan dispatches, which relate that when Italian jurists and lawyers were holding their fifth national congress in Turin and the congress was to hear a report on press legislation, a few Fascists tried to prevent the discussion on the ground that any resolution of the congress might appear to have a political bias. We read then:

"The maneuver, however, failed and the congress, amid shouts of 'Long live liberty!' 'Long live the Constitution!' passed almost unanimously the following resolution:

"'From this city, which was the cradle of liberty, the congress reaffirms the principle of the absolute liberty of the press.'

"The resolution is similar to one passed by Roman Catholic newspaper men now meeting in Turin and the question of the liberty of the press figures prominently in the agenda of the National Congress of Italian Journalists to be held in Palermo.

"Meanwhile local prefects are continuing to issue orders of confiscation. The Prefect of Milan confiscated some days ago *The International Hotel Worker*, which is published in English and French, for an alleged offense against Italian prestige."



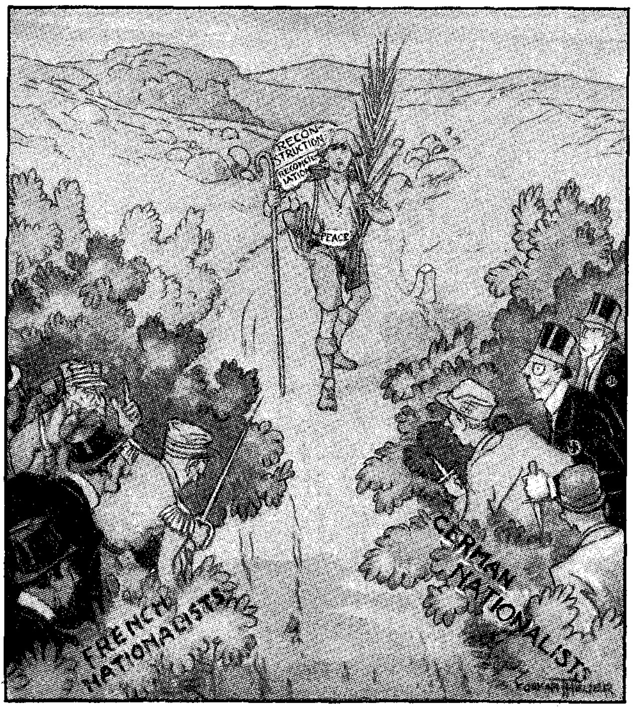
A FRENCH JIBE

MUSSOLINI: "They ought not to be grumbling—Nero, in my place, would have burned Rome."

—*Petit Provencal* (Marseilles).

BRITISH FEARS OF FRANCO-GERMAN COMPETITION

AMID LOUD REJOICING over the Allied agreement with Germany, through which the Dawes plan is put into operation, we hear warning cries to British commercial interests, particularly the textile and iron trades, that they must be on the alert against Franco-German trade co-operation. These cautionary signals are given not only by the press but by British officials and industrialists. For instance, Mr. Philip Snowden, Chancellor of the Exchequer, declared to a correspondent of the Manchester *Guardian*, that the French industrialists have designs upon the economic control of certain German industries, and that there was a very real danger that political means would be used to advance these aims. To him, the agreement appears as "a trade menace to great Britain of a most serious character." As the London *Statist* sees it—



A GERMAN VIEW

FRENCH AND GERMAN NATIONALISTS (in chorus): "Altho we are bitter enemies, this is the one who can bring us together."

—*Uik* (Berlin).

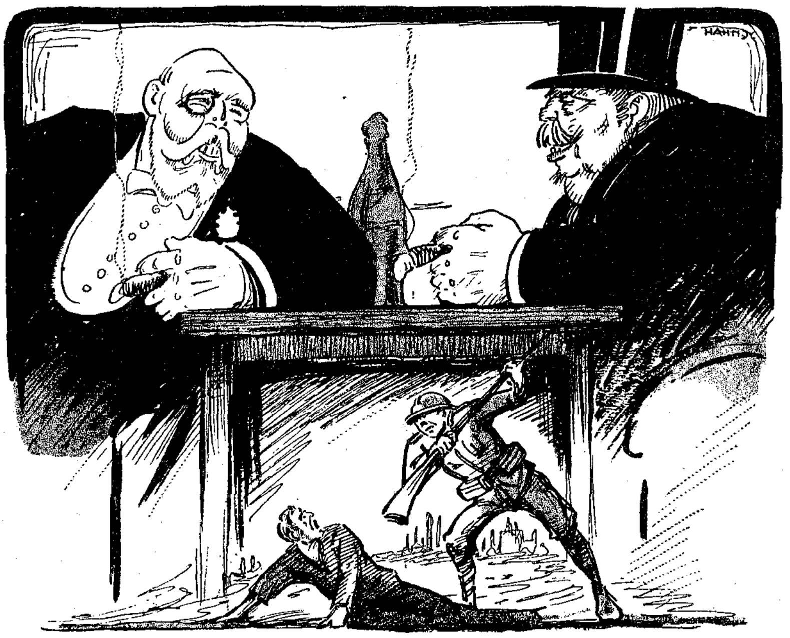
"The danger to British interests lies not only in the possibility of preferential treatment for French products, but in the likelihood of a close working agreement among the French, German and Belgian combines engaged in the production of iron and steel, coal, textiles and other commodities. Already it is officially announced that a Franco-German commercial agreement has been arrived at, dividing the American potash market between the industries of the two countries. The conclusion of similar agreements in regard to the export trade in iron and steel would present little difficulty, for in each of the countries—and particularly in France, where the Comité des Forges is predominant—combination has already reached a highly advanced stage, and the representative organizations, tho not perhaps as 'soulless' as Mr. MacDonald alleges, are not disinclined to overlook national boundaries. Alliances of this nature were a common feature in pre-war years, but they are scarcely such as would justify diplomatic protests. It is imperative, however, that developments in that direction should be very closely watched, and that at the present juncture, when our iron and steel industries are already in grave distress, the principle of equality of commercial treatment should be stedfastly upheld."

Looking at the matter purely from the continental point of view, says Mr. Sisley Huddleston, Paris correspondent of the London *New Statesman*, and without regard to the effect on England, it is not only logical, but unavoidable, that France and Germany should ultimately work together. Political passions may postpone the date of a general economic agreement, he admits, but even should there be further conflict in Europe, "to an agreement we shall come," and he goes on to say:

"The truth is that the big business interests of France have been inclined to make use of the reparations problem for the promotion of their own ends. They have not really cared overmuch about reparations in themselves—they have hardly believed in them; in putting pressure on Germany they have had in mind, not so much the collection of a debt, as the driving of a bargain. The occupation of the Ruhr was calculated to help them, but in fact it did not. It was impossible to force the hand of the Germans in that manner. But the evacuation of the Ruhr and the fostering of a new spirit may, and probably will, forward their plans."

Mr. Huddleston than calls attention to the apparently strange fact that there seems a tendency in France, even in regard to dyestuffs—which she can obtain from Germany on account of reparations if the Dawes plan works—not to ask for them by way of reparations, but by way of an ordinary commercial transaction. This appears to him as an attempt to throw over the Dawes report and the privileges "possibly illusory, which it confers upon France." Still more typical of the desire of the French and German industrialists to make their own arrangements, he tells us, is the accord which has actually been signed concerning the potash of Alsace and of Germany:

"Before the war Germany had a virtual monopoly of potash. But when the mines of Alsace were taken from Germany there was a danger that France and Germany would endeavor to cut each other's throats. It is obvious that, by joining forces, the Alsatian owners and the German owners can face the world and can make their own terms. So the rival producers have thought proper in a preliminary accord of a temporary character—an accord which will certainly be made more comprehensive and permanent—to divide the American market between themselves. The French take 37½ per cent. and the Germans 62½



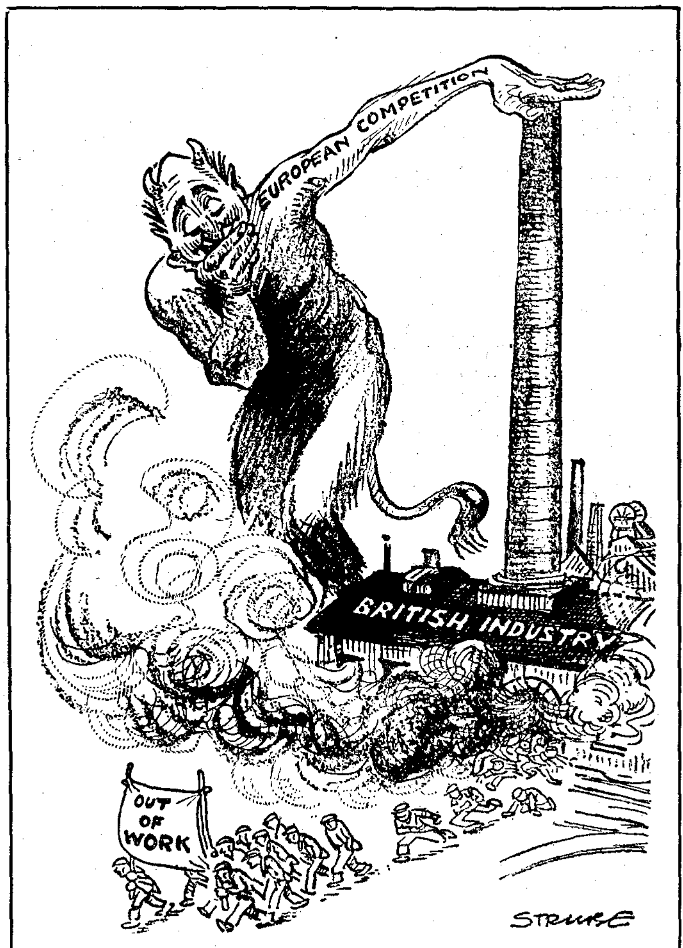
A DUTCH SOCIALIST VIEW

FRENCH AND GERMAN INDUSTRIALISTS: "If only we can come to terms, then the war will not have been fought in vain."

—*De Notenkraker* (Amsterdam).

per cent. There will be no competition in potash; there will be what amounts to a Franco-German trust."

On the other hand the textile trade of the recovered provinces will not find it so easy to arrive at a compromise with German manufacturers, according to Mr. Huddleston, who points out that it may be that French textiles will for a large part have to be sent into Germany to be dyed and finished. They will follow the same procedure as before the war, with this difference, he tells us, that the textiles will now have to go backwards and forwards across a frontier. Customs barriers will be undoubtedly disadvantageous, perhaps more disadvantageous to France than to Germany, he thinks, and adds that in the French need for a Franco-German commercial treaty Germany possesses a powerful weapon by which she may obtain further concessions in other domains and particularly in the demand for a speedier evacuation of the Ruhr. But the most important arrangement which may be made before long is said to be the union of the Lorraine iron ore and the coal and the coke of the Ruhr, and this informant continues:



SMOKING US OUT

—*The Daily Express* (London).

"In spite of the political troubles negotiations have been proceeding in one form or another since 1920. The Comité des Forges and the German industrialists, tho keeping in the background, have been perfectly frank about the objects of the proposed association. It will be difficult to come to terms, but that they should, as business men, come to terms is patent. It should not be overlooked that the leaders of the French metallurgical industry in France have, during recent years, developed a broader conception of industrial and commercial organization. They have not been content to stick to the old conservative methods. They have consolidated regionally, and then nationally, and have finally spread out internationally. They have linked up a multitude of enterprises on what are called, in the jargon of the economists, horizontal and vertical lines. I have repeatedly called attention to the most important phenomenon of the after-war—namely, the immense economic revolution which is taking place in France. That I have not exaggerated will be seen by anybody who chooses to consult the remarkable private report of Mr. Cahill, the commercial counsellor of the British Embassy in Paris. He gives a host of facts which it is the business of all to note most carefully. . . .

"Germany was not to be moved by a French occupation of the Ruhr, which, in the nature of things, could not last, and from the economic point of view the occupation was a blunder. The Germans are not so naive as certain persons in France appear to think. Now that there is a change of tactics the prospect of an economic agreement is incomparably greater. We may some day have a sort of consortium which will control not only Lorraine and the Ruhr, but many other mines and factories, including those of Central European countries. It is not necessary in this review to recall the economic facts which are well known. It is sufficient to indicate that there has been a good deal of bluffing on both sides. Both sides hold powerful cards. Both sides have shown excessive greed. But under all the political passions the men who count economically are keeping cool heads, and the time appears to be nearly ripe for a big Franco-German deal."

THE PUZZLE OF IRELAND'S TRADE

A TRADER who buys more than he sells is on the road to bankruptcy, and the great preponderance of imports over exports shown by the trade returns of the Irish Free State for the first six months of the current year puzzle experienced observers, we are told by the London *Economist.* It is easy to make guesses about the reasons for this condition, we are told, but impossible to speak with certitude in the absence of exact information sufficient to make an explanation convincing. Yet this financial authority adds that the revenue is coming in well in spite of the severe commercial depression, and it tells us that in the last week-end in August there was a credit balance in the Exchequer of £4,469,652. Among Irish newspapers concerned over the excess of imports is the Dublin *Weekly Irish Times,* which calls attention to the fact that:

"The Free State's imports during the period under review amounted to a total sum of £33,478,305, while the exports for the same period were only £21,877,493. The balance against the Free State, therefore, was more than £11,000,000, or thirty-three and a third per cent. This loss would be extremely serious if it had no compensations; for it would mean simply that after a certain length of time the Free State would be pauperized. The existence of 'invisible' imports and exports, however, must be taken into consideration, and, while undoubtedly the Free State spends huge sums annually in insurance and shipping charges, most of which finds its way across the Channel, the investments of Free State citizens in British and other securities yields an income to this country which is more than sufficient to make up for the yearly deficit in trade. Yet the mere fact that we are buying more than we are selling is disquieting. It proves that something is wrong. A young State can not afford to live on its capital, and it is almost as important to balance trade returns as it is to balance the national budget. The country needs a vigorous and well-directed economic policy. Almost every branch of the national economy requires reform, and until the matter is treated in a scientific way, very little real progress can be expected."

For all practical purposes the Free State has only one market, according to this Dublin weekly, which adds that Britain herself provides 71 per cent. of the Free State's gross imports, while the British Empire's contribution is 85 per cent. But it appears that the export figures are even more remarkable because—

"Britain takes 84 per cent. of our total output, of which no less than 98 per cent. goes to the British Empire. All our foreign markets are negligible in comparison. During the six months in question we bought £369,561 worth of German goods, ranging from pigs' heads to wire nails, whereas our exports to the Fatherland, to the value of £12,672, consisted in yeast, fleeces, scrap-iron, feathers, and 'other articles.' The United States was a better customer. She sent us goods worth one and three-quarter millions, taking from us produce to the value of, roughly, £98,000. French imports amounted to £210,000 and exports to £8,500, while from Czecho-Slovakia, Algeria, Russia, Latvia

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> and Roumania we imported goods to the value of £760,000 without sending them a halfpenny's worth in return. Our exports to Portugal came to £23, or less than £1 per week; to the Argentine they reached £3,126, as against imports of £564,614."

The Free State has virtually no real trade with these countries, we are told, for trade can not flourish if it is lopsided, and *The Irish Times* asks what is the use of appointing trade agents in the remotest corners of the earth, "if we only intend to buy foreign goods and pay for them with bills on London?" It goes on to say:

> "We have a magnificent market within a stone's-throw of our ports. Northern Ireland alone buys nearly ten times more from us than all our non-British customers put together; and yet, while there are Free State consuls scattered throughout Europe at a considerable cost to the taxpayer, we have not even a trade agent in Belfast.
>
> "First and foremost, agriculture must be developed and placed on a scientific basis. There is plenty of room for expansion in every branch of this great industry. At present we are exporting cattle and other live stock to the value of nearly £18,000,000 a year. The egg trade was nearly £2,000,000 for the six months, and the butter trade was £1,124,743. In this connection it is of interest to note that the Free State imported £532,810 worth of butter during the same period, while its import of eggs reached £25,996. Our trade experts ought to concentrate on these three great items. Beer and ale, which are among the most important exports of the Free State, can look after themselves."

Certain legislative measures now in operation are said to promise stimulation in the egg and butter trade, but legislation can do very little, this journal thinks, unless the people are prepared to back it up with enthusiasm and enterprise.

PORTUGUESE RESTIVENESS

REPORTS OF REVOLUTION in Portugal are heard every so often by the outside world and deplored by Portuguese editors, who unite in condemning all attempts at rebellion. Financial difficulties are said to be the real cause of these recurrent outbreaks, and the Portuguese press declare very plainly that they hurt Portugal abroad and impair her already weakened credit. We learn from these journals that political conditions have brought about the voluntary exile in Paris of Dr. Alfonso Costa, the "Grand Old Man" of Portugal, to whom the country has often appealed for leadership in its hours of trouble. Party lines are not very clearly drawn in Portugal, it appears, and the former division of Royalists and Republicans has given way to a Democratic party, which is undoubtedly the strongest among Portuguese parties. But the Democratic party, we learn from the press, is split into two branches—one conservative and the other radical. The conservative wing is led by ex-Premier Antonio Maria dá Silva while the radical wing is led by José Domingues dos Santos. The head of the present Government is Rodriguez Gaspar, a partizan of Silva's, who has been obliged to accept the "doubtful help" of the radicals in his own party, we are told, in order to obtain a workable parliamentary majority. Many predict the downfall of Gaspar because of the poor condition of the country's finances, the rock on which previous Governments have been shipwrecked. A popular outcry was recently raised, it appears, because of the introduction into Parliament of a bill providing for the payment of interest on the Foreign Debt in local currency, escudos, which are enormously depreciated, instead of pounds, as the original loans required. The anger of British and French investors, at what they consider practical confiscation, brought forth some explanations from the press, in which the seriousness of the situation is revealed. Says the Lisbon *Diario de Noticias:*

> "Let us give our foreign friends a few words of explanation about this measure. Portugal's public debt is to-day enormous, amounting to 3,459,010,905 escudos, at par. [The escudo is normally worth about 19 cents, in American currency, and actually 3.21 cents.] Our present budget receipts are 276,137,853 escudos, and our expenditures 561,326,152. In other words, we spend twice as much as we receive. During the last year, the inflation of currency steadily continued. And the end is not in sight."

This newspaper further states that the amount of notes in circulation increased from 734,388,164 escudos in the middle of January, 1923, to 1,047,028,060 at the end of December. The currency thus inflated consists solely of the notes of the Bank of Portugal—the sole bank of issue—and these successive issues of paper money were emitted only for the purpose of lending money to the Government, which destined it for increasing budget deficits due to excessive administrative expenses.

The bank maintains that as the gold value of the paper money shrinks through constant depreciation, the circulating medium should be increased in order to furnish sufficient currency for carrying on normal trade. With a view to preventing the exportation of what little gold is left in the country, the Government introduced the above-mentioned bill providing for the payment of interest on the debt in paper money instead of gold. The measure was later modified, according to the *Jornal de Oporto,* which observes:

> "Our foreign friends should not feel alarmed. The new decree of June 3 states that the interest on the foreign debt will be paid in escudos, but bonds belonging to foreigners not residents of Portugal are exempt, and will be paid in English or French currency at their choice. With a view to regulating this new arrangement, all bondholders of foreign nationalities shall register before the respective Portuguese Consulates before October 30, 1924, proving that the bonds held by them were acquired before June 3, the date on which the decree was enacted."

This journal and the Lisbon *Correio de Portugal* consider the measure to be a practical levy on national capital, which the Government demands from the Portuguese people, without offering a plan of reform, or intending to balance the budget, the main source of the difficulty.

General elections will be called in the next few months, and grave concern as to the ultimate fate of the country is disclosed by a majority of Portuguese editors, who wonder to what extreme the Government will have to go, in order to conserve the good-will of foreign creditors. Service of the debt is now guaranteed by the Collector of Customs, who hands over daily to the representative of the bondholders one-three-hundredth part in gold of the total annual service of the debt.

The Lisbon correspondent of the London *Times* advises us that the Portuguese Parliament closed toward the end of August, after ten months of "active, if somewhat fruitless, legislation," and he adds:

> "The main problem, the balancing of the Budget, is still unsolved. During the last few days of the session a number of measures were hurried through. The Government was authorized to spend a further three-twelfths of the estimated expenditure for the fiscal year. This will take them to the end of November, by which time Parliament will meet again.
>
> "Portuguese Civil Servants were voted an all-round increase on the basis of twelve times the salary they received previous to the fall in the exchange, and, altho this improvement is acceptable, they are by no means satisfied. Parliament voted its own members a monthly bonus of escudos 2,003$00, which places them on the basis of a Civil servant in receipt of escudos 100$00 (somewhat over £20) before the war. Both Civil Servants and members of Parliament suffer, therefore, on account of the depreciation of the escudo.
>
> "A law was passed allowing landlords to raise rents to six times the pre-war figure, so that the property owner still continues to bear the brunt of the crisis, seeing that most of the necessaries and luxuries of life in Portugal have risen between twenty and forty times their pre-war value. Fifteen millions of escudos were voted for repair and upkeep of the high roads, which are in a lamentable state over nearly the whole of the country."

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SCIENCE - AND - INVENTION

Illustrations by courtesy of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company

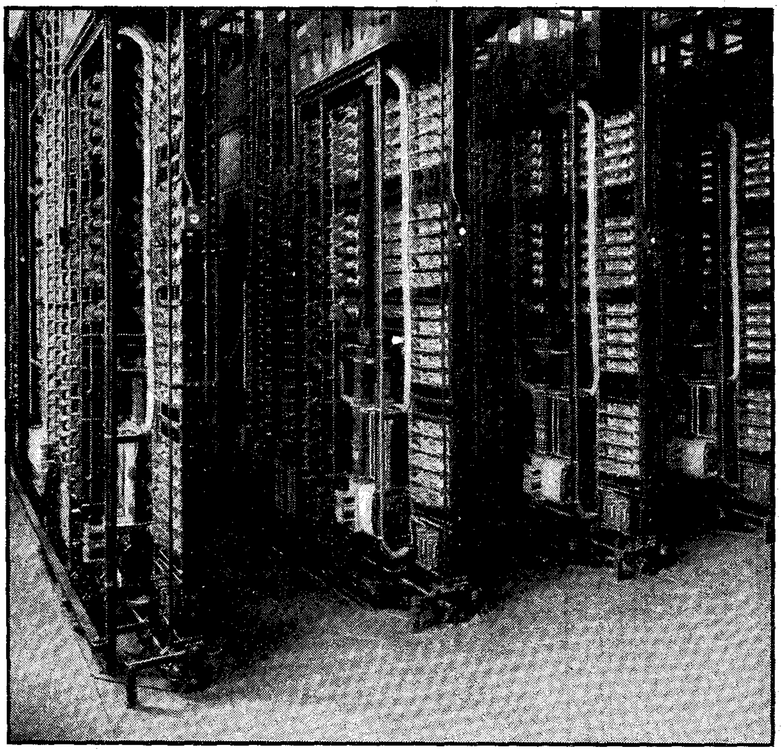
"NUMBER, PLEASE!" THE HAND-OPERATED CENTRAL TELEPHONE SWITCHBOARD OF TO-DAY

EVOLUTION—NOT REVOLUTION—IN TELEPHONE SERVICE

AUTOMATIC TELEPHONE SERVICE, which is now replacing manual switchboard-operation in large cities, has nothing revolutionary about it, we are told by H. B. Thayer, president of the company, in an article entitled "Evolution—Not Revolution" in *The Bell Telephone Quarterly* (New York). The change is simply a phase of the substitution of machine for manual operation, which has been taking place in telephone service ever since it was first introduced. It has been foreseen and prepared for, during a period of twenty years, Mr. Thayer tells us; and its adoption is due to economic pressure resulting from the war. Writes Mr. Thayer:

"Machine switching is a remarkable achievement of engineering and mechanics. It accomplishes what would seem to be almost impossible. When completely installed in a city like New York, for example, it will make possible, without the assistance of any telephone operator, other than private branch exchange attendants, a telephone connection between the individual station of any telephone user and that of any one of over a million other telephone users, served by over a hundred central offices.

"Furthermore, in the transition period, while some of the central offices are operated manually and some by the machine-switching system, it will provide interconnection in both directions between the manual and machine-switching telephones without the necessity for any differentiation on the part of any subscriber."



THE SILENT AUTOMATIC SWITCHBOARD OF TO-MORROW

This type is being gradually introduced to replace the operators seen above. There are now fourteen New York City central offices thus equipped. The process of evolution to this type is expected to be complete in New York by 1940.

In fact, the development of the machine-switching program will be an evolution, not a revolution, Mr. Thayer insists. Telephone engineers have always been alive to the necessity of substituting automatic devices for manual operation wherever this could be done without impairment of service and with economy. Such substitutions have been going on from the beginning. The development of the present type of manual switchboard is an example. Little by little many of the functions performed by the operators have been transferred to the apparatus itself:

"At one time the operator had to ring each called station individually, by turning a magneto generator crank. This is now done by machinery. On the earlier type of magneto switchboards the signals were given by the falling of 'drops' controlled by electric currents. These drops had to be restored to their original position by hand, so as to be ready for another call. Of course, the present type of common battery board, with electric bulb signals, does away with all this manual effort on the part of the operators.

"These changes and many others have all tended to overcome the operating difficulties encountered as the system grew, substituting mechanical for manual operations and so reducing the operating effort and improving service.

"The development of machine switching is in line with this well-established general policy. About twenty years ago it was concluded from a study of the trend of conditions that the time would ultimately come when machine-switching operation would replace manual operation in some places and for some kinds of service.

"It early became apparent that the introduction of machine switching would mean an increase in carrying charges and maintenance with a relatively lower pay-roll. The time to undertake the change, of course, would be when the balance between the increases and the decreases was such as to show a lower net annual cost.

Up to the beginning of the World War conditions were not such as to justify the adoption of a machine-switching program. The war and its after-effects, however, produced a higher wage scale, which affected both sides of the balance, since it increased the cost of plant on the one hand and the cost of operating on the other. Another factor was the increased cost of obtaining capital. A third was increased taxation, and its indirect results.

"The fourth new factor was the diminished supply of operators. The war opened up to women many fields of occupation that had been previously monopolized by men. The result was that fewer young women were available for work at the switchboard. The use of the telephone was increasing more rapidly than the population. The percentage of women available for work at the switchboard was decreasing.

"It was apparent that in some of the large cities we could not maintain much longer by the manual method the high standard of telephone service we had been providing. It was clearly indicated that the time for the orderly introduction of machine switching in cities when such conditions existed had arrived.

"Our continuous study of the problem during the previous twenty years had made us ready. Adapting ourselves to changed conditions called for no revolutionary steps. The process of evolution, begun years before, was simply extended in scope. Nor was this extension in the scope of our program carried out along revolutionary lines. Orderly introduction of machine switching simply meant that some of the growth of the business and some of the replacement of worn-out equipment in some places should be provided for by machine-switching apparatus. It was not then and is not now contemplated that any manual apparatus is to be replaced by machine-switching apparatus until it is worn out, or for other reasons uneconomical to continue in service.

"When the New York Telephone Company announces that its expenditures for machine-switching apparatus up to the end of 1927 will amount to $65,000,000, this announcement simply means that in the ordinary course of business a large part of additional equipment will be of the machine-switching type. When the Company announces that the change will not be completed in New York City until 1940, it simply means that this will be brought about by this same process of evolution.

"But neither on that date, nor at any period between now and then, will operators become unnecessary. Many will always be needed to handle toll and long-distance calls, to give information and to act in cases of emergency or service irregularity.

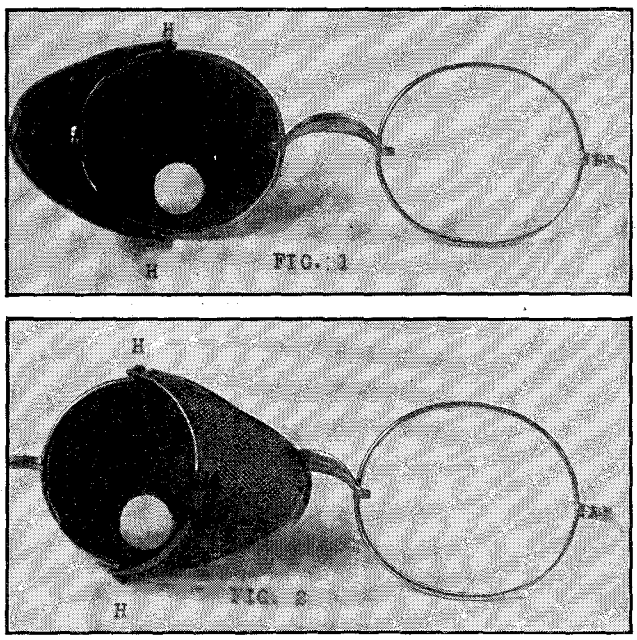
"There is nothing sensational or revolutionary about our policy in regard to machine switching. The only feature of the situation which approaches the sensational is the extraordinarily rapid increase in the cities' telephone-using population. This growth is the feature which makes it necessary to approach this problem exactly as we are approaching it.

"We might drift along with the current, only to awake suddenly to the realization that we must make a radical and drastic change in our course in order to avoid disaster. Such a sudden and sweeping change could be made only at enormous expense, with unnecessary inconvenience and with the probabilities against efficient service. Such a change I should call a revolution.

"On the other hand, if we foresee the probabilities of the future in ample time to prepare for them, the necessary changes may be made with the least disturbance and at the least expense. Such a process of change is an evolution."

SPECTACLES FOR CATARACT

GLASSES THAT IMPROVE THE SIGHT of a certain class of cataract patients have been devised by Dr. Charles M. Scherer of Chicago. These act by shutting off much of the light that enters the eye, thus dilating the pupil and allowing a greater proportion of the rays to reach the retina. They are useful only when the cataract consists of a small central spot in the lens, or is otherwise of such size and position that increasing the size of the pupil will admit light around or past it. Dr. Scherer has not patented his device, but offers it free to any one who may desire to use, modify or improve it. He describes it in an article contributed to *The Optical Age* (Chicago), parts of which we quote in substance below from a pamphlet reprint. Dr. Scherer writes:



GLASSES THAT HELP SOME CASES OF CATARACT

Light comes to the affected eye only through the small round clear spot in the dark lens. Fig. 1 shows the temple piece as worn to exclude light; Fig. 2 shows it folded back.

"It is a cruel and disagreeable task to have to tell a person that he will never be able to read unless he is operated upon. One longs for means of giving relief without the operation.

"Recently, I devised cataract spectacles that do just that. It was one of the happiest moments of my life, when my patient, in spite of a cataract in the single eye remaining to him, was enabled to read the finest type on the hand-card used in the test-room. The small type of Chicago daily papers was read with great ease.

"An ophthalmologist had years ago told a man living in Iowa that the cataracts in his eyes prevented anything being done to improve his sight. That man recently came to me in Chicago, to learn whether there was any hope of lenses alone enabling his eyes to read.

"My examination revealed rather small central cataracts in both eyes. In explaining his condition to him, I said, 'There are small opacities in your crystalline lens just back of the pupil; and when you try to see things, those little dark spots prevent light from entering your eye in sufficient quantities for you to see plainly.'

"'Can't you give me a lens that will make my pupil larger?' he asked.

"'No, lenses do not have much influence on the size of the pupil. If any device is ever found that will keep the pupil large enough to let in sufficient light, it will have to be something besides a lens.'

"At that moment an idea came to me. After getting his correction for near work, I picked up an axonometer and let one eye look through it, the other eye being occluded.

"'That's wonderful!' he exclaimed.

"The axonometer is a black disk, with a round hole in the center.

"The disk excluded light and let his pupil open wider, so that the light entering through the hole in the center of the disk gave him a clearer image of what he looked at. As soon as he took off the disk, his pupil would contract, and his dim sight would return.

"'Possibly we can get still better results by excluding more light,' I added.

"When I put a dark cloth about the temporal side and backward from the lens, so that light from that source was cut off, he was much gratified. Thus, the invention was completed

"The reading-glasses shown herewith illustrate the principles involved.

"In Figure 1 the shield to prevent light from getting behind the lens from the temporal side is opened out as when worn; but in Figure 2 the shield is folded backward against the bridge, as when the glasses are put in a case.

"It should be noted that this device is not the same as a pinhole disk. The pinhole disk improves sight by cutting off peripheral rays that might enter the eye, and, because not well focused, blur the image. But my device lets in peripheral rays more than normally; and with the aid of the lens gets reading ability because the pupil increases in diameter.

"Any refractionist who understands how light enters the eye and focuses on the retina will know, without being told, that many cases of cataract would receive no benefit from such a device. If the opacity is dense and covers all the crystalline lens or is so situated that dilating the pupil offers no advantage, then the device is useless. Its use is indicated in at least the following conditions:

"1. Where the cataract is central, particularly if it has remained stationary long.

"2. When the opacity is not wholly central, but the crystalline lens has one or more clear non-central portions for the entrance of sufficient light when the pupil is dilated.

"3. When one eye has been lost in an operation and the patient will not risk a second operation.

"4. When tolerable sight can be got in any condition wherein the vision is likely to last as long as the patient lives.

"5. When the patient is waiting to see whether slowly developing cataracts are going to necessitate operations.

"6. When an ophthalmologist has advised against operation and the cataract spectacles are yet helpful.

"7. Maybe another use will be in cases wherein other media than the crystalline lens lack clearness, since if the light entering a small pupil does not contain enough rays to form a legible image after passing through media that are not quite clear, possibly enough rays could pass through a large pupil. Consider that a pupil twice the size of another lets in four times as much light, and should make a stronger impression in proportion, if other things were equal.

"It is evident that these cataract spectacles are unsuited to bifocals, since the smallness of the clear spot would reduce the field of vision too much. However, it seems possible that for some special uses, as for viewing movies, there may be advantage in them for distance.

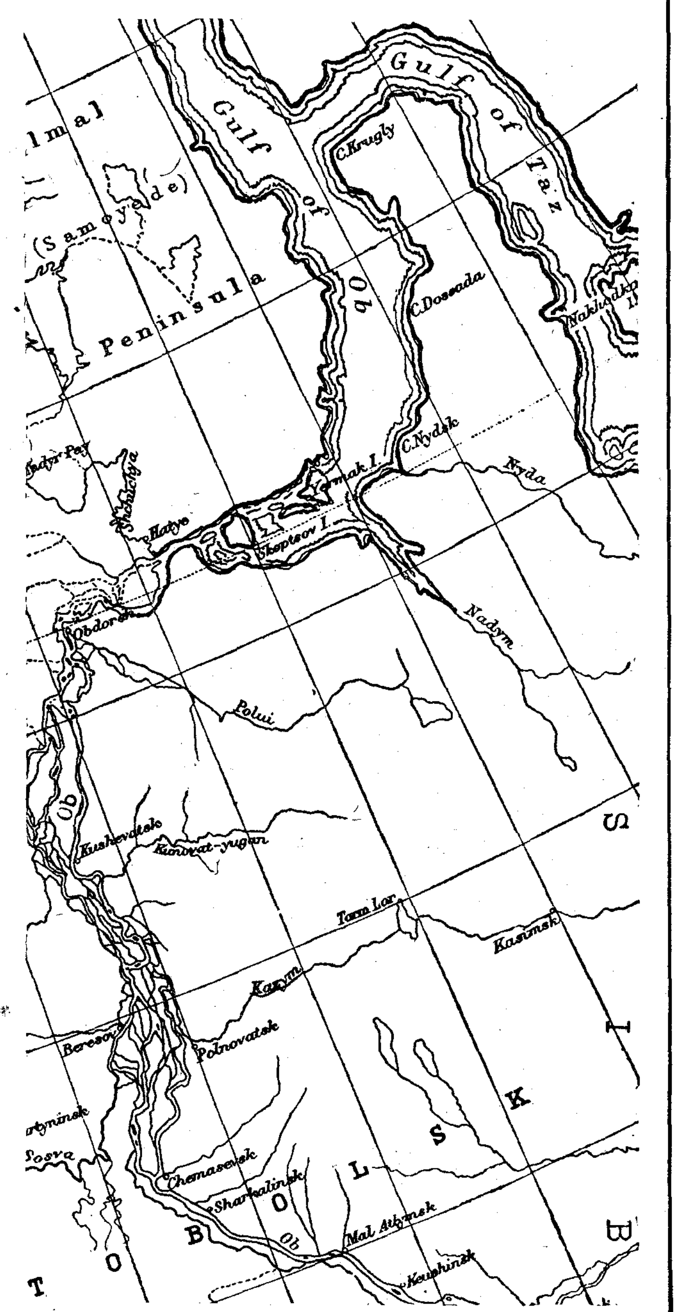
"The patient should be told about the possibility of an operation, so that he may choose between surgery and cataract spectacles. He should not be promised too much. It is safe to say that cataracts sometimes develop fast, sometimes slowly, sometimes remain stationary for years, and in very rare instances disappear.

"I can not say how much of my cataract spectacles are new. They now seem so simple that one feels that more or less of them may have been used before for the same purpose. If they are not novel, then something good has not been promoted as it should be. Monuments commemorate things less beneficial than are these cataract spectacles.

"I present them to the profession and to humanity, in the hope that they will be improved into something better. It will be interesting and profitable to the forward-looking, if the advantages and disadvantages are discust freely."

A RIVER THAT GETS RUSTY

A GERMAN EXPLORER, Dr. Richard Pohl, tells a curious story of the seasonal changes which take place in that great river of northern Asia, the Ob. We learn from an article by Hermann Radestock in a late number of *Kosmos* (Stuttgart), that Dr. Pohl has recently been studying the curious phenomenon of the so-called *Sâmor*, or concentration of iron salts to a degree that renders the water poisonous. We read:



WHERE THE RIVER OB GETS RUSTY

Once a year the poisonous rust collects under the ice in the lower reaches of this Siberian river, as described in the accompanying article.

"This mighty stream, 2,300 miles long, has made for itself one of the longest estuaries in existence—an arm of the sea which extends into the land for a distance of about 460 miles.

"Every year in December or January, there begins at this point, the so-called *Sâmor*, that is, the drying or burning up of the river. Here, in its lower stretches, the surface of the water falls as a result of the formation of ice in the upper reaches of the stream, and the water, ordinarily quite clear, becomes cloudy."

Dr. Pohl regards this clouding of the water as due to new chemical combinations of the dissolved salts. There is a precipitation of actual "rust," and this substance indeed is called "rust" by the natives. He goes on:

"The salts of iron dissolved in the water are cut off by the covering of ice from the customary supply of oxygen, and consequently are transformed and precipitated. The rust covers the entire underside of the sheet of ice and is deposited even on the living creatures in the water."

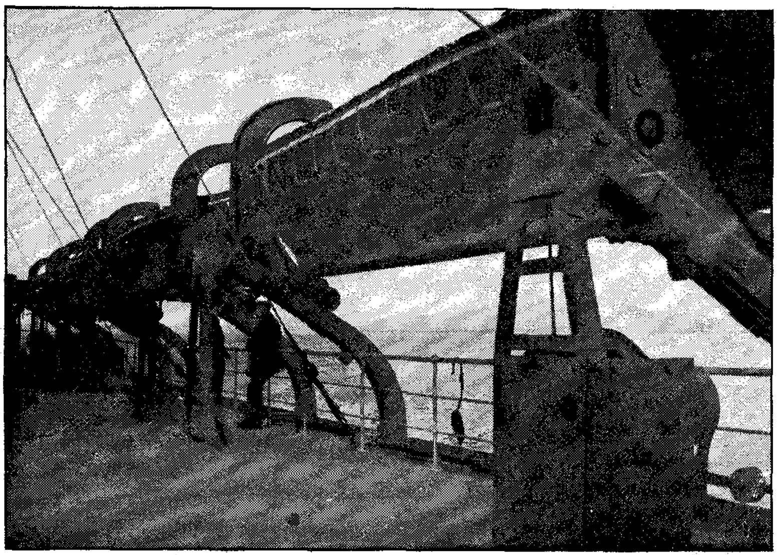
This panoply of metallic oxid is as deadly as the gold-leaf which was fatal to the famous "Gilded Boy" in the ancient pageant. To quote further:

"In the course of thousands of years, the fish in the river have developed an instinct impelling them to flee from the poisonous water of the river at the proper time, seeking refuge in the wholesome waters of the ocean. At about the same time the water becomes undrinkable for human beings; they must satisfy their thirst with melted snow till the winter is past. As a compensation, however, their fish-harvest begins, for not all of the fish succeed in escaping in time. Many linger in spots comparatively free from ice and from rust, and are caught here or in the weirs which cover the river."

When spring comes, with the thawing of the ice and snow, abundant supplies of oxygen once more penetrate the water and the rust disappears. Then the fish rush upward in vast hordes to reach their spawning places in the Altai Mountains. Says Dr. Pohl:

"They swim in such close-packed ranks that it is impossible to row amidst them; the boat thrusts them aside upon the flat river-banks where the natives fall upon them and kill them with sticks. This is the second harvest. The third occurs when they return from spawning."

The author then discusses at some length the origin of the iron salts in the River Ob. The Irtisch, a great tributary of the Ob, is likewise rich in iron salts, and this stream is exposed throughout its entire middle course to the winds blowing across the steppes and desert wastes of the Khirgiss. These winds cover its surface daily with showers of mineral dust, of various composition, which comes originally from the storm-beaten mountains surrounding these wastes. Dr. Pohl's article closes with a discussion of the increasing mineral concentration of various inland bodies of water, such as the Dead Sea, especially when surrounded by arid lands.



Illustrations for this article used by courtesy of *The Nautical Gazette* (New York)

THE NEW TYPE OF LIFE-BOATS AS STOWED ON DECK

Note the small amount of deck-room needed.

RADIO CENSORSHIP

RECENT TALK OF BROADCASTING trials and other doubtful material points to serious agitation for censorship of broadcasting stations. The editors of *Broadcasting Station Operation*, as reported by "L. A. N." in *The Radio Dealer* (New York), do not believe that any serious radio broadcaster wants censorship, yet it must be obviated, if at all, by action of the stations themselves. Most broadcasting stations are owned and operated by business men. That such people would welcome censorship, seems almost incredible, the writer thinks. He goes on:

"Radio censorship would be certain to be followed by a close censorship of the press, a censorship of every other means of public speech. We consider that the affronts to the public in certain broadcasting were errors of judgment, if errors they be, rather than deliberate efforts to bring vulgarities to broadcast listeners, or to capitalize public interest in morbid or vulgar affairs. We believe those who have been accused of error are among those who will be the first to fight for purity of the air and will be the first to take any forward step aimed at bettering the programs and bringing radio more and more into its proper field of usefulness.

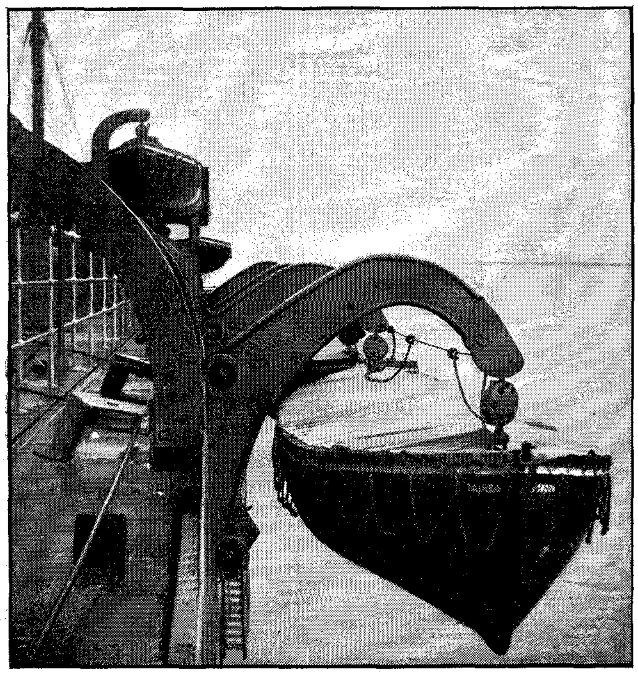
"The idea of censorship is one that does not appeal to the American public, yet the power of one man through a broadcasting station must be curbed if that man persists in affronting the sensibilities of a large or small part of the population of the country. No power is greater than public opinion, and even were the public, as a majority, interested in the last word and the most complete description of a vulgar trial, that same public would be aroused and would protest at the idea of the words of the witnesses being transmitted through the air—in many cases tying up receiving sets that would prefer listening to other programs and are forced to hear the station of vulgarity because of wave-lengths or place of residence. *Broadcasting Station Operation* believes that the present wave of protest at certain types of broadcasting will pass away without serious trouble or harm to the industry.

"We believe that the broadcasters of the country are business men, we believe they are big-minded men, and we believe they will be quick to read the trend of public opinion. Broadcasters to-day are of the highest class. Owners of stations are progressive and progressive business men—they will not long imperil the interests of radio. A personal censorship of each station will be exercised by the operators—and radio will stay clean and fit for home consumption at all times."

TO LOWER LIFE-BOATS SAFELY

A SHIP'S "LIFE-BOAT" often becomes a death-boat amid the confusion of a hasty launching in time of accident. This is largely due to the imperfection of the launching devices, which all depend on the familiar davit, employing the same principle that was in use a hundred years ago. A new invention bids fair to change all this, we are told by a writer in *The Nautical Gazette* (New York). The problem of safe launching, he tells us, is one of the greatest that naval architects have had to solve. No matter how many life-boats a vessel may carry, they are useless in an emergency unless they can be launched and got away without danger to the persons who go in them. Shipowners realize fully the disadvantages of the present system of davits and its variations, and the risks attendant upon the launching of life-boats under existing conditions are well known. He goes on:

"There has, however, been invented a system which meets all requirements for the effective launching of life-boats from a stowed position on the boat deck, irrespective of the list of the ship. The boats are attached to derricks with rollers that fit over guides which run down the side of the ship to any desired depth. The guides can be built out from the hull or be



ON THE WAY TO THE WATER

Derricks and boats sliding together down the guides over the side of the ship.

constructed integral with it. A gripe around the boat is fastened to a trigger and a single wire fall is led from the derrick to a winch on deck.

"In this system the boats are lowered by gravity instead of the usual mechanical or manual power. The whole process of lowering a loaded boat can be accomplished easily by one man in from twenty to twenty-eight seconds. All that is necessary is for the gripe around the boat to be released, and this automatically releases a trigger which leaves the boat ready for launching. The brake on the winch is then released and by their own weight both derrick and boat run down the guides to any desired position. The winch is of the double drum type, designed specially for this work."

The chief advantage of this apparatus is that the pendulum motion is eliminated. When a life-boat is lowered from ordinary davits the boat will swing with the motion of the ship—and may be swamped by waves when it hits the water or be crusht against the ship's side. Many lives have been lost through this performance. With the new apparatus the whole derrick is lowered and this motion is prevented, thus insuring safe launching. We read further:

"Another advantage is that the boat can easily be launched while the ship has an inboard list of from 15 to 20 degrees. The pitch of the guides over the ship's side makes this possible. Moreover, no swinging out or reverse movement is necessary as is the case with ordinary davits, since the boat is launched direct from its stowed position. As the principle of lowering resembles that of an elevator the boat can be stopt at any position on the guides, thus affording the advantage that passengers can be loaded at any deck on the way down. No jamming is possible, neither can the boat be frozen in with snow and ice, as is often the case with ordinary blocks and tackle. The single wire rope which controls the lowering of the boat can not become entangled, and the elimination of blocks and tackle is a decided advantage.

"As has already been indicated, a life-boat can be lowered by one man, a feature which is highly important in an emergency. The economical side of the use of the new apparatus is also noteworthy, since the device can be installed without the reinforcing of a ship's deck as is necessary with ordinary davits. Furthermore, a greater deck space is afforded, and neither is the deck cluttered with tackle and chocks. Another feature is that the boats are stowed from six to seven feet above the deck, thus giving clear head room below, and, as the davits are arranged within the length of the life-boats, there is considerable saving in fore-and-aft space.

"The first vessel to be fitted with this apparatus, which is known as the Erickson-MacLachlan Davit, is the new British liner *Tairea*. In the tests carried out on this ship, the time occupied from the releasing of the gripes until the boats reached the water—a distance of forty feet—varied between twenty to twenty-eight seconds.

"British shipbuilders and owners are taking a keen interest in the apparatus, and some of the most prominent have given tangible proof of their faith in it by installing it on their new ships. A sister ship to the *Tairea* is being equipped with it, and it is being supplied to each of two Orient liners. The new passenger motor liner *Aorangi*, for the Union Steamship Company, of New Zealand, is to be equipped with this apparatus, and it is also to be placed on three P. & O. vessels."

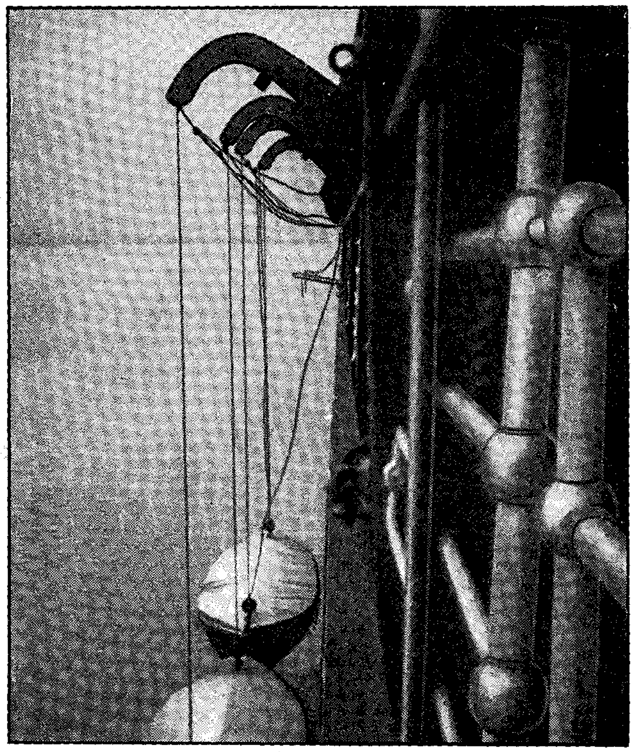
THE WORLD'S BIG PEAT SUPPLY—The quantity of peat available in all the peat bogs of the world is one of the items being investigated this month by the World Power Conference. This, we are told by the McClure Newspaper Syndicate (New York), is a congress of scientists gathered in London to consider what the world will do for a supply of fuel and power when the limited coal supplies now in sight have been exhausted. We read:

"According to Mr. G. K. Fletcher, a well-known British engineer, the amount of peat available is enormous, quite comparable with the world's known supplies of coal. The difficulty is that the peat is wet and has to be dried before it will burn. Drying is costly. Furthermore, the dried peat crumbles and is difficult to ship and handle. A fortune awaits the genius who will find a way to dry and burn peat on a commercial scale."

BETTER LOCOMOTIVES

MORE LOCOMOTIVE IMPROVEMENTS are in sight according to a recent research narrative issued by the Engineering Foundation and abstracted in *The American Machinist* (New York). The steam locomotive, we are told, has not reached its limit of capacity, power or efficiency. Today's problem for the designer is the coordination of improvements and their carefully balanced incorporation. Whenever this is done the locomotive takes a remarkable step forward. We read:

"Some items for coordination are: general design of locomotive, especially of boilers; superheater, with superheated steam for all auxiliaries; brick arch in fireboxes and other firebox improvements; thermic syphon, providing reentrant firebox heating surface; booster; mechanical stoker; feed-water heater; economical steam expansion; higher steam-pressures; track-relief improvements; factors that make for greater serviceability.



THE LIFE-BOAT READY TO ENTER THE WATER

The boat can be stopt at any deck to take on passengers. The guides may be extended down to any desired point on the ship's side, so as to avoid having the boat swing like a long pendulum.

"By aid of these improvements you may have greater drawbar pull at the same speed or greater speed for the same drawbar pull, with no increase in fuel consumption. At thirty miles per hour two improved locomotives will pull as much as three plain ones. At speeds above twelve to fifteen miles per hour the boiler pulls the train. Mechanical stoker improvements contribute increased power per unit of fuel fired. Higher steam-pressures are coming rapidly. One railroad is operating 598 locomotives with economical steam expansion in heavy freight service. Between 20 and 25 per cent. of the fuel is saved. This is a wonderfully promising development.

"The booster is a supplementary engine with small cylinders applicable to the trailing wheels of any locomotive that has trailers. It is used in starting and at slow speeds, and cuts out automatically when the speed of the locomotive reaches about fifteen miles an hour. Its operation is similar to the low gear of an automobile. It may be cut in at low speeds in order to get over a heavy grade which might be too steep for the main engine alone to negotiate.

"One locomotive builder is advocating three cylinder engines for heavy freight service. Service results will soon provide means for determining the value of this plan as compared with contemporary improvements."

LETTERS - AND - ART

LITERATURE DRAMA MUSIC FINE-ARTS EDUCATION CULTURE

THE STAGE CAPTURED BY A HARD-BOILED WAR PLAY

"TRY TO GET YOUR HEAD BLOWN OFF JUST TO PLEASE ME!"

Thus the top-sergeant, *Quirt* (William Boyd), expresses his friendship for *Captain Flagg* (Louis Wolheim, sitting), as he is led away to hospital with a wounded leg. A scene in the second act of "What Price Glory?"

NOT EVEN EUGENE O'NEILL has used the "American language" as a medium of forceful expression like the authors of a new play, "What Price Glory," that has taken an undisputed foremost place in the new theatrical season. The American language, as presented, is a mixture of profanity and an argot that many will require a glossary to understand. The play has grown upon consideration and conquered any dubiousness that appeared in the first-night appraisals of the critics. All the arguments that were urged against John Dos Passos's "Three Soldiers" are just as appropriate here, but so far we find no representative of the Service rushing to the defense of their brothers-in-arms. The authors, Maxwell Anderson and Laurence Stallings, are "grimly derisive on the subject of war," as Mr. Hammond in *The Herald Tribune* phrases it, and they ought to know, for they are described by the same hand as "dreamy crusaders not long ago in France, and it seems that they returned from their mission chuckling bitterly over their hateful experiences." Whether these experiences helped them to see accurately is perhaps rendered doubtful by the theater program itself, which contains this "note" on profanity, signed by the producer, Mr. Arthur Hopkins:

"'What Price Glory' is a play of war as it is, not as it has been presented theatrically for thousands of years. The soldiers in 'What Price Glory' talk and act much as soldiers the world over. The speech of men under arms is universally and consistently interlarded with profanity. Oaths mean nothing to a soldier save as a means to obtain emphasis. He uses them in place of more polite adjectives.

"The authors of 'What Price Glory' have attempted to reproduce this mannerism along with other general atmosphere they believe to be true. In a theater where war has been lied about, romantically, effectively—and in a city where the war play has usually meant sugary dissimulation—'What Price Glory' may seem bold. The audience is asked to bear with certain expletives which, under other circumstances, might be used for melodramatic effect, but herein are employed because the mood and truth of the play demand their employment."

Mr. Hammond admits that he hasn't enjoyed himself "so much in a theater since the first performance of 'Rain,'" and Mr. Broun of *The World* doubts "if many will find it shocking, for there is never any suggestion of striving for an effect by the simple process of flinging an edged phrase in the face of the audience. Nothing is said which does not belong to the time and place and character." These little ethical problems do not occupy Mr. Stark Young, who has transferred his services to the New York *Times*. We turn to him for the plot, which he admits is hardly the main interest in this war play;

"The story, so far as it appears, is of the captain and the sergeant, old enemies with old scores to settle. The captain goes away on leave, the sergeant takes his sweetheart. When the captain returns he finds the girl's father demanding that the man who has deflowered her should wed her and pay him 500 francs. Chance turns the tide on the sergeant, and the captain is prevented from marrying off the pair only by the call to the front. In the dugout of the next act the sergeant gets a start on the captain by acquiring a wound in the leg that might send him back to the town where the girl is. Alsatian officers are captured, however, and the captain wins the staff's offer of a month off for his reward. The two arrived within a few minutes of each other in the girl's bar-room and carry the struggle through till the call comes to go back to the front, revoking the month's leave.

"The fundamental quality of 'What Price Glory' is irony. Irony about life and about the war, but irony so incontrovertible in its aspect of truth and so blazing with vitality as to cram itself down the most spread-eagle of throats. The chaos, the irrelevance, the crass and foolish and disjointed relation of these men's lives and affairs to the war show everywhere, and the relation of the war to their real interests and affairs. This is a war play without puerilities and retorts at God and society, and not febrile and pitying, but virile, fertile, poetic and Rabelaisian all at once, and seen with the imagination of the flesh and mind together.

"The irony of 'What Price Glory' culminates in the creation of *Captain Flagg*, the best-drawn portrait in the realistic method that I have seen in years. In him the irony becomes superb. He is the rough surface of the deep and bitter in human nature; he is intelligent, tender, brutal and right. He deserves much and

> wins little either from the world without or from within himself. He is a bum and a contemptuous hero. And he was played last night by Louis Wolheim with a security and a variety that I have never seen this actor achieve before, as well as with intelligence and a kind of husky wit."

With first impressions recorded, the critics are forced to return to their muttons and illuminate neglected points. Is the play glamorous as war plays are expected to be? Not to Mr. Hammond is this play glamorous. "'What Price Glory' indicates that the profession of arms is a sewer inhabited by likable vermin, who in a more favorable environment would be valued members of the human race." But Mr. Broun, summoning second thought, finds too much glamor to suit his pacifist conviction that war must be shown with no mitigating conditions:

> "I came to 'What Price Glory,' expecting to see a play which would blow war out of the water. In it I did not find the muscular Christian with the Y. M. C. A. heroine waiting for him just back of the first-line trench. And nobody spoke of ideals. But what I did find were figures far more glamorous, because they had not had the bones taken out and been cleaned. These soldiers were not puffed out and poached. They were hard-boiled. And romance of such toughness is deadly dangerous to all of us who want the world to hate war. The jingoism of a Coningsby Dawson can be put to flight with a grin of doubt, but you can't laugh off a *Mulvaney* of Rudyard Kipling or a *Captain Flagg* of Maxwell Anderson and Laurence Stallings.
>
> "Even when a Dos Passos charges in fury he does not destroy the hard-boiled. It is not enough to push them off the high wall to which they have been lifted by romantic imagination. *Captain Flagg* won't crack and disintegrate like Humpty Dumpty. He will bound back again even before the men and horses of the King have come to his rescue."

Mr. Arthur Pollock, in the Brooklyn *Eagle*, puts it even more pointedly:

> "Fine as 'What Price Glory' is in every way, as absorbing drama, as American language, as true and cogent portraiture, as graceful dramaturgy, there is in it, despite the sincerity of the authors and the announcement of Mr. Hopkins to the contrary, a slight degree of sentimentality, a certain romantic dodging of the exact truth. Twenty-six soldiers, most of them hard-boiled, and one French girl, spoken of as a 'broad,' make up the cast, and not one of the whole crew has an ignoble thought or says a really mean word to another. To be sure, *Captain Flagg* and *Sergeant Quirt* curse each other fiercely, are avowed and deadly enemies, but they curse each other in a nice way (as Mr. Hopkins points out) and their attitude toward each other is noble. They are at bottom quite sweet. They have their weaknesses, their immoralities, but the same old kind hearts under the same old rough exteriors. In their zeal to contrast the humanity of the soldier and the inhumanity of war, the authors make their characters just a trifle too good to be true. With all its profanity and raw-edged talk, 'What Price Glory' is soft."

Yet it struck Mr. Arthur McKeogh, of *The Cosmopolitan Magazine*, another way, and Mr. Woollcott quotes his letter:

> "The new play is wanton and profane; cowardly and brave; heart-clutching and tender—and so is war itself. In other words, 'What Price Glory' is the precise interpretation of the lives men live when they fight.
>
> "I've never seen anything so true. Its realism made me gasp a little. In fact, it's so far removed from the traditional bunk of war plays in which the heroine coyly catches her French heel in the front-line duckboards that I wonder if the public will know enough to appreciate it.
>
> "The cast and direction are astonishingly authentic. I felt sure that most of the actors had been in the service. Not all sergeants and officers were as ready with repartee—but the Marines, of course, aren't ordinary soldiers.
>
> "It ought to have a record run. It's the only chance a non-combatant has to get up under the guns. If it's a little too bitter in places, so much the better—and I say that who believe in National Defense Day."

"DRAG HIM OUT," SAYS THE HARD-BOILED TOP-SERGEANT

After knocking out a drunken marine who has the delusion that a Cincinnatian with a German name was a German spy. The other participators learn the quality of the newly appointed *Sergeant Quirt*.

Some, perhaps, like "The Listener," of the Boston *Transcript*, may get the impression, from the newspaper reviews, that the play "is an insult to the American soldier, because all its enlisted men are atheists, profane, foul-mouthed, lewd. They present not only the soldiers in the Great War, but average American manhood, as degraded."

> "The Listener has not seen 'What Price Glory,' and therefore is not competent to express any opinion of the play, but it is perfectly obvious that one fine and noble character in the piece—if *Captain Flagg* really is that—could not save it from the imputation of insult, if at the same time the common soldier in it is made to appear such a brute. It would be a parallel claim, the other way around, to say that the tragedy of 'Othello' insults the human race because it has in it one base villain. But The Listener has known, and very well known, the American private soldier in war, and he knows quite positively that, tho in a considerable proportion of cases he is most picturesque and copious in his profanity, and often otherwise very bad in his talk, he is not a bit lewder in conduct or nature than the average man of his age; nor is he brutal—and most certainly he is not atheistic. And he is capable of doing a great many fine things, not only on the battlefield but in the camp. Any play which leaves an impression of any other state of things is false. If our pacifistic generation, which has never intimately associated with real soldiers in war or peace, thinks otherwise, it convicts itself either of ignorance or of wilful blindness."

PSYCHOANALYSIS FAILS TO ACCOUNT FOR THE ARTIST

A LITTLE WATERLOO is prepared for Dr. Freud on the subject of art by a critic, Clive Bell, who may not be strong on psychoanalysis but who does know something about art. Dr. Freud, true to his form, has pictured the artist as "one who is urged on by his instinctive needs, which are too clamorous." These needs are "honor, power, riches, fame and the love of women." But the artist—of course leaving out of account the rich ones—lacks the means to achieve these gratifications, so he "turns away from reality and transfers all his interest, and all his libido too, on to the creations of his wishes in the life of fantasy." The quotations used by Mr. Bell are from Freud's "Introductory Lectures on Psycho-Analysis," and he goes on to paraphrase Dr. Freud in telling us how the "art" created by this dreamer of fantasies is accepted by those who experience the same needs as the artist but lack his power of dreaming. In *The Nation and The Athenæum* Mr. Bell expands:

"In Dr. Freud's words, 'to those who are not artists the gratification that can be drawn from the springs of fantasy is very limited; their inexorable repressions prevent the enjoyment of all but the meager day-dreams which can become conscious.' But through 'the artist's' 'art' the public obtains, in the world of make-believe, satisfaction for its clamorous needs, and pays the artist so handsomely for the benefit that he soon obtains satisfaction for his in the world of reality. Art is, to stick to the Freudian jargon, 'wish fulfilment'; the artist 'realizes' his own dreams of being a great man and having a good time, and in so doing gratifies a public which vaguely and feebly dreams the same dreams, but can not dream them efficiently."

Mr. Bell admits that this may be "a pretty good account of what housemaids and Dr. Freud presumably take for art"; and he cites the novelette as the "perfect example of 'wish fulfilment in the world of fantasy.'" For—

"The housemaid dreams of becoming a great actress and being loved by a handsome earl; Dr. Freud dreams of having been born a handsome earl and loving a great actress. And for fifteen delirious minutes, while the story lasts, the dream comes true. But this has nothing to do with art. Any artist or any poker-player may, or may not, have a taste for expensive pleasures, but as artist or poker-player he has other ends in view. The artist is not concerned with even the 'sublimations' of his normal lusts, because he is concerned with a problem which is quite outside normal experience. His object is to create a form which shall match an esthetic conception, not to create a form which shall satisfy Dr. Freud's unappeased longings. Neither Dr. Freud's day-dreams of fame, women, and power, nor yet his own, are what the artist is striving to express; tho they are what Dr. Freud and his like wish him to express. The artist's problem is esthetic; hence the endless quarrel about happy endings between a popular novelist who is ever so little an artist and his public. The public wants to have its wishes fulfilled; the artist wants to create a form which shall be esthetically right. It is disagreeable for the young lady who has been dreaming of herself as *Cordelia* to be hanged in the last act. Shakespeare, however, was not considering the young lady's dreams nor even his own of what would be a nice sort of world: he was concerned with an artistic problem. Of that problem Dr. Freud, unluckily, knows nothing. He knows nothing about art, or about the feelings of people who can appreciate art. There is no reason why he should know anything about either; only, being ignorant, he ought to have held his tongue.

"Art has nothing to do with dreams. The artist is not one who dreams more vividly, but who is a good deal wider awake, than most people. His grand and absorbing problem is to create a form that shall match a conception, whatever that conception may be. He is a creator, not a dreamer."

Mr. Bell tells us he has tried to explain all this to a roomful of psychoanalysts, but with only moderate success:

"I have begged them—the psychologists—to believe that the emotion provoked in me by St. Paul's Cathedral has nothing to do with my notion of having a good time. I have said that it was comparable rather with the emotion provoked in a mathematician by the perfect and perfectly economical solution of a problem than with that provoked in me by the prospect of going to Monte Carlo in particularly favorable circumstances. But they knew all about St. Paul's Cathedral and all about quadratic equations and all about me apparently. So I told them that if Cézanne was forever painting apples, that had nothing to do with an insatiable appetite for those handsome, but to me unpalatable, fruits. At the word 'apples,' however, my psychologists broke into titters. And they knew that Cézanne painted them for precisely the same reason that poker-players desire to be dealt a pair of aces.

"As a matter of fact, Cézanne would very likely have preferred flowers, the forms and colors of which are said by many to be even more inspiring than those of fruit; only flowers fade, and Cézanne was extraordinarily slow. It was not till late in life he discovered that artificial flowers would serve his purpose just as well as real ones. Apples are comparatively durable; and apples can be depended upon to behave themselves. It was the steadiness as much as the comparative immarcescibility of apples which endeared them to Cézanne—a secret which once, by accident, he betrayed. He was painting a portrait of M. Ambroise Vollard, for which I have heard he demanded not less than fifty sittings. Now, in the warm Provençal afternoons, M. Vollard used to grow sleepy, and used sometimes to doze. But when the model dozes inevitably the pose changes. To counteract this danger Cézanne so arranged the chair on the model's throne that the slightest movement on the sitter's part would bring him crashing to the ground. M. Vollard's spirit was all right, but the flesh was weak; lunch was over, the afternoon warm, off nodded the sitter, and down came the chair. Slightly stunned—the throne was a high one—M. Vollard was picking himself up when he saw and heard the artist advancing furiously upon him: '*Tu ne peux pas te tenir tranquil, donc? Pourquoi bouges-tu? Les pommes ne bougent pas* [Can't you keep still? Why do you fidget about? Apples don't fidget.'] Unhappily, as the only language known to English psychologists is German, my story, like its subject, fell miserably flat.

"Dr. Sigmund Freud has made himself slightly ridiculous by talking about things of which he knows nothing, by imagining that the books and pictures he likes are works of art, and that the people who react to works of art feel what he feels for the books and pictures he likes."

Mr. Bell admits that Freud may be an excellent psychoanalyst; "but I am sure he had better leave art alone."

WEARY OF FOLLIES—The most expensive shows in town for the producers are those grouped loosely together as "vanities," "follies," "scandals," etc. They are chiefly millinery, and each year seems to present the limit of invention in this line What they mean to the critic, and consequently what they are likely to mean to the judicious, may, perhaps, be gaged by the kind of a survey given them in a lump by Mr. Woollcott of the New York *Sun*. Mr. Woollcott treated himself to three different shows of this ilk in one week, he says, and "remembers little besides the moments of laughter brought into the revels by the strays from the two-a-day." We read him:

"If you see the 'Scandals' of a Thursday evening, all of its handsome didoes are likely to be forgotten by Friday noon—all, that is, save the talented goings-on of a comic and supremely rhythmic fellow named Patricola. This Patricola is an original—an Italian clown from New Orleans, whose clog is a dance more to our taste than the fairest feats of Pavlowa.

"Or if you see 'The Greenwich Village Follies,' you will probably come to the conclusion that all its lovely pageantry and all its costly display are as nothing when compared with the modest moment when one Charles Mack, a tall, blackface recruit from vaudeville, stands wearily before the drop-curtain and parleys in a fretful voice with his partner. Burnt into our memory is the climax of their colloquy when the sad-voiced Mack describes his farm and tells how he used to buy pigs for $75 apiece in August, feed them all winter and then sell them in March for $75 apiece.

"'But,' says his partner, sagely, 'you can't make any money at that rate.'

"'No,' admits Mack, in a tone of infinite world weariness, 'we found that out.'

"Seeing 'The Greenwich Village Follies' on some night when Moran and Mack are home sick would recall nothing so vividly as our experience in a terrible nightmare. We dreamed once that we went to see 'I'll Say She Is' at the Casino on a night when understudies were taking the places of the Brothers Marx."

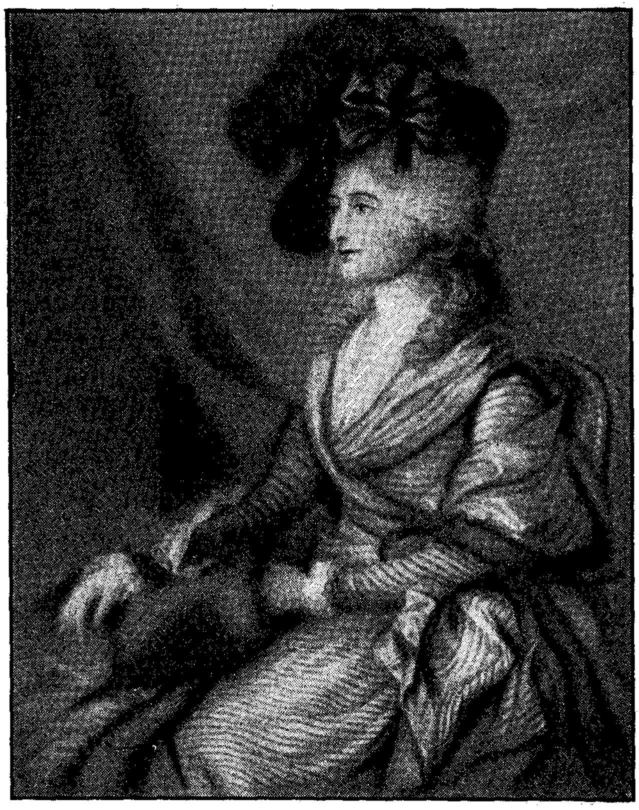
A LOST ART

TO SIT DOWN GRACEFULLY, or "sadly," as they said the Empress Eugénie could do, or even joyfully without a sprawl, is probably beyond the art of any but our best actresses. And a British writer questions if the art has not been lost even by them. "G. M. A."—whether man or woman—writes in the Manchester *Guardian* that "it is comforting to think that if women can no longer sit down like Mrs. Siddons neither can men rise from their seats with the perfect poise of Balzac." All of this brings to our notice that "sitting down" was once regarded as an art or at least a branch of etiquette that was sedulously cultivated. We can hear the derisive laugh of the flapper generation as they read the following, which points a moral for the prevailing mode of short skirts:

"A story of a little controversy between a famous beauty and a more famous artist has been told recently in the French press. The beauty desired to be painted in a tightly cylindered black dress, sitting in a very elegant scarlet chair. The artist approved of both the chair and the dress, but not in conjunction. If the beauty wore the tight dress she must stand up; if she sat in the elegant scarlet chair her dress must give to her curves the proper adjustment of supply and demand. In tight proportions, he insisted, we do not just beauties see, and from an animadversion on the tight skirt the artist glanced off to a little dissertation on the lost art of sitting down. He admitted that when the art flourished most greatly was in the days of the billowing, tempestuous petticoat, but insisted that the arrangement of draperies, tho undoubtedly a large part of the art of sitting down, was not the whole of it. Even in full skirts the modern woman does not sit so well as her mother sat, and nothing like so well as her grandmother; and he put in a plea for the art to be recovered before it is altogether lost or, at any rate, lives only in canvases of women painted in the historical grand style.

"In the eighteenth century schools of deportment and manners the sitting-down lesson was every bit as important as the lesson with the fan which followed it. If fans, according to the facetious Sir Roger, could be handled, unfurled, discharged, grounded, recovered, and fluttered, and the six actions divided again six times so that there was the flutter modest or angry, timorous or confused, merry or amorous, in the art of sitting down, head erect, back straight, knees together, feet crossed the very second of contact with the chair, three months of lessons was the very least in which a pupil who was even gifted to start with could expect to attain proficiency. Each art had its supreme exemplar. No one could manipulate a fan like that 'romping rascal,' Kitty Clive, while to all her other wonderful arts Mrs. Siddons added that of being the most wonderful sitter-down, according to contemporary opinion, the world had ever seen.

"When Lord Cockburn wanted to tell the world how a famous Scottish lady could manage the art of sitting he knew how aptly her proficiency would be apprehended if he ranged her as a good second to Mrs. Siddons. 'Except Mrs. Siddons in some of her displays of magnificent royalty, nobody could sit down like the Lady of Inverleith. She would sail like a ship from Tarshish, done up in all the accompaniments of fan, earrings and finger-rings, falling sleeves, scent-bottle, embroidered bag, hoop and train, all superb, yet all in purest taste. And, managing all this seemingly heavy rigging with as much ease as a full-blown swan does its plumage, she would take possession of the center of a large sofa, and at the same moment, without the slightest visible exertion, would cover the whole of it with her bravery, the graceful folds seeming to lay themselves over it like summer waves.'"



"THE MOST WONDERFUL SITTER-DOWN"

The world probably never saw the match of Sarah Siddons in this respect. Gainsborough immortalizes her gesture.

DO YOU KNOW HOW TO READ?

"HARDLY ANYBODY REALLY KNOWS how to read," said one whom the St. Louis *Dispatch* calls an "exacting cynic." But he exacted so little of himself that he went no further with the subject. Dr. Arthur E. Bostwick, however, who is head of the St. Louis Public Library, and who selects for our readers the subjects in the department of Science, is more helpful in the matter. But he disposes in the latest *Bookman* of one of the common excuses from the non-readers:

"He who complains that he has not time to read is one who does not fundamentally care for that method of making contact with the minds of others. We always find time to eat and to sleep and to do other things that we consider necessary to the upkeep of our physical life. When we have realized that mental food is equally necessary to the maintenance of our intellectual life, and that we like best to get it from the printed page, we shall take as much time as is necessary for this also.

"We are apt to blame our schools and colleges for not achieving various things that they could not be expected to achieve. After all, formal education merely turns a man out with a certain equipment, and even its ability to do this is conditioned on the man's inborn qualities. You can not equip a dog to do research work in physics—but, on the other hand, neither can you equip a man to follow a trail by his sense of smell. Similarly John will always be John and Peter will always be Peter. As some one has said, if we break a potato in two, and give half to each of the boys to eat, half of it will turn into John and half into Peter.

"Granted, however, that our machinery is able to turn out a perfectly equipped person—equipped, we shall say, for acquiring the reading habit—whose fault is it if he does not acquire it? Librarians have gone a step further; they offer a vast stock of material for selection and endless opportunity for exercising the habit after it has been acquired. But in the last analysis the credit for acquiring it will have to go to John, and the blame for not acquiring it to Peter, if that is the way in which the gods have distributed their favors. . . .

"The reading habit requires plenty of time. Fortunately, with him who acquires it intensively, it is a primary consideration, and other interests and occupations must necessarily yield to it. I have seen people reading under circumstances that would seem to render it impossible. I myself must confess to having read habitually while walking from a suburban train to a Hoboken ferry-boat, until I fell over a baggage truck and nearly broke my neck. I knew a boy of seven who, locked in an attic for his sins, picked up 'Queen Victoria's Diary' and passed a pleasant afternoon. Plenty of noon-day lunchers read while they eat and seem not to acquire indigestion. A maiden on a farm once told me that she kept an open book at one end of her ironing-board. 'You can pick up lots that way,' said she."

RELIGION-AND-SOCIAL-SERVICE

FARMING FOR THE LORD

PERHAPS IT IS A MIRACLE, or it may be that they were better tended by the farmers, but 500 acres in southwest Georgia devoted to the Lord have produced better crops than have been produced on surrounding acres, and, where the crop was cotton, they have been less smitten by the boll-weevil. The idea of thus devoting acres to the Lord came to the Rev. M. H. Melton as the solution of the problem presented by an inadequately supported rural church. Hitherto, says a writer in the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch*, who tells us the story of the "Lord's Acre" movement in Georgia, the remedy for poor church support has been unification, the merger of the forces and resources of two or more small congregations into one church, and the employment of one pastor. In a few towns in Georgia, he says, this idea has been tried, and here and there is operating successfully; but leaders in religious thought, we are told, concede that church unity is yet a long way off. Meanwhile the rural church's struggle for existence continues, becoming yearly more difficult. So it was with the Bluffton Baptist Church of Arlington, Georgia, which "has faced the cruel questions involving the problem of existence all country churches face." Last year its pastor, Mr. Melton, came to the conclusion, the *Post-Dispatch* writer tells us, that the farm members of the congregation were not doing their share in support of the church, many of them taking the view that the Bluffton church was a town affair and should be supported by the townspeople. The proverbial scarcity of cash among the farmers aggravated the situation. Even the well-to-do farmers felt that they could not spare a generous monthly pledge to the church's support. So, as the writer goes on with the story,

Courtesy of the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch*

SOME OF THE LORD'S FARMERS

Here are five of the men who, under the leadership of the Rev. M. H. Melton, seated at the right, started the "Lord's Acre" movement in Georgia as a means of supporting the rural church. More than 100 rural church congregations, with 500 consecrated acres, are said to have joined in the plan.

"The Rev. Mr. Melton preached one Sunday on the old Jewish and Christian principle of the tithe, the giving of one-tenth of man's income to the church. He then proposed that the farmer members of his congregation set aside a portion of their land as an annual pledge for support of the Bluffton congregation. If they chose to plant only one acre, well and good. It would be their 'Lord's Acre.' If they would give ten acres, so much worthier would be their donation.

"Seven members signed the first pledge, stating that 'We agree to stake off, plant and cultivate and harvest one acre from our respective farms, the produce from said acre, when in marketable condition, to be turned over to a committee appointed by the church to receive and sell, and the proceeds to be used in the work of the Lord.'

"The idea appealed. Farmers of religious convictions felt that a 'Lord's Acre' on their land would be a dedication to the right that would redound to their spiritual, perhaps their material, benefit. Seed time might be more propitious, kindlier sunshine and more helpful rains and a richer harvest would come if all their labors were not for themselves alone.

"In one year the Lord's Acre plan has grown in favor until this season more than 500 acres of such land is in cultivation in Georgia. More than 100 rural church congregations, with an average allotment of five acres each, have joined in the plan.

"The Rev. Mr. Melton has received hundreds of letters from all over the country inquiring as to the plan. The Georgia Baptist Association has become its official sponsor among farmers of that denomination. Other denominations are taking it up."

It is proposed this year to sell the produce from the "Lord's Acres" at a huge revival meeting. The plan, we are told, is capable of broad application, and the writer avers that if other States take it up as Georgia has done, it may become the solution of the financial troubles of the rural church throughout the country. The churches in Georgia employing it have found that farmer members, if appealed to, are glad to donate an acre, and wealthier farmers are said to have planted as much as ten acres for the benefit of their church. Quoting further:

"Figures compiled by J. L. Claxton of Albany, Georgia, enlistment field secretary of the Baptist Church, show that the Lord's Acres will average an income of $40 a year each. Thus if a church has but five acres planted the sum of $200 can be added to its support. But usually this number is greater and growing all the time. The reaction on the villagers, too, is favorable and in their pride they give more.

"An element of the miraculous has crept into the spread of the plan. Whether born of religious fervor and superstition or actual facts, the farmers who have planted Lord's Acres assert that they have been especially blest by Providence.

"Dauss King of Arlington, who was one of the original signers of the agreement, reports: 'The acre I planted for the Lord produced a bale of fine cotton, while farmers in my neighborhood lost virtually all their cotton crop from the boll-weevil.'

"Six other Bluffton church members all signed tracts for the Baptist Association, making the claim that they had prospered above the average of their community. One of these, J. E. Shaw, said that his 'Lord's Acre' escaped the boll-weevil."

Experimentalists, carried along by this enthusiasm, says the writer, claim to have counted the bolls on cotton plants in two adjoining fields, one containing a Lord's acre and the other no consecrated ground. It was found that the "Lord's Acre" plant had fifty-nine bolls and the other but twenty-one. The Rev. Mr. Melton has answered all inquiries as to the miracles rumored with, "It is clearly obvious that the Lord helped to give the farmers splendid crops on the land planted in His name." But, believes the writer,

> "It is more likely, however, that the best results of the 'Lord's Acre' plan as far as the farmer is concerned will not be gained in bushels or pounds but in those other qualities not cashable for dollars.
>
> "As one man testifying the other day at the Georgia camp-meeting said:
>
> "'It did me good to plant that acre for the Lord. I worked harder and didn't worry so much. I felt like all my place had been blest by that one acre, and that Providence would take care of me if I did my part.'
>
> "Newspaper men sent out to inquire into the reports of miracles discovered that if the corn crop was better on the Lord's acres, it was usually because the farmer had used more fertilizer in the spring time, had replanted the missing places in the rows, had plowed the land four times instead of three before laying it by, and had been careful to shuck out every ear at harvest time. Likewise was it so with cotton and peanuts and the other crops planted on Lord's Acres. The best ground was used and the best care given it. But they were the 'Lord's Acres' and it was fitting they should have this kind of care."

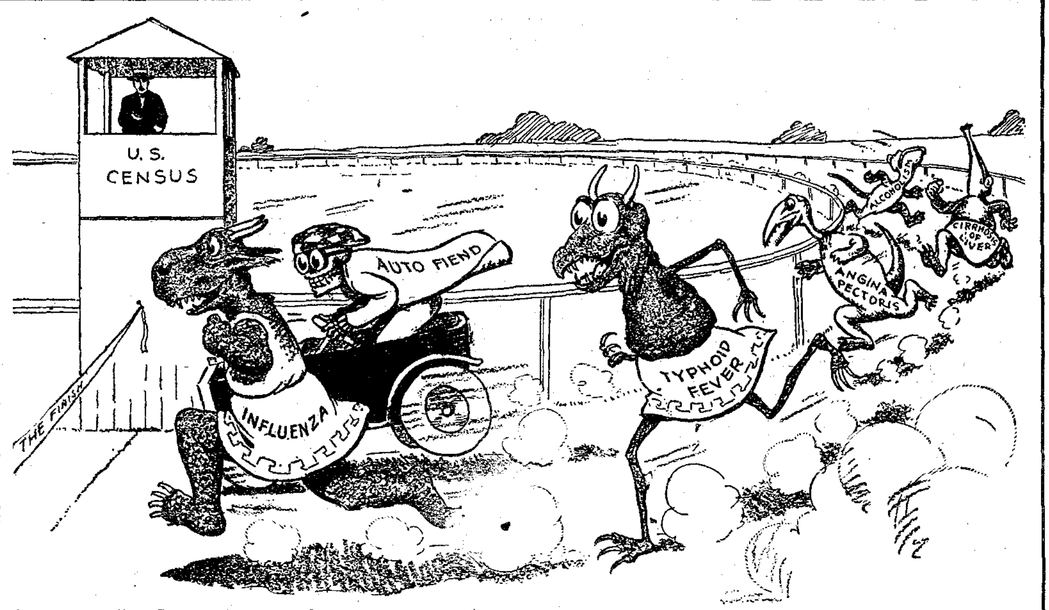
DEGREES OF HONESTY

CAN ONE MAN BE MORE HONEST, or less honest, than another? In other words, has honesty any degrees? The fallacy, perhaps induced by slipshod grammar, is punctured in a paid advertisement appearing in the London *Times*. Selfridge and Company, Ltd., one of the largest department stores in London, consider it worth while to take half a column of what we are told is the highest-priced advertising space, for daily editorial comment, giving the opinion of the business firm on matters of public interest. On degrees of honesty they say this:

> "Honesty, to the sincere, has no degrees of quality. To the sincere there can be no action which is honest, but not quite so honest as another; or an action which, dishonest, is yet more honest than another. It seems to us that an action can always be definitely placed in one class or the other. Either it is entirely honest or it is entirely dishonest; and the motive of that action is the deciding factor.
>
> "There may have been a time when even the sincere considered there could be such things as standards of honesty. When the peddler who welshed the breadth of his thumb in a yard was nevertheless a fine fellow, or when cloth could, to all intents and purposes at any rate, be termed pure wool. But those days are over, and over for good; no merchant worthy of the name will slide back to that state of mind, however hard circumstances may seem to push him in that direction."

"STEPPING ON THE GAS"—AND RESULTS

AS A KILLER OF MEN, the automobile, we are informed, is more deadly than typhoid fever and runs a close second to influenza. Except where saner influences and sounder laws are at work, it bids fair to run first. Up to August of this year, 9,500 lives were sacrificed, chiefly in preventable accidents, according to a published report of the National Automobile Chamber of Commerce, which is in the forefront of those engaged in attempting to lessen this waste of life, caused chiefly by careless, inefficient, or reckless driving, and by "jay-walking." Since that news was disseminated scores of other lives have been offered up to the speed god. It is a grave situation, and some of the press and the agencies devoted to the preservation of life and health ponder it seriously. It is certainly discouraging for those engaged in public health work and preventive medicine to find that the automobile is more deadly than the typhoid bacillus and that it even kills more people than alcohol does directly, despondently observes *How to Live*, the monthly journal of health and hygiene published by the Life Extension Institute, New York. Millions of dollars are being expended and there is an immense scientific effort to stamp out such plagues as influenza and typhoid fever, and, we are told, the press is filled with arguments as to whether alcohol is killing more people under Prohibition than it did in the days of the saloon. Yet here is a waste of life that is purely a matter of prevention. It is no exaggeration, says *How to Live*, that 90 per cent. of the deaths chargeable against the automobile are due to carelessness, stupidity, self-indulgence, and in no small degree to an exaggerated sense of importance on the part of many people. Life is sacrificed for speed; yet, observes this little health mentor, there are actually only three good and sufficient reasons for speeding—fire, accident and illness.



Courtesy of the "Life Extension Institute," New York

MR. AUTO FIEND RUNS NECK AND NECK WITH INFLUENZA AND EASILY BEATS TYPHOID FEVER IN THE MARATHON OF DEATH

—McGinn in *How to Live* (New York).

> "The fire department and the physician should have full right of way to speed for the purpose of saving human life or relieving human suffering. There is no other business occupying human beings so important that a speed on the highway of more than twenty-five miles an hour is necessary. There is no human being in this country entitled to risk human life in speeding simply because he desires to speed. There is no piece of work any human being can possibly be engaged in, apart from the saving of life or the relieving of human suffering, that justifies driving a ponderous vehicle over the public highway at a speed

which is automatically productive of a tremendous death and accident list."

The importance of the problem is suggested in the following tabulation showing the number of deaths in 1921 from various causes in the United States Registration Area (comprising at that time 82 per cent. of the population), prepared by the Life Extension Institute:

Influenza	10,193
Automobile Accidents	**10,168**
Typhoid fever	8,007
Angina Pectoris	8,031
Cirrhosis of liver	6,598
Alcoholism	1,611

The death-rate per 100,000 from automobile accidents in 1900–1910 was 1.0. By steady progression it had increased in 1922 to 12.5, or more than twelve times the first rate quoted. Among industrial policyholders of the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company, we are told again, the death-rate for 1923 from automobile accidents was 15.2 per 100,000, "indicating that the fatalities from this cause are increasing at an alarming rate." In an examination of 3,331 motor fatalities in the first seven months of 1924 by the National Automobile Chamber of Commerce, major responsibility was fixt in 1,554 cases. In 536 of these the fault of the motorist was a major factor; in 727 the fault of the pedestrian was a major factor; in 291 cases physical conditions, such as a defect in the road, blinding lights, or defect in the vehicle, were a major factor. Yet in those cases where the pedestrian is at fault, the National Automobile Chamber of Commerce advises that the motorist must be ever alert, saying, "Safety, alertness, and courtesy, rather than insistence on right-of-way, should be the motorist's rule." The mere assembling of the accident figures into a permanent record has achieved something, as the Albany *Evening Journal* notes. If so many lives had been destroyed in one place and at one time, it would have been regarded as a tremendous casualty, and the nation would have been horror-stricken,

> "Yet where is the difference between the destruction of so many human lives in the country-wide area, and in the course of two-thirds of a year, and like slaughter at one time and place? Only in the aspect and the impression upon the sensibilities, the effect upon the emotions; not at all in the fact.
>
> "This awful record was made in spite of more and more traffic laws and regulations, and intensified effort to enforce them. Almost it would seem, in the light of such experience, that lessening of the slaughter can not be expected.
>
> "But it must be possible to lessen it. The prospect that each year human beings will suffer death on the highways and in the streets at the annual rate of 15,000 in this country, because of carelessness or recklessness, is something that calls for drastic preventive action in every State and every community. Properly strict laws, and properly rigid enforcement of them, can be made effective to lessen, at least, this horrible loss of life. Total prevention of any kind of accidents is impossible, but reduction to a minimum is possible if determined effort is made."

Because of the good the automobile has done, we might even contemplate its killings with equanimity if they were unavoidable, says the Omaha *Morning World-Herald*. "The indictment lies against the careless, reckless, wantonly selfish driving which characterizes a large proportion of the automobile traffic of to-day." This mid-Western paper believes that the moral responsibility which rests upon society to check this annual slaughter must be translated into legal responsibility, observing:

> "Nowhere else does the individual come into such intimate relationship with society as upon the public highway. Here is the common meeting-ground of all the people. All of them share in its ownership, all of them contribute to its maintenance and all of them, regardless of station, must use it. It is no invasion of his personal rights to require that each shall use this common property in such a way as to make it reasonably safe and easy for every other person to exercise his right to go upon it also."

EASY TIMES FOR MURDERERS

OUT OF 146 HOMICIDES taken at random, only one person paid the death penalty, according to a published report of the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company, which has undertaken an inquiry into the procedure of officials and courts to discover whether the sluggishness of justice in the United States is the principal cause of its high homicide rate. The company looks at the matter as an insurance problem, because homicide has become so common, we are told, as to cause heavy insurance losses. In 1923 the Metropolitan paid $724,000 in homicide claims. There have been many attempts, says the report, to apologize for the extraordinary homicide figures for the United States, "but these explanations are highly speculative in character. The fact remains that in the United States each year many more thousands of lives are sacrificed to the homicidal impulse than one would expect from the records of other countries in at least the same advanced stage of civilization." The delays of justice, it has been stated—the seeming inability to arrest, indict, and try assailants and to make prompt and definite disposition of homicide cases—have been important factors in our high homicide rate, but we are told that the exact facts on these lines are unavailable. Information of more or less satisfactory character could be gathered for only 146 of 446 homicide cases among Metropolitan Industrial policyholders during the last six months of 1922, and we are told:

> "The facts for the 146 homicides show that thirty-two were so-called 'justifiable homicides.' . . . Now what happened to the assailants in the other 114 cases? There was an indictment in sixty-nine cases, or in 60.5 per cent. of the 114 unjustified homicides! The forty-five unindicted cases (39.5 per cent. of the 114 murder and manslaughter cases) showed that in one-third the assailants were still at large, that in twenty-two cases the assailants committed suicide, and in eight the evidence was insufficient to warrant indictment.
>
> "What followed the sixty-nine indictments? Eleven were 'no trial' cases! In fifty-eight trials a verdict of 'not guilty,' was rendered in sixteen cases, or 27.6 per cent. of the trials. One mistrial resulted. Of the forty-one judged to be 'guilty' thirty-five are serving time, with appeal pending in six cases; three are being held either for a new trial or pending an appeal; one was paroled, one fined and one executed! Summarizing; out of 146 homicides, including 114 manslaughter or murder cases, there were thirty-five penitentiary time-servers, one parole, one fine and one execution! The rest are either unapprehended, have been set free or are awaiting trial, etc."

Assuming that these figures are typical of the operation of the criminal law in America, the New York *Herald Tribune* remarks that it is little wonder that the rate of homicide increases rapidly. Criminals, we are told, have an excellent chance of escape or light sentence. Then,

> "How can the law be enforced adequately? Mr. Hughes has pointed out that the responsibility for the breakdown of administration is distributed. Criminal processes are too dilatory, juries too indulgent, judges too lenient in sentences. There is need of freeing criminal procedure of technicalities that defeat justice and of giving judges power commensurate with that of British judges. The remedy lies with the State legislatures. They have the power to remove the subterfuges that work to the advantage of the criminal and to make the courts real agents of even-handed justice. Public opinion will reinforce the efforts of the American Bar Association to procure a standard code of criminal procedure for all the States which will enable courts to deal effectively with crimes of violence."

Everybody knows that there is something wrong with our administration of the criminal law, declares the New York *World*, but nobody seems to know how to remedy the situation. As this paper sees it,

> "The one outstanding fact is that our police and our courts are less certain and less relentless in their operation than those of England. Murderers too often get away. Perhaps the life-insurance companies, which have a business interest in long life and fewer murders, can suggest something."

CURRENT ▾ POETRY

Unsolicited contributions to this department can not be returned.

THE city often inspires such reflections as these; but Mr. Wheelock in *The Yale Review* (October) suggests a vaster theme, nothing less than a universal urge to movement:

THE UNDISCOVERED COUNTRY

By John Hall Wheelock

Heaven is full of stars to-night; the earth
Lies hushed, as she shall lie some day, perhaps,
When life and death no longer trouble her—
No voice, no cry in the whole countryside.
The empty road rambles through field and thicket,
And in the road are prints of hoof and foot:
Along the surface of this lonely planet,
Now naked to the hunger of the stars,
Man and beast, on the old pilgrimage,
They passed together here—not long ago.

What was it they were looking for I wonder,
Or if, themselves, they knew? Where were they
 going?
Footsteps—always footsteps going somewhere—
What country is it that they all are seeking,
Who up and down the world by night or day
Move with such patience, always to one end?

Not the least sound. Not the least leaf disturbs
The immemorial majesty of heaven.
Footprints—only footprints going somewhere.

Wherever they were going, they are gone.

Miltonics commend themselves as a worthy poetic exercise; this and similar good things get into *The Golden Galleon* (Kansas City).

APES IN AVERNUS

By William Rose Benét

. . . And, after these, went by in that sad train
As it were antics or mimes or drolls of Spain.
Each twitched a leash clutched by a creature least
Of all things bold, a little shambling beast
With small wise whiskered face and mournful eyes.
These also I saw mount toward Paradise
In motley, as though it were a long incline
They travelled up through Alp or Apennine.
Swiftly they journeyed, dwindling to the eye,
Till, stamped in black upon the yellow sky,
They tracked a ridge of cloud.
 My soul remembered,
Long after that day's sun in Hell was embered,
Their scuffling past, their fast and noiseless pace.
These were the very riffraff of the place.
Wiser than they the chittering folk they led.

Yet Rhadamanthus still inclined his head
To hear that laugh of folly now struck dumb.
Charon abode one hail no more to come
Across his gloomy lake. He had not wist—!
The evening of the Ransom none were missed
Along the marly banks of Phlegethon
Like those poor mummers who had nothing done
To merit crows of fire or sulphur pits,
Who still had bided living by their wits,
Lugubrious, jocund, all for Hell's disport.

Next mine eyes lifted to the heavenly court.
Meseemed I saw them capping, rank on rank:
Monkey and particolored mountebank
Before the erect and silver-winged synod.
Fantasticality germane to God
In some strange fashion!
 It seemed that there was borne
Down to me sound as from a golden horn
Winding among the stars. A little after
I marked the likeness of its strain to laughter.
Afar it fell, and rose again, and fell. . . .

Fools that dispraise Him shall lead apes in Hell!

Contemporary Verse prints these homely verses which inspire a correspondent to ask which Presidential candidate would win if we "could have a 'wireless love meter' responding to the total of watts of love current sent out."

JIMMY JONES IN HEAVEN

Canto Three

ARCHANGEL BILL

By Uncle Billy

But after all the chap up here
That cuts ice all the time
Is old man Bill, who story-tells,
And makes a jolly rhyme.

We love Doc Smith, but him that cures
You never has got half
The under-holt upon your heart
As him that makes you laugh.

On earth Old Bill was the no-countest
Most do-less man in town,
But every kid that heard his spiel
Would clean forget to frown.

One day Bill laughed himself to death,
And then the kids cried worse
Than they all did the day they rode
Doc Smith off in a hearse.

Old Bill came up to Heaven,
But they stopped him at the gate,
There ain't nobody good enough
To walk in Heaven straight.

The Porter Angel said, "Here, Bill,
A 'Xaminations you must pass."
"O Gosh!" cried Bill, "I always stood
A Bunion in my class."

"Who made the world, What's man's chief end?"
"I never thought of that."
"What's Justification, tell me now?"
Poor Bill was rolled out flat.

And after every question asked,
The angel took his pen
And drew two roundish oblong things
Familiar to a hen.

Bill said, "Let's cut the season short,
You bet I am the fellow
What knows his place in this here league—
Just show me to the cellar."

Just then Saint Peter sauntered up,
And looked Bill over good.
Remembering his own failing, he
Passed weak ones when he could.

"Can you tell tales to little kids?"
"You bet I can," roared Bill;
"I do that twict as easy as
A brook runs down a hill."

"We got to have this bo up here,"
Saint Peter grabbed his pen
And struck a one before them noughts—
That's how Old Bill got in.

Old Bill he got to Heaven
Just 'fore Election Day.
"Elections up in Heaven?"
That's what you heard me say.

On 'lection day they always fix
A wireless love meter,
And all the angels think is this,
"There's no one good as Peter.

"None wise as Michael, or as just
And pure as Gabriel."
None of them three has lost their jobs
Since Lucifer he fell.

Nobody says a word—just thinks—
No candidates don't run;
The one that most folks loves the most
Gets 'lected. Gee! it's fun.

Now Bill and Doc Smith took the kids
Down to the field of Joys,
So the wisest angels could think clear
Without no babies' noise.

Says Bill, "I'll let the wise folks think
And pick out who should rule,
I dasn't butt in with my thoughts—
You see, I ain't no fool."

Now Bill he kept the angel kids
Amused all 'lection day,
With riddles, jokes, and play, and rhymes—
Rhymes, riddles, jokes, and play.

Now 'lections up in Heaven they
Are absolutely square;
And they have Woman Suffrage too,
And Kid Suffrage up there.

And all that day a trillion kids
Kept loving Bill and Doc,
And loving Doc and Bill until
The striking of the clock.

The 'lection manager said, "Gee!
I'm glad it's time to stop—
They've run their meter up so high
It's 'bout to bust its top."

And when they read the meter, sure
The wise ones all felt small—
"The other names is crowded out,
Doc Smith and Bill, that's all."

"Hurrah for Doc! Hurrah for Bill!"
The kids set up a yell
So loud that all the devils had
To stop their ears in Hell.

On earth Bill couldn't hold no job,
He lost 'em all somehow;
But here in Heaven he found his place,
He's Chief Archangel now.

A rhythm not unworthy of the theme, is in this contribution to *L'Alouette* (Malden):

THE SEA FAIRIES' SONG

By Eugenie du Maurier

Sparkle and dash! Sparkle and dash!
 Waves on the glittering sands,
Murmur and splash! Murmur and splash!
 Sing to the listening lands.
Leap up with merriment, tireless waves;
Tell of the splendor of ocean's deep caves,
Where the gold-tressed mermaid her lithe form
 laves.
 Sparkle and dash! Murmur and splash!

Ripple and glide! Ripple and glide!
 'Neath the enchanted moon;
Silently ride! Silently ride!
 Morning will break too soon.
Fling out the foam garlands, whiter than snow;
Call up a breeze from the south sea to blow;
There are rich gems and treasures far below
 Ripple and glide! Ripple and glide!

Rainbow hues gleam! Rainbow hues gleam!
 Fair ships in the harbors wait.
Linger and dream! Linger and dream!
 Day dawn is now at the gate.
Flushed is the East like the heart of a shell.
Blushing to flame by the sun's potent spell.
High silver morning star, farewell, farewell.
 Rainbow hues gleam! Linger and dream!

THINGS A VOTER SHOULD KNOW

A Series of Articles on Timely Political Topics, prepared for The Literary Digest, and especially designed for School Use

CHOOSING PRESIDENTIAL CANDIDATES

THE FIRST NOMINATIONS BY CONVENTIONS—In 1832 for the first time all the Presidential candidates were nominated by National Conventions. The choosing of candidates for various offices by conventions began in townships and counties of the States and thence spread out to the larger field of national nominations. But, previous to the convention period, party candidates were nominated by caucus, which Thames Ross Williamson describes as "an informal meeting in which the local members of a political party nominated candidates for town and county offices." Legislators belonging to the same party in a State formed a legislative caucus and nominated candidates for State offices, he tells us in "Problems in American Democracy," and later party members in Congress formed a Congressional caucus and nominated candidates for the Presidency and Vice-Presidency. This method of electing Presidential and Vice-Presidential candidates began in 1800.

In the first two Presidential elections of 1789 and 1792 the choice of candidates was by general consent, and in 1796 John Adams was elected by the Presidential Electors without a previous nomination. This is noted by J. A. Woodburn in "Political Parties and Party Problems," who tells us that the period of 1824 to 1832 was a period of transition from the Congressional Caucus to the National Nominating Convention, when nominations were variously made—"by mass-meetings, by newspaper announcements, and by a general concurrence of party meetings and agencies." A nomination made in one State, he says, would be seconded in another; and, if named in a sufficient number of places, the nominee would be regarded as one of the leading candidates. The Anti-Masonic Convention of 1831 was the first delegated National Convention, and the first in which representation was based on the representation of the respective States in the National Congress.

ORGANIZING A CONVENTION. The process of choosing a party's Presidential candidate begins with the meeting of the National Committee to fix the time and place of the coming National Convention. This committee then issues a "call" to the convention to the electors of the several States, the District of Columbia and the Territories. It states the number of delegates to the National Convention, and indicates how long in advance of the Convention they must be appointed by State and District Conventions or by Primaries. Usually the call invites all citizens, without regard to past political affiliations, to unite with the party in selecting candidates for President and Vice-President. Next we come across the very interesting business of choosing the city in which the Convention shall be held. One reason inclining the preference to go to a certain city is that this city is in a State and a section of the country which may be favorably affected toward the party by the fact that the Convention was held there, says Professor Woodburn; and another consideration is the convenience of the location of the Convention city for the delegates, who come from all parts of the country. Then the city must be a large one, with ample accommodations, at a variety of cost for the multitude that make up the whole number of convention participants, party adherents and onlookers. When a movement to secure the convention has got enough impetus in a city, we are told, a group of business men from that city go to Washington and, joined by the Senators and Representatives of the State in which the city lies, they present their claims to the National Committee of the party. The effort to secure the Convention for a city is made by business men, we are told, regardless of politics, because the people attending the Convention are expected to stimulate trade in all lines by the money they spend. The financial contribution guaranteed the party is no small factor in deciding the choice of the Convention city, according to Professor Woodburn.

DELEGATES TO THE CONVENTION. The Delegates to the Convention are chosen by State and District Conventions, or by Primary Elections. Each State has four delegates-at-large; that is, double the number of United States Senators to which the State is entitled. If the State has a Congressman-at-large in the Lower House, two more delegates are added. Professor Woodburn adds that two delegates are allotted to each Congressional district of the State, and so each State has twice as many delegates as it has Senators and Representatives in Congress, or twice as many as its electoral vote. He explains: Nevada has three electoral votes, one for each of its two Senators and one for its Representative in Congress. New York has forty-five electoral votes, two for its two Senators and forty-three for its Representatives. In the National Conventions Nevada has six delegates and New York ninety.

In addition to the delegates, we are told, an equal number of alternates are elected to act in case of the absence of the delegates. The alternates are elected at the same time and in the same manner as the delegates. They sit in the Convention immediately behind the delegates.

The delegates-at-large, seldom more than four for each State, were formerly elected by the State Convention of the party, we are told, and the Congressional district delegates were selected by conventions in the district called by the Congressional Committee of each district. Often the Congressional candidate and the national delegates were named at the same district convention. In latter years many States have adopted the primary system for choosing the delegates to the National Convention. In more than a third of the States, according to Professor Williamson, the voters at the Direct Primary are allowed to express their choice for one of the candidates for the Presidency.

THE CONVENTION IN MOTION. At the opening session the Chairman of the National Committee announces the name of the temporary presiding officer previously chosen by the National Committee, and this temporary officer is usually accepted by the Convention without objection. Should there be opposition any delegate may place another name before the Convention and call for a vote; or some one may do so as the representative of the minority of the National Committee. After the Temporary Chairman is selected the roll-call of the States is heard and committees appointed on Permanent Organization, Rules and Order of Business, Credentials, Resolutions. These Committees are named by the respective State delegations, one member from each State and Territory going on each Committee. During the recess periods the committees are hard at work in their headquarters.

Following the first session the Convention in due course takes up the question of Credentials, the selection of a Permanent Chairman, the platform, and then the selection of candidates. The candidates' names are placed before the Convention on a roll-call of the States, and we are reminded that a candidate from one State may have his name placed before the Convention by another State, and this may be seconded by several States in succession. The Convention votes by States, alphabetically, and if the vote of a State is challenged the delegation is polled in open Convention. When there are close contests the balloting lasts for days, as was seen in the recent Democratic Convention, when 103 ballots were cast before the candidate for the Presidency was agreed upon. The selection of the Vice-Presidential candidate follows the procedure of the selection of the Presidential candidate. Two striking differences between the Republican and the Democratic method as noted by Professor Woodburn are: first that the system of the Democratic organization requires that a candidate shall have won two-thirds of all the votes cast; and second, that the unit rule prevails among the Democrats. The unit rule "allows (but does not compel) the majority of a State delegation to cast the entire vote of a State"; and we are told further that the whole vote of a State "must be cast as the majority of the delegation decide." Republican Conventions allow each delegate to cast his vote as he chooses.

PERSONAL ▾ GLIMPSES

MT. EVEREST TO BE ATTACKED ONCE MORE

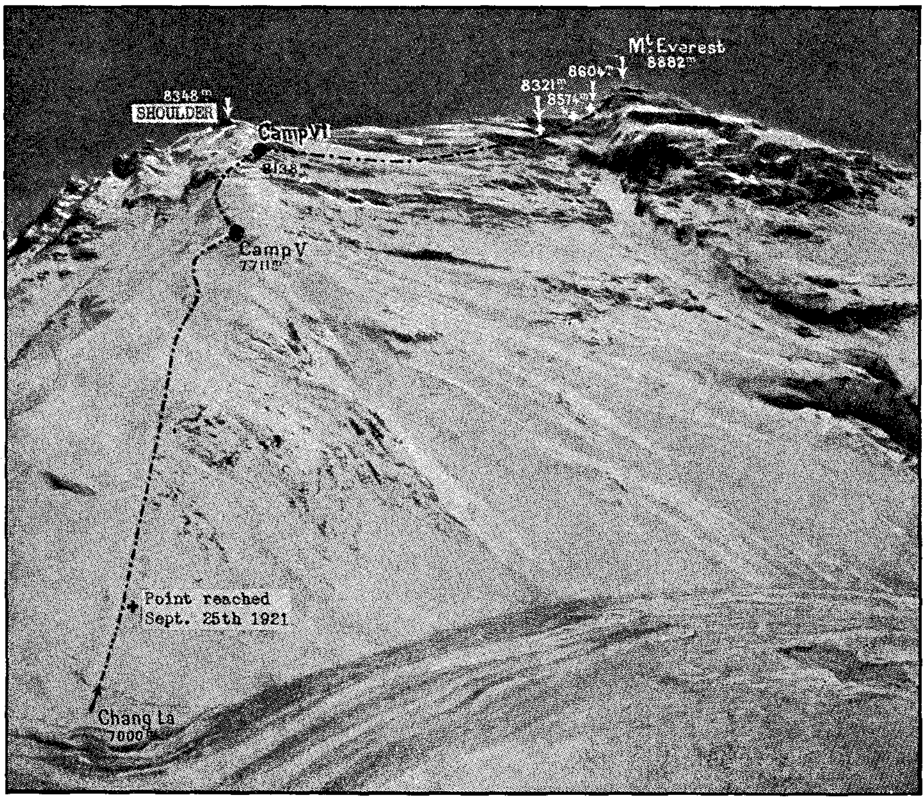
THE VICTORY OF THE WORLD'S highest mountain over human brawn and will-power is not to go unchallenged. The little group of English mountain-climbers, beaten back last summer for the third time, with the loss of two of their comrades, when within a few hundred feet of triumph, are preparing to try again. Within eighteen months, they predict, an English expedition will finally surmount the highest pyramid in the Roof of the World. Too many men have died in the recent attempts to scale the mountain to permit the acknowledgment of failure, explained General Bruce, one of the leaders of the last expedition, on his arrival the other day in Europe. An English reporter, who met him at Marseilles on his way back to England, quotes him in this sportsmanlike challenge:

> "The attempted conquest of Everest has caused us so much trouble and suffering, and we have been too close to final success to abandon this project. We have left too many of our comrades on the heights, beginning with that gallant Dr. Kellah, who was the first victim, and ending with the four who died in the course of this attempt—Irvine, Mallory and two non-commissioned officers, a Gurkha and a Nepalese—to abandon the road marked already by a dozen graves.
>
> "The goal has almost been reached."

Recent photographs and diagrams, most of them published in English or French papers, show how very near the climbers came to the attainment of their goal. There is some possibility, according to the reports of the survivors, that Mallory and Irvine reached the summit before they died. At any rate, they were within a few hundred feet of it, and higher than men had ever climbed before, when last seen. Lieut.-Col. E. F. Norton and Mr. Odell, fellow members of the expedition, have a good deal to say of their fate in a final summing up, sent out under a New York *Times*-London *Times* copyright, by arrangement with the Mt. Everest Committee. This dispatch, written in the shadow of defeat, runs in part, as published in the New York *Times:*

> The expedition leaves the base camp to-morrow bound for a short period of recuperation in the Rongshar Valley, under Gaurisankar, before starting on our homeward march. The fickle weather, which has played so many dirty tricks this year, continues to be brilliantly fine, and there are indications that the monsoon has ceased for the moment, but there is no question of a resumption of hostilities on the mountain. Every one of the surviving climbers has shot his bolt.
>
> I have before me a medical report showing that each of us has a more or less dilated heart, besides various minor disabilities. The trouble will right itself at the lower altitudes, to which we are bound, but would probably be permanent if further high climbing were attempted. This the medico, Major Hingston, definitely forbids.
>
> We leave here with heavy hearts. We failed to establish success, for who will ever know whether the lost climbers reached the summit before the accident which, it may be assured, caused their death? The last point at which they were seen was determined by theodolite as 28,277 feet, less than 800 feet from the top. Together with the height reached by Dr. Somervell and myself which, measured by theodolite, was 28,128 feet, these constitute the world's record for climbing with and without oxygen, respectively. But the price is out of all proportion to the results.

Mr. Odell, another member of the group of expert climbers who led the expedition, tells the story of the final attempt on Everest. His narrative runs, in part:



After an engraving in *L'Illustration* (Paris)

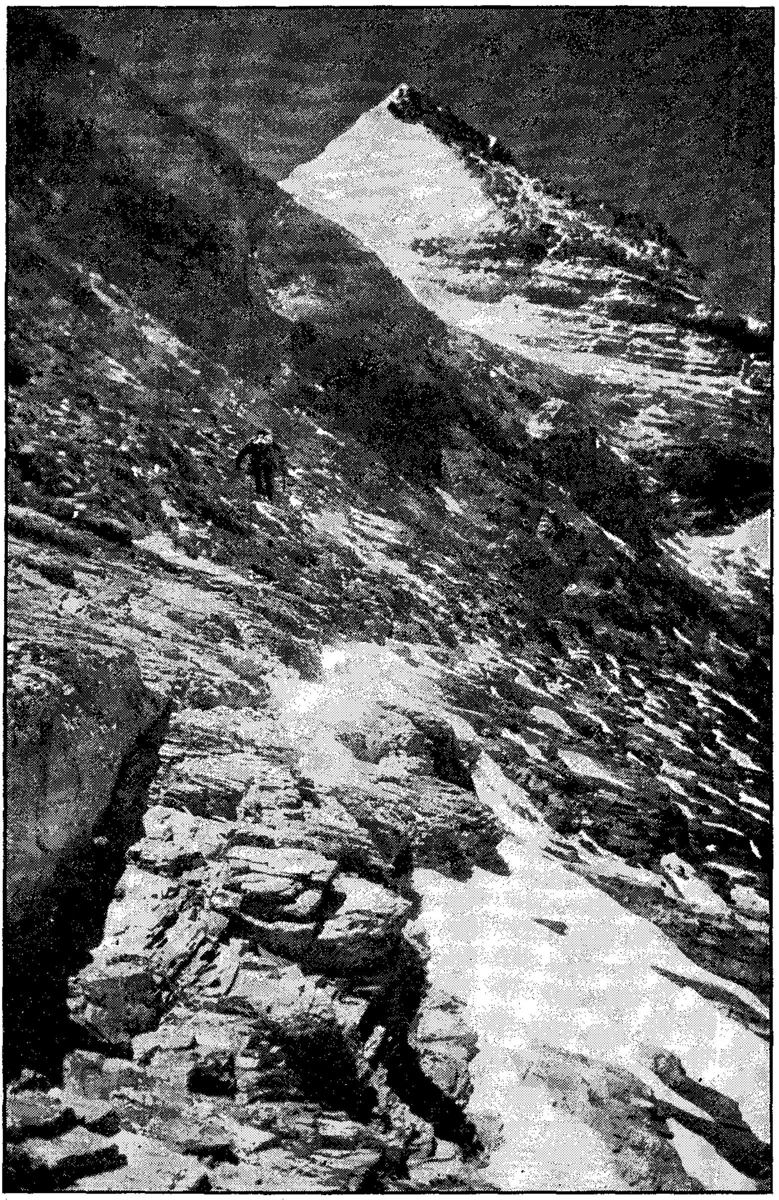
THE UPWARD TRAIL THAT JUST MISSED VICTORY

Last year's expedition, the third, progressed to the point marked just below the summit—and Mallory and Irvine, the two men who were lost, may have reached the peak before they died. "The real fight at these altitudes," points out a French commentator, "is against suffocation."

> "Colonel Norton has requested me to relate the events connected with the last climb of Mallory and Irvine, a climb in a good many aspects of which I had the advantage of witnessing during the protracted period of eleven days while acting in support at North Col, 23,000 feet. The duty of being in support from meaning readiness to support at need any exhausted member of the party on the mountain largely transformed itself into cooking and preparing meals for whatever climbers made North Col Camp a place of call. This function kept us fully occupied, particularly as all water had to be obtained by melting snow; snow which at this altitude was of an exceedingly dry and powdered variety.
>
> "On June 6, following an early breakfast of fried sardines, joyfully acclaimed and moderately partaken of, Mallory and Irvine left North Col Camp for Camp Five, 25,000 feet, accompanied by five porters with provisions and reserve oxygen cylinder. Using oxygen, they had already ascended from the camp 2,000 feet below in two and a half hours. They were highly pleased with their performance, which seemed to augur well for the final attempt on the mountain.
>
> "The next day they ascended to Camp Six, 27,000 feet, which had been established by Norton and Somervell in a record climb three days previously. On the same day I ascended to the supporting Camp Five. Hazard, at this time, arrived at North Col to replace me. The porters returning from Mallory that night were bearers of a hopeful message in a note which said that they had only used the minimum oxygen up to 27,000 feet, and

that the weather was perfect for the job. The latter I could well appreciate, for looking out that evening from the little ledge on which the tent was pitched at Camp Five, I saw that the weather indeed seemed most promising for the morrow.

"The situation of the camp was unique and the outlook a commanding one. Westward there was a savage, wild jumble of peaks, culminating in Cho Uyo, 26,750 feet, bathed in pinks and yellows of the most exquisite tints. Right opposite were the gaunt cliffs of Everest, the North peak intercepting a portion of the wide Northern horizon of brilliant opalescence, which threw into prominence the outline of a mighty peak far away in Central Tibet—was it General Pereiras, supposed rival to Everest? Eastward, floating in the thin air, the snowy top of Kangchenjunga appeared, and at last, beautifully varied, the outlying Gyangkar Range.



The *Times* world copyrighted photograph

CRAWLING UPWARD, NEAR THE GOAL

The pyramidal tip of Mt. Everest is seen, hardly more than half a mile away, but so terrific was the exertion of movement at this altitude of 28,000 feet that Colonel Norton, shown in the foreground, was able to climb only eighty feet in an hour. The two climbers who were killed were last seen at the base of the pyramid shown in the background.

"Sunset and after, at that altitude, was a transcendent experience, never to be forgotten. At early morning of June 8, it was clear and not unduly cold at such an altitude. The two porters I had brought with me to Camp Five complained of sickness and headache, and altogether I was not unthankful for the excuse to send them down to Camp Four at North Col, for I especially wished to be free during an ascent I was to make for as wide a geological survey of the mountain face between Camps five and six as was possible.

"After I had started on my task, banks of cloud began to form which, periodically immersed one in gloom, but the wind remained quite light for such an exposed ridge. Now and then there would be an accompaniment of sleet and light snow. I could see above me frequently during these squalls that there was a glow of light, indicating clearness at a higher altitude, and hoped that Mallory and Irvine were above the mist.

"At 12:50 o'clock, just after I had emerged in a state of jubilation at finding the first definite fossils on Everest, there was a sudden clearing of the atmosphere, and the entire summit of the ridge and the final peak of Everest were unveiled. My eye became fixt on one tiny black spot, silhouetted on a small snowcrest beneath a rockstep in the ridge, and the black spot moved. Another black spot became apparent, and moved up the snow to join the other on the crest. The first then approached the great rockstep and shortly emerged at the top. The second did likewise. Then the whole fascinating vision vanished.

"Enveloped in cloud once more, there was but one explanation. It was Mallory and his companion, moving, as I could see, even at that great distance, with considerable alacrity, realizing, doubtless, that they had none too many hours of daylight to reach the summit from their present position and return to Camp Six at nightfall.

"The place on the ridge mentioned is a prominent rockstep at a very short distance from the base of the final pyramid, and it was remarkable that they were so late in reaching this place. According to Mallory's schedule, they should have reached it several hours earlier if they had started from the high camp as anticipated. That they had encountered bad conditions and snow-covered rocks and other obstacles was likely, however. In my opinion, from the position in which they were last seen, they should have reached the summit at 4 P. M. at the latest, unless some unforeseen and particularly difficult obstacle presented itself.

"On the final pyramid this seemed to be very unlikely, for we had scrutinized the last slope with telescopes and binoculars, and had seen that, technically, climbing was easy. Perhaps the most likely explanations of their failure to return were a fall or inability to reach camp before darkness set in. I rather incline to the latter view, and consider it very probable that they were sheltered in some recess in the rocks, and fell asleep, and a painless death followed, due to excessive cold at those altitudes.

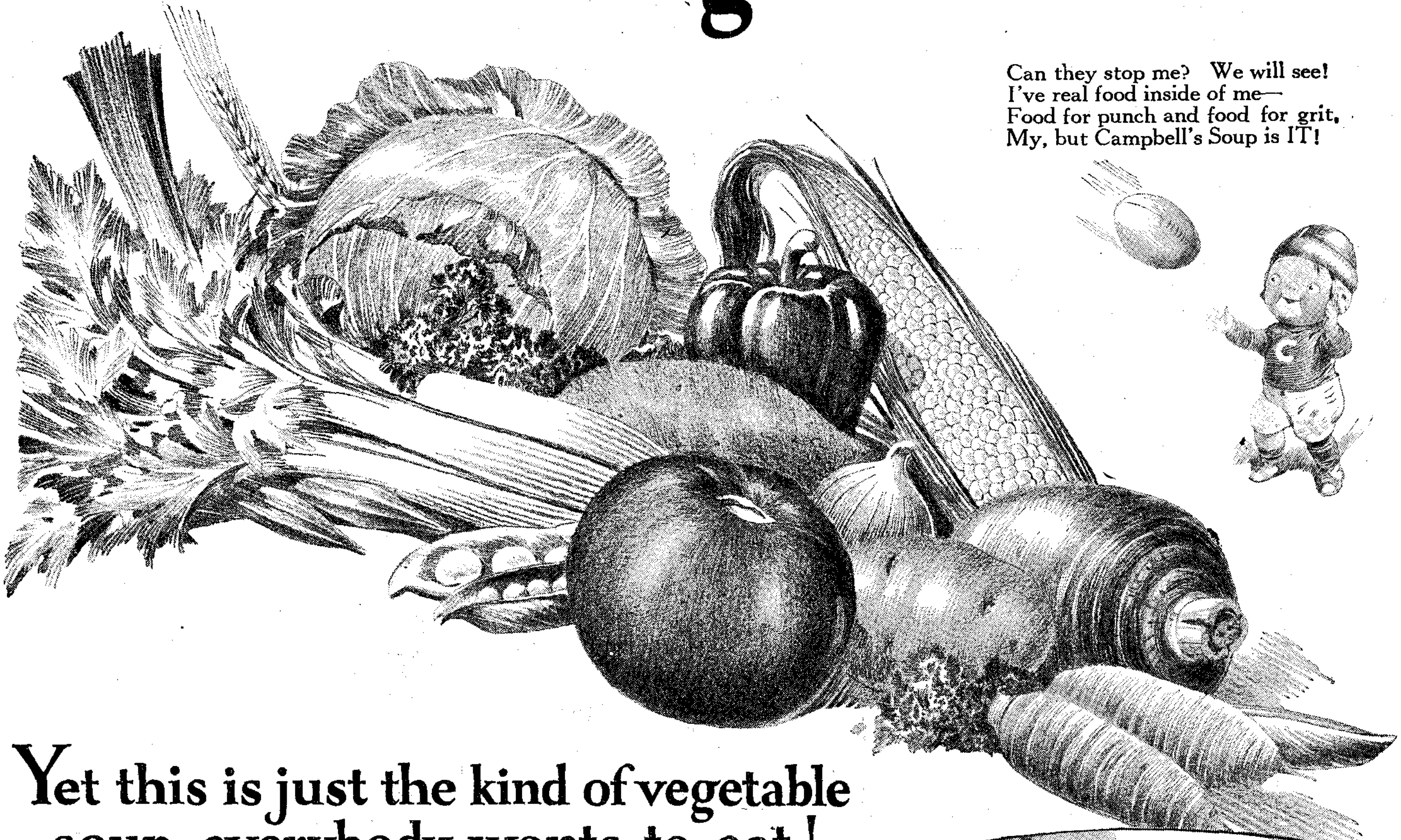
"After a brief glimpse of the party above described, I continued up to Camp Six, which was reached just as a rather severe blizzard started. I whistled and yodelled through the driving sleet to give the returning party the right direction, but soon realized that, in the point of time, it was a worthless task, for they would still be beyond hearing, even if they were returning. Perhaps they were right above the blizzard in the sunshine. Within two hours the storm had blown over and the whole north face was bathed in sunshine. I searched the upper crag for another glimpse of the party, but nothing could be seen.

"In accordance with the earlier arrangements, suggested by Mallory himself, I returned to North Col and, with Hazard, kept watch till late for signs of the returning party. As they had not returned on the morrow, it was assumed that perhaps they were still sleeping at Camp Six, having reached it at a late hour the night before. But we were unable with field-glasses to detect any movement around the distant tent.

"At noon I decided to ascend to Camp Five, stay the night, and proceed to Camp Six the next day to ascertain if they had returned and whether help was needed in consequence of some mishap. After a very cold night, I pushed on to Camp Six, this time carrying with me oxygen apparatus, and also provisions for the missing party. I reached the tentlet of the camp in the afternoon, only to find everything as I had left it two days previously, and as Mallory and Irvine had left it on the morning of their climb. Leaving the tent, I climbed some distance and worked out on a long face in the direction of their route, searching for some clue. But what hope was there on such a vast mountain face? Weeks of diligent search by a party fully equipped for work at that altitude might not unravel the mystery.

"At length as the day was drawing to a close, I reluctantly gave up the search and signaled down to Hazard at North Col, over 2,000 feet below, that no trace could be found. Closing up the tent, and leaving it with the last relics of our lost companions, I made my way down the North Ridge, having, now and then, to take shelter behind the rocks from the violent and bitterly cold west wind."

Who wants all the work of making soup with 32 different ingredients?



Can they stop me? We will see!
I've real food inside of me—
Food for punch and food for grit,
My, but Campbell's Soup is IT!

Yet this is just the kind of vegetable soup everybody wants to eat!

Vegetable is a soup that has always been popular, but it was such a task to make it that women could not serve it nearly often enough to suit the family.

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No trouble at all for you to serve it—and, how everybody does like it!

It would be difficult, if not impossible, for you to obtain such splendid vegetables—and it would be very expensive.

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Thirty-two ingredients—fifteen tempting vegetables, choice cereals, rich beef broth.

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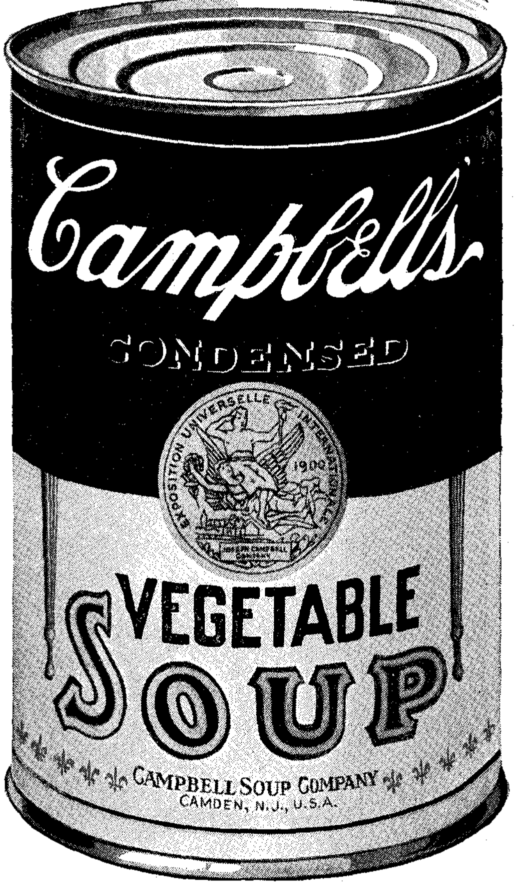
Luncheon Dinner Supper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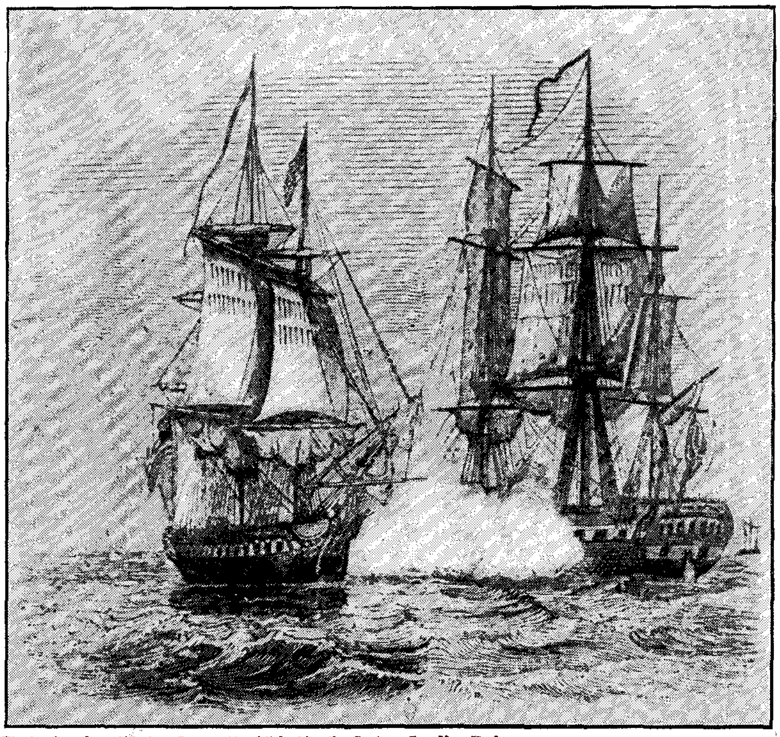
A BLUE-WATER HERO OF REVOLUTIONARY DAYS

A HARD-BITTED URCHIN of ten years firmly announcing to his parents that he was done with school was perhaps not unusual in Colonial days or later. The unusual case would be such an urchin who "got away with it." That is what Joshua Barney did. He had "learnt everything the master could teach; wrote a good hand, and perfectly understood Arithmetick," proclaimed young Barney. Of course, he wanted to go to sea. This was in 1769, the place a comfortable Southern plantation near Maryland tidewater. Ralph Paine tells the story in his new biography of "Joshua Barney," a hero of our Revolutionary American Navy, published by the Century Company.

There was no holding this skittish colt, says the author, and his father knew it. In Baltimore he had seen the English merchantmen with their oak bulwarks and rows of cannon to throw round shot at roving pirates or privateers. His brothers suspected him of plotting to run away with a bundle under his arm. Moreover, the "field school" which he attended was rather primitive anyway, and possibly the schoolmaster actually did not know much more than the boy. So the sagacious father suggested a compromise. Joshua could go down to Baltimore and work for one of the great merchants there. This was to be the first step toward fitting him for the career of ship-master.



Illustrations from "Joshua Barney," published by the Century Co., New York

TWENTY BROADSIDES IN TWENTY-SIX MINUTES

Was what Barney's gun crews on the *Hyder Ally* poured into the heavier British *General Monk*, until a midshipman in that butcher's pen hauled down her colors.

Joshua sadly, skeptically consented, says Mr. Paine. He gives us a vivid picture of the galloons and silk ferrets, crimson velvets from Genoa, linens from Ireland and Prussian flowered bonnets that presently engulfed the young man. Thus he was beguiled into sordid commerce for a time. But at the age of eleven he delivered an ultimatum. After Christmas he was going to sea! So the father compromised again on a Baltimore pilot-boat that cruised off the capes of the Chesapeake—one of the small forerunners of the beautiful "Baltimore clippers" of a later era. There young Barney learned to hand and reef and steer, "absorbed the wisdom of them that go down to the sea in ships," and "saw sights to kindle his fancy and make his blood tingle." For he was the stuff to fashion into a true seaman.

When he was twelve, Joshua, we are informed, told his father that it was "time to cease coddling him"—he wanted to go as an apprentice on a deep-water ship across the Atlantic. His father surrendered and by the time the "unterrified urchin," as the author describes him, was fifteen he was already started on his second voyage across the Atlantic on a vessel bound for Nice with a cargo of wheat.

It seems amazing, but the boy had been advanced to second mate at fourteen. As an articled apprentice his wages belonged to his master, so it was a thrifty way to hire a mate. He kept the ship's log, corrected the captain's calculations, had charge of the accounts, and acted as supercargo. On this second voyage began a series of almost unbelievable adventures which lasted throughout the man's life. Now and then, says Mr. Paine, you encounter a man, more or less obscure, who conquered so many hazards of fortune, and played the game of life with an air so gallant and engaging as to provoke the envy of the fictionist.

Here is the real beginning of such a career:

On the twenty-second of December, 1774, Captain Drysdale sailed from Baltimore with a cargo of wheat for Nice, which was then a dependency of the kingdom of Sardinia. The *Sidney* sprang a leak off the capes of Virginia and had to put back to Norfolk. Part of the cargo was discharged and hasty repairs made. This mishap spoiled the captain's temper, and he quarreled with the first mate, who picked up his dunnage and walked ashore. Unable to find another mate at short notice, the captain put to sea without one. This increased Joshua Barney's burdens. However, he was by now a grown man in his own estimation. Much time had passed in these slow voyages to Europe. He had attained the mature age and dignity of fifteen and a half years!

The ship was in the lonely wastes of the mid-Atlantic, bound to Nice, when Captain Drysdale fell mortally ill. The breath lingered in him no more than a week. The only officer left on board was Joshua Barney. The boatswain sewed the body in canvas, with weights at the feet, and it slid over the bulwark while the youngster said a prayer and shed a tear, not of affection but of sorrow for his sister thus bereaved of her husband. Then he took stock of his own situation.

Preposterous as it must have seemed to him, he was left in command of a ship with a valuable cargo. The crew had no one else to turn to for orders. He was the solitary ruler of the quarterdeck. The logical impulse was to try to work the *Sidney* back to Baltimore and report the plight to the owners. The fifteen-year-old skipper cocked his heels on the cabin table and pondered many things. The upshot of it was that he resolved to finish the voyage and deliver the wheat to the consignees in Nice.

This he announced to the wondering crew of hairy merchant seamen clustered at the break of the poop. The marvel is that they raised no objection beyond the grumbling that has ever been the privilege of all seasoned mariners. The ship was leaking like a rotten basket, said they. Her seams had opened until you could throw a dog through them. In bad weather she was likely to founder. With the best of luck, did this strapping infant of a Barney know enough navigation to find Gibraltar and the narrow gut into the Mediterranean? It looked like a silly business, blast your eyes!

He assured them that he could shoot the sun with a quadrant and work out his sights, besides keeping the dead-reckoning with log-line and sand-glass. Sink or swim, he'd manage to fetch up somewhere. They agreed to gamble with the sea. The sublimely idiotic confidence of youth must have amused their simple hearts. The power of command, and a rare gift it is, must have been in the soul of this stripling.

They worked that leaky vessel to the eastward and swayed at the pump-breaks until they were ready to drop in their tracks. The pumps were not enough to keep the water down. Red-eyed and snarling, they baled with wooden pails from the forepeak and the after-run. In dripping clothes, they slept by snatches. Captain Barney remained undismayed. He was mightily relieved when the Rock of Gibraltar lifted its mighty head from a cloudy horizon. The *Sidney* was sinking under his feet. A violent gale had wrenched and pounded her just before the grateful

VALVE-IN-HEAD

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3-pass. Sport Roadster	1750
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5-pass. Sedan	$2225
7-pass. Sedan	2425
5-pass. Brougham Sedan	2350
3-pass. Country Club Special	2075
4-pass. Coupe	2125
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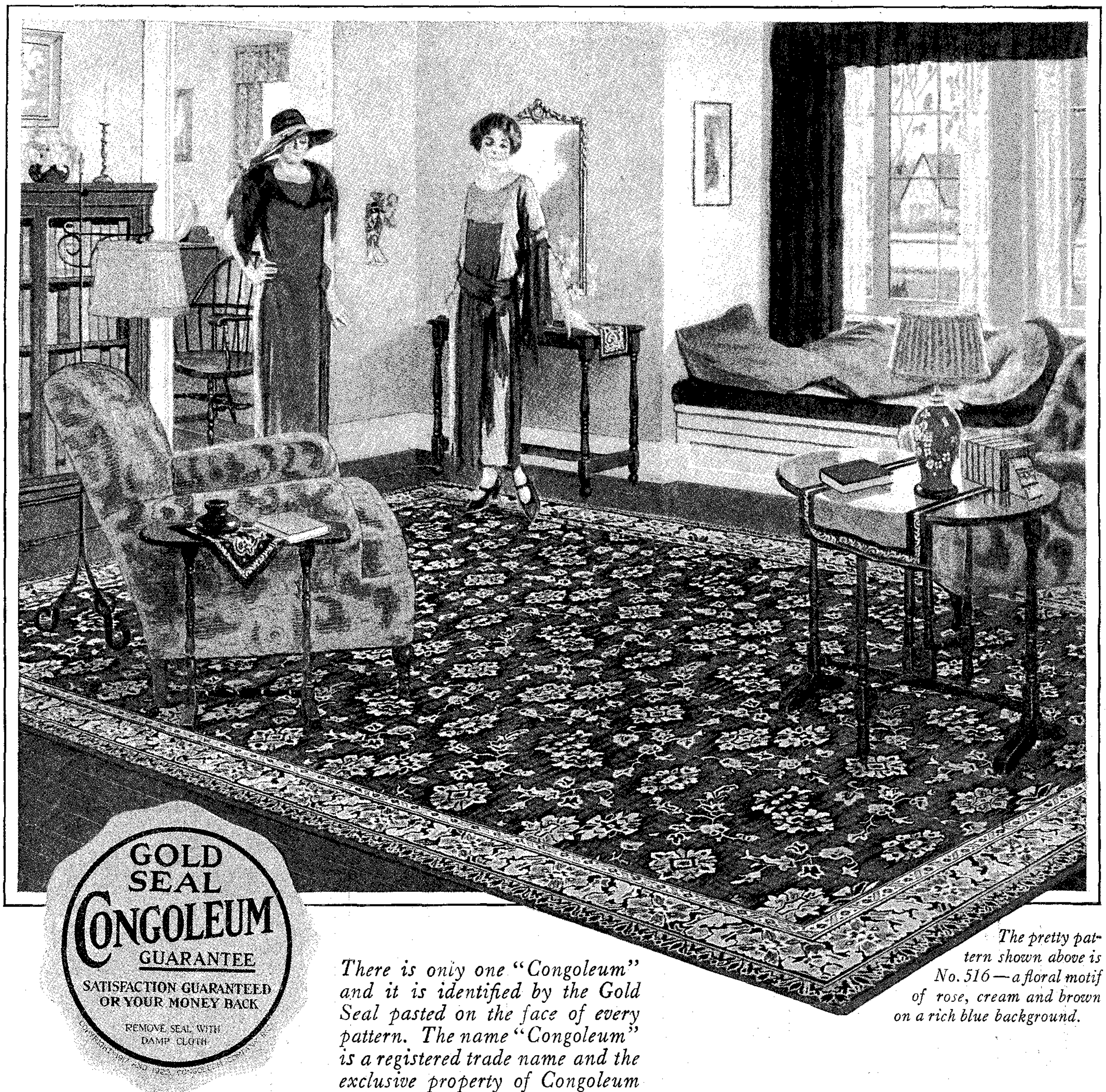

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REMOVE SEAL WITH
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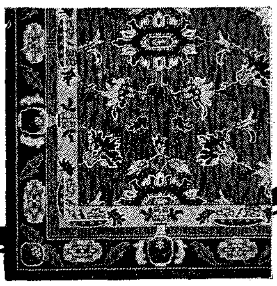
The pretty pattern shown above is No. 516—a floral motif of rose, cream and brown on a rich blue background.

There is only one "Congoleum" and it is identified by the Gold Seal pasted on the face of every pattern. The name "Congoleum" is a registered trade name and the exclusive property of Congoleum Company, Incorporated. If you want "Congoleum," be sure to ask for it by name and don't fail to look for the Gold Seal.



Congoleum Rug No. 538

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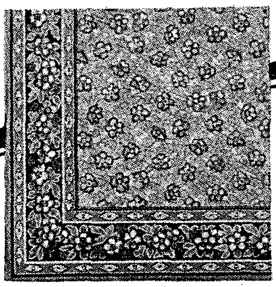

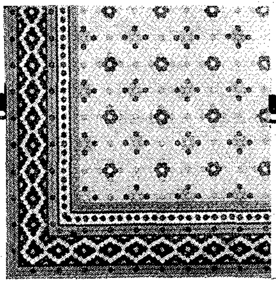

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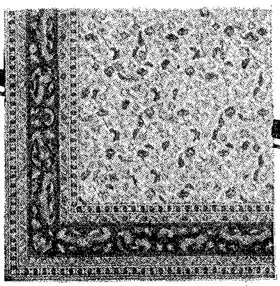


Cong

WEEK OCTOBER 6th to 11th

A Six-Day Bargain Sale of America's Most Popular Floor-Covering!

For the first time in two years genuine *Gold-Seal* Congoleum Rugs, By-the-Yard, and Rug-Border will be sold at bargain prices everywhere throughout the United States.

This Sale will begin next Monday, October 6th, and continue until Saturday, October 11th. After that time, prices will go back to their regular levels.

An Opportune Time

Unlike sales that feature cut prices on left-overs at the end of the season, Congoleum Week gives housewives the opportunity to beautify their floors at a real saving in cost, just when they are putting their homes in order for the winter. All the Congoleum in this Sale is perfect, guaranteed stock.

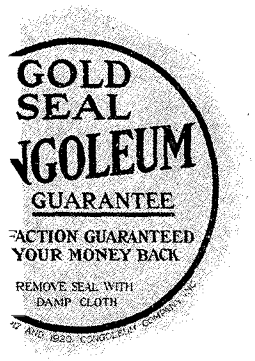
All the newest rug patterns are included, as well as the popular regular numbers. Their wonderful variety includes patterns suitable for any and every room; for every manner of taste; for every color scheme.

Durable and beautiful, *Gold-Seal* Congoleum Rugs will brighten up your home for years to come. Their ease-of-cleaning will lighten household cares. And the Sale Week prices make them a bargain too good to miss.

Watch the Newspapers

Watch your local newspapers for the reduced prices and the names of nearby stores that are taking part in this nation-wide Sale —look for the special window displays.

Visit one of these stores next week — as early as possible, so that you will find a complete assortment of patterns and sizes to select from. Remember, the Sale ends on Saturday, October 11th.



Look for the Gold Seal: Remember the assurance of comfort which the Gold Seal guarantee of "Satisfaction Guaranteed or Your Money Back" gives you. The guarantee in itself proves that *Gold-Seal* Congoleum *has the quality* to back this guarantee. That quality we pledge to you when we paste the Gold Seal on the face of every guaranteed *Gold-Seal* Congoleum Rug and on every few yards of guaranteed *Gold-Seal* Congoleum By-the-Yard. Be sure to look for the Gold Seal when you buy!

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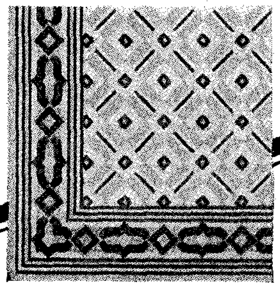
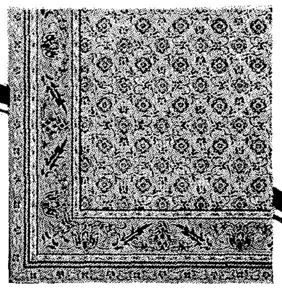


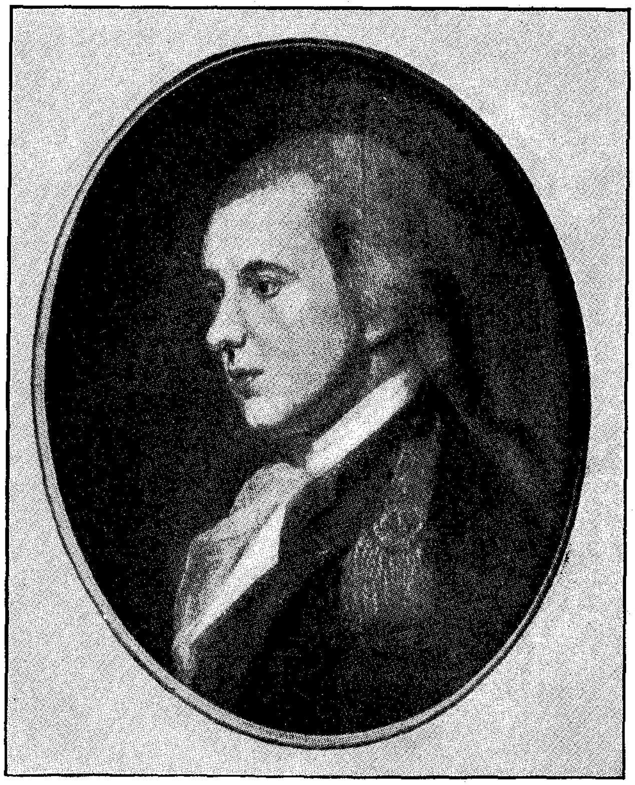
Congoleum Rug No. 386

Congoleum Rug No. 323



Congoleum Rug No. 558

landfall was sighted. Instead of bearing away for Nice, the weary ship sought refuge at Gibraltar. The anchor was let go in the nick of time. She could not have floated more than an hour or two longer.



From a portrait in Independence Hall, Philadelphia

IN THE FLOWER OF HIS YOUTH

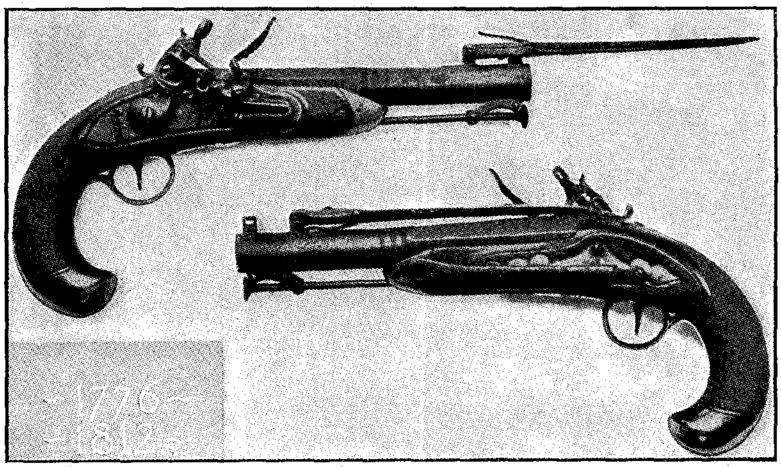
Here is the modest looking Revolutionary captain of twenty-three, who fought seventeen victorious battles at sea, escaped from three prisons, and charmed two royal courts.

Hastily they lowered a boat, and Barney sped ashore for assistance. Half-way to the quay his ship broke out an ensign upside down as a signal of distress, and he knew the boat was sinking. Promptly he steered alongside the ships in port, got enough volunteers to relieve his exhausted sailors at the pumps, and then continued his quest of the port officials. They blinked at his story, the author imagines, but the ship was soon warped into a snug haven. Almost immediately Captain Joshua was involved in a maze of admiralty technicalities. Now, mark the wise head, says Mr. Paine, and the canny handling of maritime procedure:

> His first step was to petition the Vice-Admiralty Court to appoint a commission of survey on his ship. The findings were that most of the cargo was undamaged, but the repairs would require several months.
>
> As he later explained it to his kinsfolk at home, "he was in a foreign port, surrounded by entire strangers who might be interested in giving him wrong advice; he appeared as the commander of a ship on whose papers he was rated as an apprentice, and with nothing but the log-book, which was in his own writing, to exhibit in confirmation of the claim; he was totally ignorant of the character of the owners at home, and equally unacquainted with that of the consignees abroad; with a cargo liable to perish from the leak in the vessel on the one hand; or in danger of being swallowed up in the expense of stopping that leak, on the other. What to decide? Should he remain inactive until he could write home and receive orders? Or should he act for himself and add to the weight of accountability already upon his shoulders by incurring a heavy debt?
>
> As might have been foreseen, he decided to shove ahead. With his confident air and ready smile, he presented himself to the partners, Murray & Son, of a solid commercial house in Gibraltar. He had no other credentials than his own personality. They were persuaded to advance the amounts needed to pay the repair bills. The security was a bottomry bond or charge against the freight and cargo money to be collected at Nice. In law it was no security at all, because Joshua was a minor and had not a scrap of paper from his owners to authorize him to do anything.
>
> In accordance with this Quixotic bargain, these good-hearted English merchants, father and son, paid dockyard bills in the sum of seven hundred pounds sterling. It was an enormous obligation in the sight of an apprentice who had never jingled more than a few shillings in his pocket. His dreams were haunted. In his journal he heavily underscored the fatal words with a pen, "*Seven Hundred Pounds Sterling!*" If the thing went wrong on any point, he felt sure he faced prison for life.

In three months the ship was ready for sea. At Nice, Barney and the junior Murray found the cargo consignees suave and courteous. Within ten days they would pay the debt and release Murray's claim. But ten days later they had consulted a lawyer. Barney was a minor and an apprentice. His signature was worthless on a document, and they repudiated the debt. All this time the cargo was being unloaded. Of course, continues the writer:

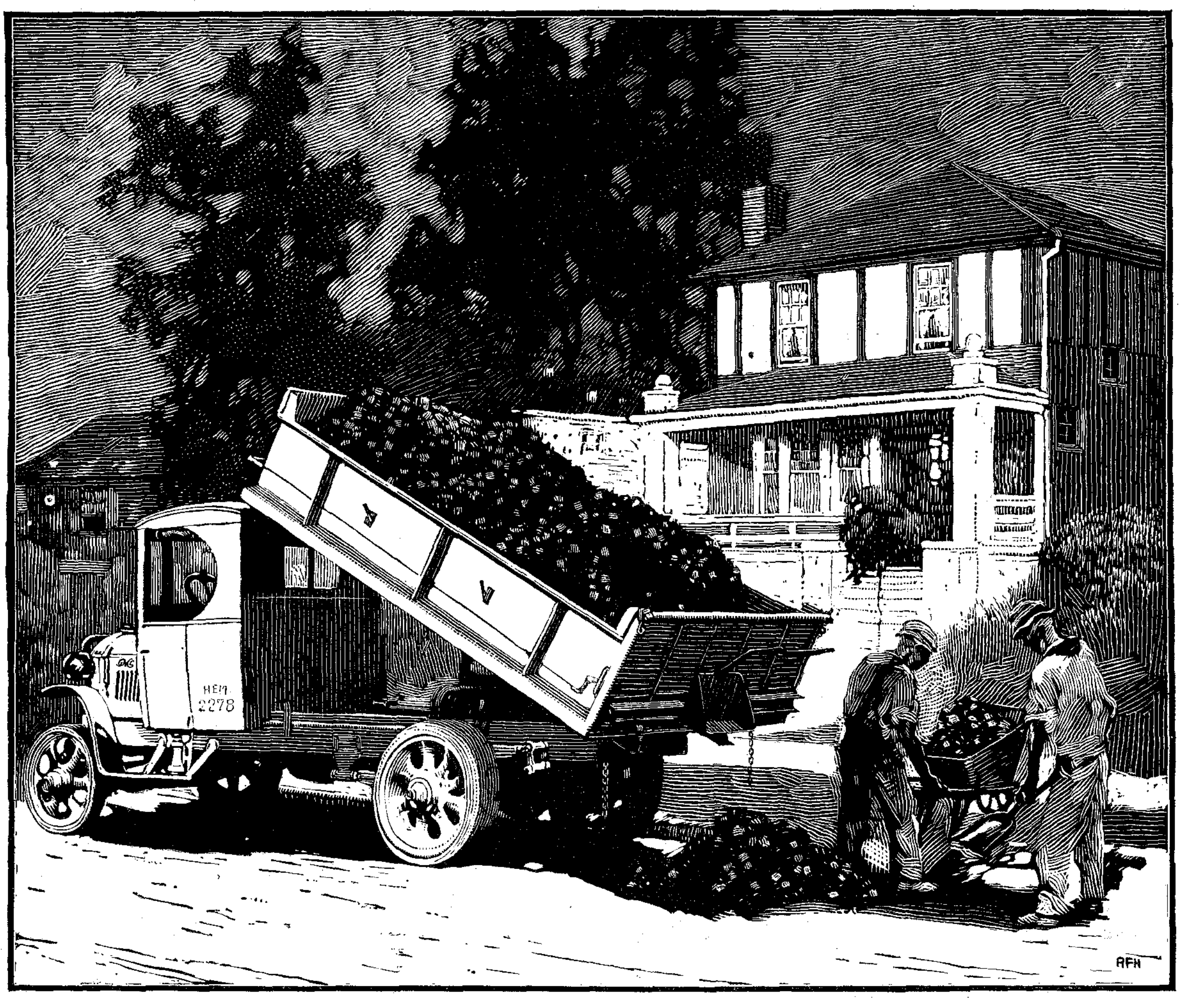
> It was a knavish denial of an honorable obligation. With the world tumbled about his ears, young Barney avoided the kindly Mr. Murray and morosely tramped back to his ship. He intended somehow to repay those seven hundred pounds sterling. It was his personal affair. He had retained his crew of die-hards during the long stay at Gibraltar, instead of shipping new hands. Now he ordered them to put on the hatch covers and see to it that not another grain of wheat was taken out until the bond was paid and the bottomry canceled. They obeyed with enthusiasm, hopeful of a shindy. With belaying-pins and fearful oaths they chased the Sardinian longshoremen from the deck.
>
> The word was carried to the sharp-witted merchants of Nice that the fat appeared to be in the fire. They hastened to the ship. The ardent crew would have tossed them overboard, but Captain Barney interfered. The visitors expostulated, with fervid voices and dramatic gestures. The cargo of wheat belonged to them. Body of Bacchus! were they to be defied by this ridiculous boy? Barney had not much to say. He sat on a hatch and glowered at them. Very angry they rushed ashore to lay their case before the governor of the district. He agreed with them that the affair was outrageous.
>
> A soldier was sent down to the ship with a document summoning the unshaken Barney to appear before his Excellency forthwith. He was playing a very lone hand indeed. It required a fine quality of courage. To the administration building he trudged, with the soldier at his elbow, and found his Excellency in a vile temper. The interview was brief. Barney was commanded instantly to resume delivery of the cargo "or dread the consequences." He flatly refused, standing very straight, with that stubborn chin in the air. The wheat would stay in his vessel until the claim of Murray & Son should be satisfied.
>
> Enter a squad of Sardinian soldiers to hustle Barney off to prison. For all he knew he was to be shot at sunrise. Once in prison, he evolved another scheme. He would promise to let them unload the cargo, but once aboard his ship again he would spring another surprize. It was fighting the devil with fire, but Barney's paramount obligation was seven hundred pounds



Courtesy of the Century Company, New York.

"OUT GRAPPLING IRONS AND BOARD!"

At the head of his grimy sea-tigers, Barney carried these French boarding pistols, with their trick bayonets, as nasty as a trench knife. He was the man who occasionally loaded a cannon with crowbars!



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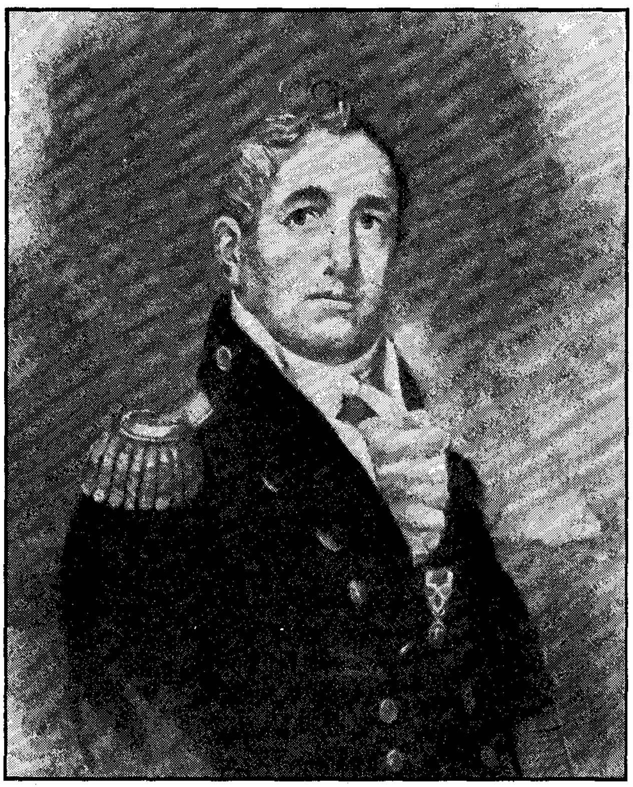
sterling to the generous Englishmen at Gibraltar. It worked. He got back to his ship.

From his own quarterdeck he now sent a message that he purposed to keep the cargo in the holds until the bond was paid or he had to surrender to a superior force. Also, it appears:

He was canny enough to hoist the British ensign. It had occurred to him to make an international affair of it. This seemed to be the only way out. The blundering ass of a governor promptly fell into the trap. Very wrathful, he rushed a strong force of infantry to the ship. The lieutenant in command was instructed to quell any resistance, break open the hatches, and keep his men on board until the wheat was all unloaded.



Courtesy of the Century Company, New York

THE HARD-BOILED COMMODORE

As he served under Napoleon, and later in our Navy during the War of 1812, where he fought nine victorious sea-fights. This vigorous father of our Navy died from wounds received during the capture of Washington by the British.

Captain Barney's loyal seamen foresaw more of a shindy than they had bargained for. There were too few of them to repel the military strength of Sardinia. They had to look on, therefore, while the troops scrambled on board. The lieutenant uneasily glanced aloft at the British ensign. He was an officer of some discretion and intelligence. This might turn out to be a kettle of fish. Orders were orders, however, and he took formal possession. Thereupon Joshua Barney gave him to understand that he considered the vessel captured by a superior force, contrary to all law and usage between friendly countries. He would be compelled to abandon her, but, said he, by way of a forceful climax:

"I shall leave my colors flying, that there may be no pretense hereafter of ignorance as to the nation to which this insult has been offered."

This worried the Sardinians, but they stuck it out, and Barney transferred his crew to a near-by English ship. Barney was just beginning to fight. It was his intention now to cross the Maritime Alps to Milan and lay the case before England's Ambassador to Sardinia. Murray was staggered by his audacity, but stayed with him. Sir William Lynch, the Ambassador in Milan, appears to have been just the man for the situation. Especially since young Joshua shrewdly passed over his own wrongs and played up the insult to the British flag. Lynch assured him things would begin to happen.

Action was extraordinarily prompt. On this same day the Ambassador presented a strongly worded protest to the King of Sardinia. The text of this document is unknown, but it must have been loaded like a bombshell. Presto, and royal couriers were racing over the Maritime Alps to Nice with dispatches to that high-handed governor. Joshua Barney and his companion were invited to make themselves comfortable in Milan for a few days. Incredibly soon, Sir William Lynch informed them that everything had been arranged to their complete satisfaction. They would find this to be true when they returned to Nice. Young Barney could scarcely believe it. This venturesome journey had been a forlorn hope.

In blithe spirits they rode the mules through the mountain passes until Nice was two leagues distant. And whom did they meet, posting out to offer a welcome and escort them into the city, but the unhappy governor himself with a staff of officers, gold lace, cocked hats, and medals. His Excellency held his own cocked hat in his hand while he erupted apologies, regrets, almost tearful solicitude for the health of the brave, the estimable Captain Barney. The latter remembered his manners and refrained from laughing in his Excellency's face.

In this triumphant fashion, "more like a scene from an opera," the American sailor apprentice rode into Nice. One hour after his arrival, he was paid the seven hundred pounds sterling, which he turned over to Mr. Murray. In addition, continues Mr. Paine:

They were reimbursed for every penny of the expense of the journey to Milan. Even this was not enough. His Excellency went aboard the ship in person to beg Captain Barney to accept a handsome indemnity, leaving him to name the sum, for the indignity he had suffered by reason of his brief imprisonment.

It was most enjoyable. With a keen sense of the fitness of things, and to make the governor more uncomfortable, Barney refused this financial balm. His Excellency called it "unexampled generosity, this acknowledgment that all his injuries had already been amply redrest." There lurked the suspicion, however, that this extraordinary young man meditated some private reprisal. Heaven alone knew how great his influence was with the royal master in Milan whose rebuke had been so swift and crushing. In order to safeguard himself, the governor besought a written testimonial that all causes for complaint had been erased. With a twinkle in his eye, Barney wrote the letter.

So everything ended happily and the young captain was dined by all the other English ships in port and hailed as a hero. One can imagine the young man quite charmingly assuring them that he had done nothing more than "ought to have been expected of every man in the same situation." Clear of all his troubles in Nice, it was Ho! for Spain and a homeward bound cargo. At Alicante, however, his Most Catholic Majesty, Charles III of Spain, took a hand in the youngster's life. Huge line-of-battle ships, frigates and galiots, xebecs and luggers, bomb-catchers and galleases, thronged the harbor, four hundred sail in all. A magnificent armada under Admiral Don Pedro de Castijon and an army of thirty thousand men under the fiery Irish Count O'Reilly was headed for Algiers to wipe out the Barbary pirates. Naturally every ship that chanced into Alicante was prest into the Royal Service. And so, as Mr. Paine observes, Captain Joshua Barney, instead of sailing home, took troops and supplies aboard and struck out boldly to the south, the youngest ship's captain that ever chased a Barbary Corsair. On the day his vessel anchored in the Bay of Algiers, July 1, 1775, he was sixteen years old.

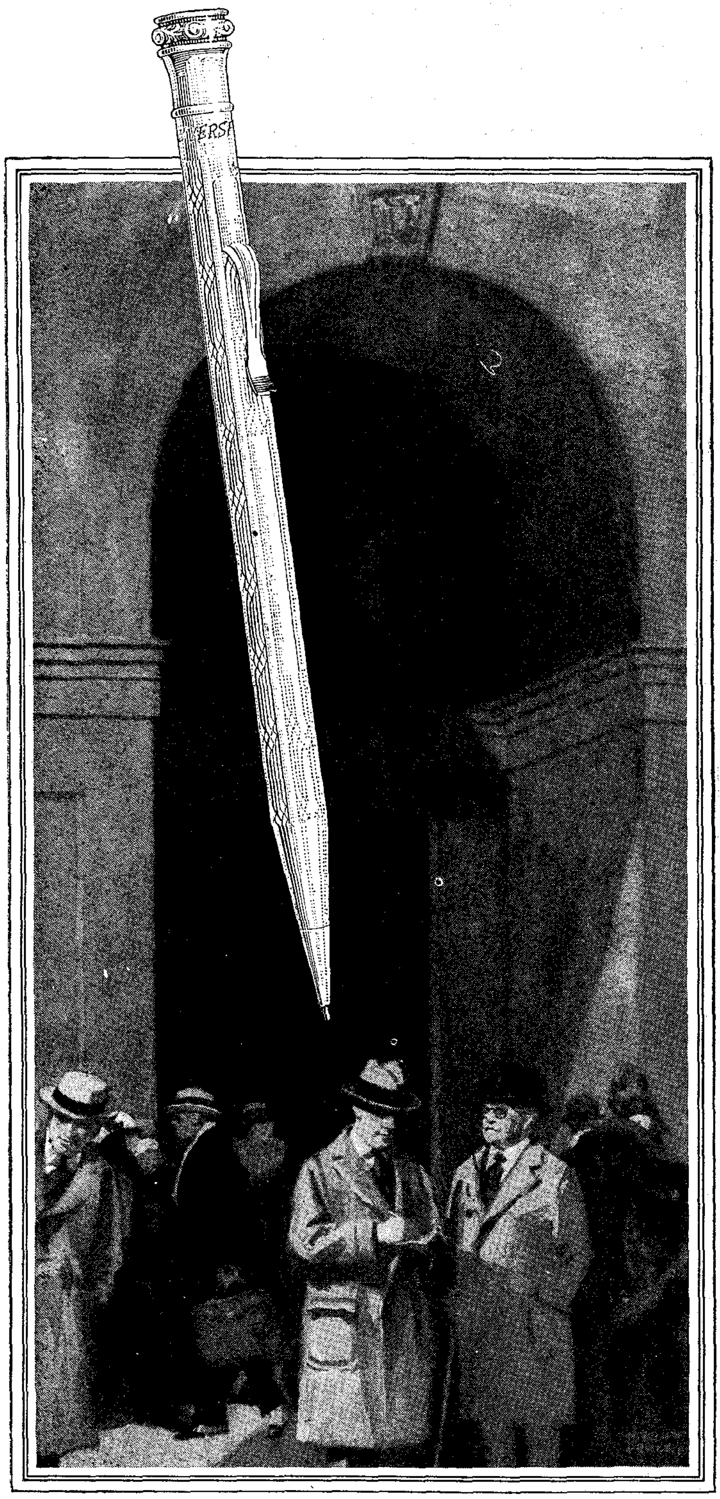
The glorious expedition against the Dey of Algiers was doomed to be a bloody, tragic failure. While the sailors of the fleet looked on, a hundred thousand Moorish cavalry cut O'Reilly's army to pieces on the beach. No other attempt was made to capture Algiers, and the fleet sadly made sail for home by the light of huge beach fires on which thousands of the bodies of their comrades were burning. With the Grand Armada over young Barney hastily loaded his cargo and early in October was in Chesapeake Bay. One more adventure awaited him. A British sloop-of-war stopt and searched him. It was then he learned of the battles of Lexington and Bunker Hill and the appointment of George Washington to be General of the Colonists. The excited young captain was able to camouflage himself as a loyal British subject and managed to escape safely from His Majesty's sloop *Kingfisher*. Before him were the brick houses and the white steeples of the little town of Baltimore. Here is the last scene in this amazing voyage:

His heart was thumping as he tied up the packet of ship's papers and accounts for the inspection of the crusty, methodical owner of the good ship *Sidney*. John Smith was his name, and his nose was usually close to the ledger in a dusty office. Some errand had prevented him from toddling down to meet the ship. He had heard of her arrival and presumed that Captain Drysdale was still in command. Letters had gone astray, as they often did. In eight months no word had come from the *Sidney*.

Into the office strode a stalwart lad, browned by wind and sun. The old gentleman raised his eyes from a column of figures and grunted:

"Who the devil are you?"

It was a great moment, well worth all that had been suffered



Keep a Perfect Score of Daily Life

Affairs move so rapidly today that ideas slip, information is lost, the score of daily life is blotted out if ready means for recording an expression are not always at hand.

Eversharp has been accepted as another of the modern necessities. It has proven its efficiency in the hands of men, women and children in the activities of business, professions, schools and the home.

The new perfected Eversharp gives increased convenience, dependability and satisfaction.

The rifled tip, which made Eversharp the popular metal pencil, now has perfect freedom from clogging; reloading has been so simplified that it is easy and quick almost as the thought. And the new Eversharp has a grace and beauty entirely in harmony with your watch and other personal articles. You will take real pride in this beautifully made pencil and enjoy complete satisfaction in its use.

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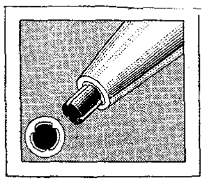

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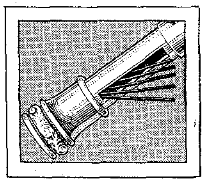

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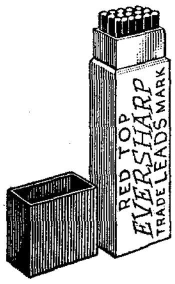

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in a drowning ship and a filthy prison in Nice. Impressively the intruder announced:

"I am Joshua Barney, sir, master of your ship that has just arrived."

Mr. John Smith climbed down from his stool, shook a testy finger, and exclaimed:

"Joshua Barney, eh? I remember. An apprentice, bound to Captain Drysdale. And how dare you, an apprentice boy, to presume to call yourself the master of a ship of mine?"

The boy flung his package of documents on the desk and replied, "Read these, sir, and find out for yourself."

The ship-owner scowled at the papers and began to examine them. It was a lengthy process. The boy fidgeted. It was difficult to maintain the air of mature dignity with which he had marched in. He walked to the fireplace and played with the dog that was stretched on the hearth. He drifted to a window and read the signs across the street or counted the bricks in the opposite house. The ordeal wore his patience to rags.

After what seemed like a year or two, the old gentleman looked up, removed his spectacles, and fairly bounced from the stool. Grasping the young seamen's hand, he shook it with the most hearty vigor, and croaked:

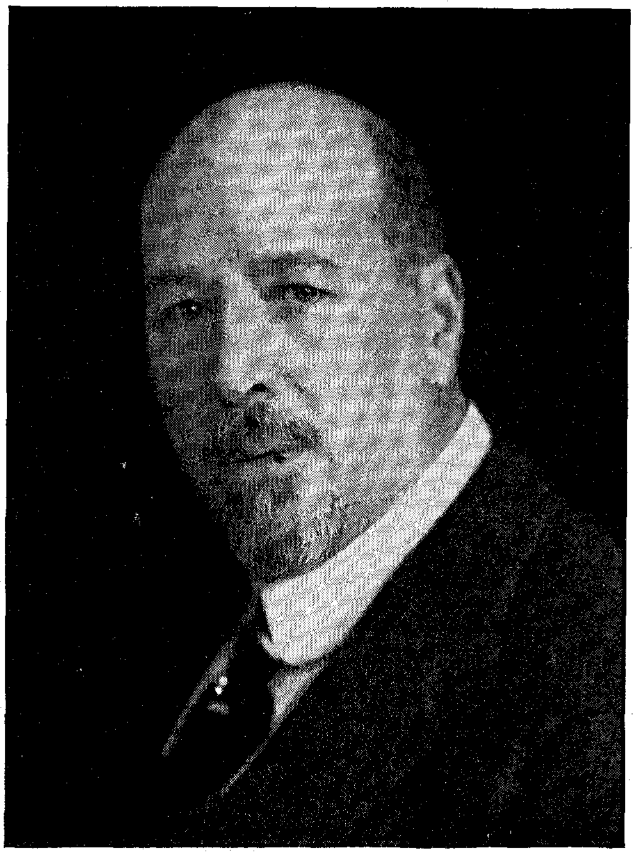
"*Captain* Barney, God bless you, you are welcome home. I congratulate you heartily upon your safe return. I am proud to find that I have so deserving a young man in my employ."

This was a pretty good beginning for an adventurous career, but it was really only a preface to what was to follow. A reviewer in *The Times Literary Supplement* thus epitomizes it:

> During the Revolution he was in seventeen battles, and whenever there was any fighting near him he was in the front of it. First lieutenant of a frigate at the age of seventeen, the cowardice of the captain caused him and his shipmates to be made prisoners by the British, and he soon conceived, and was working out, an audacious scheme to capture the vessel on which he was confined, together with the rest of the fleet. In consequence he was sent to a prison-hulk and for almost three months suffered its unspeakable barbarities. As a prisoner in England more romantic adventures awaited him, for he escaped by bold and daring measures and lived in London as a young man of fashion, going wherever he liked, until he slipt across to France. During a later visit to France Benjamin Franklin presented him at Court and he kissed, not Marie Antoinette's hand but her cheek; George Washington was his friend and admirer, and he visited at Mount Vernon; he was in the midst of the bloody revolution in Haiti and Santo Domingo when the blacks threw themselves upon their French masters; he took several fortunes in prize money and booty with his privateers; he served in the French Navy for eight years as captain and commodore; in the War of 1812 he was again in the service of his country, and fought in eight engagements.

Of course, his greatest exploit was the famous Revolutionary sea fight, in which his sixteen-gun ship, the *Hyder Ally*, attacked and vanquished the twenty-gun British ship, *General Monk*. History, says Mr. Paine, has vouchsafed Joshua Barney a minor part in the chronicles of the Revolution and in the beginnings of our Navy. But the quality and inspiration of this man's life, thinks the author, set him apart from other Revolutionary sea captains quite in the manner of John Paul Jones. One symbol of this quality "is the figure of Joshua Barney, standing erect upon a binnacle with a ball through his hat and a coat-tail shot away."

NORTH CAROLINA'S "COMMISSIONER" TO THE LEAGUE OF NATIONS



Photograph by courtesy of the Asheville *Times*

NORTH CAROLINA'S SPECIAL "COMMISSIONER"

The appointment of Philip S. Henry, of Asheville, to a more or less official position at Geneva as representative of the State of North Carolina has started a controversy—and some humor.

SOME NEWSPAPERS CALL him "Ambassador," and several show various degrees of feverishness over the formal letter of introduction which Philip S. Henry, a wealthy resident and philanthropist of Asheville, North Carolina, carried from North Carolina's Governor to the League of Nations. International complications seemed, for a time, to be threatened —especially following a dispatch from Geneva, Switzerland, which mentioned that Mr. Henry, bearing a signed and sealed document from Governor Morrison of North Carolina, had arrived, and "The League of Nations officials are somewhat puzzled as to how to receive him." This was particularly so, according to the Associated Press dispatch which brought news of Mr. Henry's arrival in Switzerland, because the Governor's impressive document concluded with the words: "I do hereby confer upon him all rights, privileges and powers, useful and necessary to the just and proper discharge of the duties of his appointment."

"Do separate States now have the power of sending ministers plenipotentiary to Europe?" ask several onlookers, and a correspondent of the Raleigh, North Carolina, *News and Observer* wonders if Mr. Henry's activities may not be in conflict with Federal statutes. In the meantime, a New England paper waxes merry and sarcastic over the idea of a "Tarheel Ambassador," and both the Indianapolis *Star* and Col. George Harvey, now of the Washington *Post*, chide Governor Morrison for his "break." To get at the essential facts of the case, which seem to have been considerably warped, in several instances, by the heat of discussion, The Digest telegraphed for information to the editor of the Asheville *Times*, published in Mr. Henry's home town. *The Times* sends us this simple statement of the situation, published in its columns at the time when Mr. Henry's mission became known:

> Philip S. Henry, wealthy Asheville resident and philanthropist has been given a "letter of introduction" to the League of Nations, according to information received to-day from Raleigh.
>
> Gov. Cameron Morrison, in answer to a query by *The Times*, said that Mr. Henry had been given a formal letter of introduction to the officials of the League of Nations.
>
> "Mr. Henry is an ardent supporter of the League," said the State Executive, "and it was at his request that I gave him this letter of introduction in order that he could study the League at first hand."
>
> The Governor denied that any political significance was attached to the appointment. "There is nothing official about it," he said.
>
> Mr. Henry, altho born in England, is a citizen of this country, having been naturalized about fifteen years ago. He came to this country more than a score of years ago, and settled in Asheville. He owns a beautiful estate, "Zealandia" on the outskirts of the city. He has always taken an active interest in community affairs. His brother was knighted several years ago by the King of England for his services to the Crown.
>
> Mr. Henry is an English Jew, altho Mrs. Henry is a gentile. The family is recognized at the English Court, and his daughters,

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An inexpensive mid-week treat

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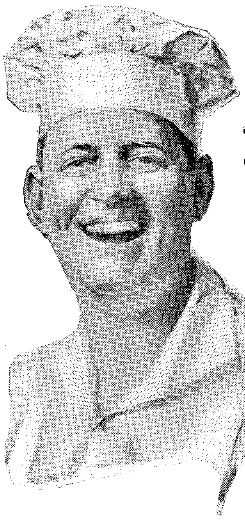

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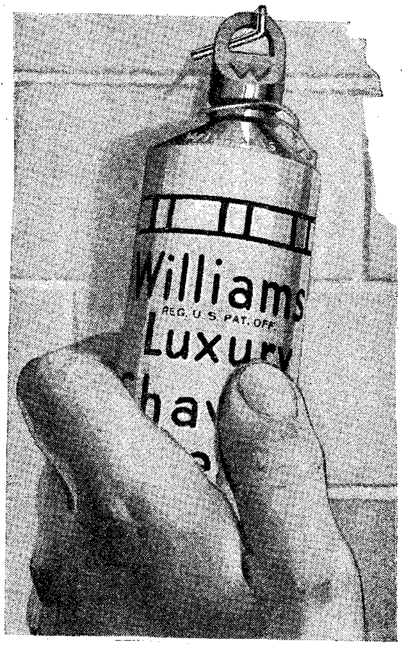

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Williams is a pure, natural-white shaving cream, entirely free from coloring matter. Only a long experience in the making of shaving soaps could give you the shaving qualities that you find in Williams.

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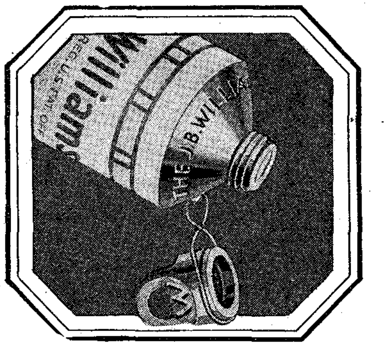
Williams Shaving Cream



AQUA VELVA is our newest triumph—a scientific after-shaving preparation. For free trial bottle write Dept. 210A.

PERSONAL GLIMPSES

Continued

Misses Lenore and Violet Henry, have been received on several different occasions.

Mr. Henry owns one of the finest libraries and art galleries in the South. Recently he set aside certain days for the public to visit the gallery.

In the meantime, however, Mr. Henry's appearance at the Assembly of the League of Nations, with his formal-sounding letter from the Governor of North Carolina, aroused the interest of the country. Mr. George Harvey, of the Washington *Post*, explained the matter in this wise:

> The Governor of the old North State obviously means to vindicate the equality of the United States with any other Power in the world, and to do away with one of the insuperable objections to accepting the Covenant of the League. It grills him, most righteously, to think of the British Empire as having six or seven votes in the League to only one for the United States of America. So he argues that if each Dominion of the British Empire have a representative and a vote in the League, so also can each sovereign State of this Republic. Therefore he appoints a representative from North Carolina; and if only all other Governors will follow his stalwart example there will presently be forty-eight representatives of sovereign American States at Geneva, and all other delegations will be quite overshadowed.
>
> While waiting for the other States to come to the scratch the choir will please sing: "Forty-seven bottles, hanging on the wall!"

The Providence *Journal* is even more humorous and argumentative. In a considerable editorial which appeared shortly after Mr. Henry's arrival in Switzerland, *The Journal* observed that:

> In Mr. Henry's place almost any cautious American politician, with or without an Asheville lineage and an Oxford education, would cut for the heavy timber. The hazards of Continental cross-examination are not lightly to be assayed by a simple people. When a European diplomat asks a question, he usually frames it so that the answer will be a declaration of war. Twenty minutes inside the Geneva conclave and Mr. Henry, whether he knows it or not, will very likely have pledged Asheville to fight on the side of the Turks in the next upheaval. He may even give away his watch.
>
> Governor Morrison is in no doubt about the nature of Mr. Henry's mission. He calls it "an appointment," and asks that it be treated as such; and if it comes off all right it will be a great day for the world. It will mean, for one thing, that almost any one can appoint somebody else to go to Geneva, and in that aspect it ought to save a lot of friction that now lodges inside the tight borders of the United States. One fancies the Tenth Ward Democratic Club, for example, sending its ambassador across. "What about the new curbstones on Liberty Street?" Or the rival taxicab companies putting it straight up to the Assembly—"Who wins the Union Station privileges?" Little Horace in the nursery, if he could get the thing through his head (and it seems pretty simple), would have his minister on the premises to protest that nurse had hidden the stuffed elephant.

As for the legal aspect of the case, A. T. Lanier, of Oxford, writes to *The News and Observer*, of the neighboring city of Raleigh:

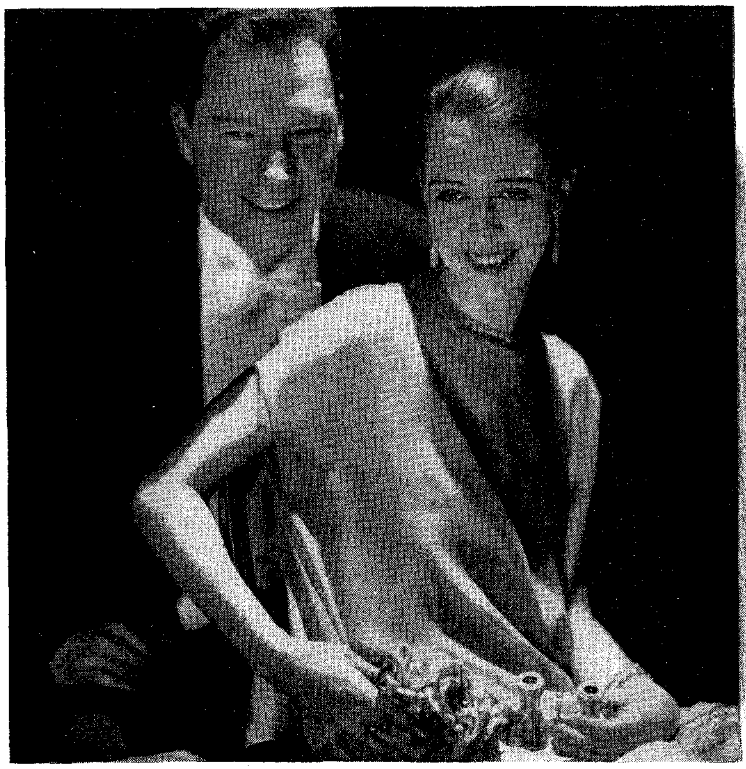
> "In regard to the credentials given by Governor Morrison to Mr. Henry to the League of Nations, may it not be pertinent to inquire if Mr. Henry's activities may not come within the prohibition of Section 10169 of the United States Compiled Statutes, 1918, which makes it a criminal offense for a citizen of the United States, without its permission or authority, to carry on any verbal or written correspondence or intercourse with any foreign Government in its relations with our Government, subject to a fine of not more than $5,000, and not more than three years imprisonment."

The same paper comments editorially that "the Governor, in giving Mr. Henry a letter to the League of Nations, was following the example of Secretary Hughes in having 'unofficial representation.'" As far as that goes, continues *The News:*

> If Mr. Henry wishes to study at Geneva, with a commendation from the Chief Executive, well and good. But at Geneva he seems to have been regarded as "a special commissioner from North Carolina."
>
> It is evident that the Governor should have given his letter to some individual at Geneva and made it clear that it was personal. Addressing it to the League of Nations was calculated to cause the situation that seems to exist. North Carolina is "The greatest and richest State," but it does not yet exercise the function of sending ministers plenipotentiary to Europe.

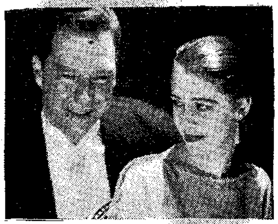
A stanch defense of both the Governor and Mr. Henry is presented by the Asheville *Times.* In a number of editorials, the editor of the paper makes it plain that the commission was given Mr. Henry "more as an introduction than anything else, to enable him to avail himself of every opportunity to study the questions presented" at the League's session. As for the reported perplexity upon Mr. Henry's arrival in Switzerland, comments *The Times:*

> It is not difficult to understand why the League of Nations officials at Geneva are somewhat mystified by the letter of introduction which Mr. Philip S. Henry bears from Governor Morrison.
>
> During the past four years, they have seen the United States assume an attitude of contemptuous indifference toward the League. Many of their official communications with the Department of State have been treated with gross neglect while the Administration has sought to erect the fiction that the League does not exist.
>
> Naturally, it is somewhat unusual in their experience to be visited by an American citizen who is an avowed partizan of the League and who troubles himself to secure a letter of introduction from the Governor of his State who is also a stout friend of the League. Their usual fate is to be forced to deal with observers who thwart rather than cooperate.
>
> The truth is that Mr. Henry's faith in the League is more truly representative of the wishes of the American people than is the bitter opposition which is so frequently vented in Administration circles these days.



Steichen

When you smile at the play—are your teeth white?



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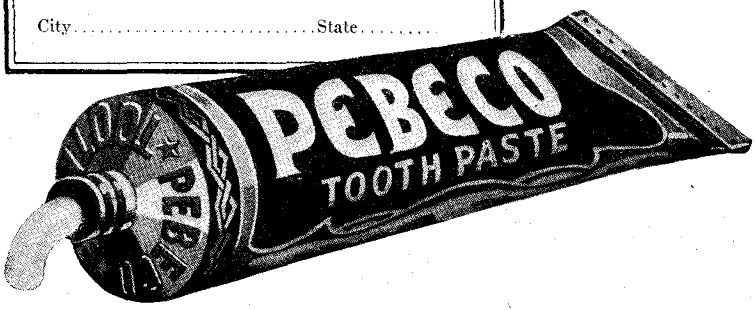

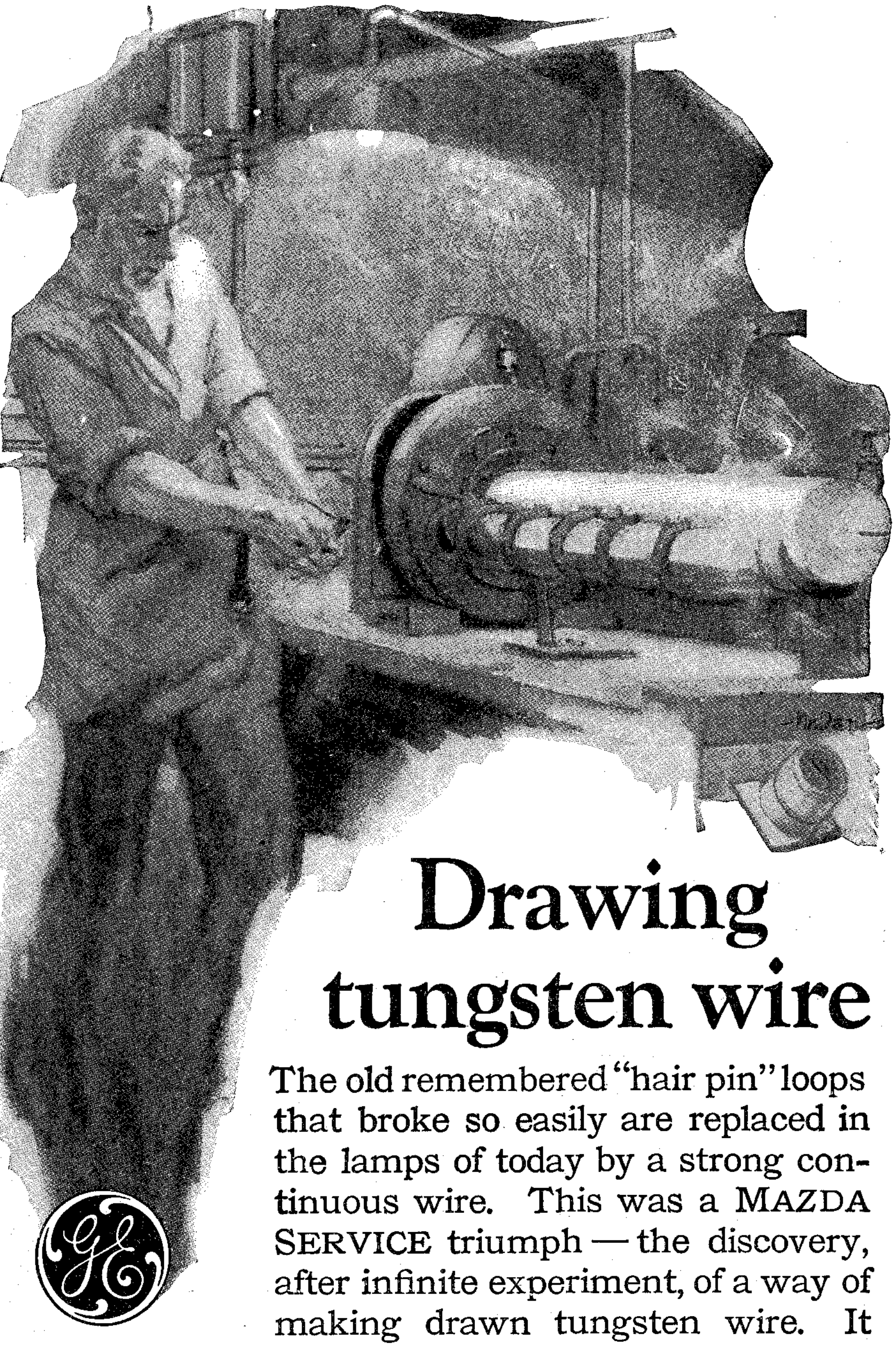

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PERSONAL GLIMPSES
Continued

TRYING TO CIVILIZE THE UNRULY FILIPINO

THE native tribes of the Philippines, "dusky wards of Uncle Sam," as the newspaper correspondents are fond of calling them, are said to be causing trouble along cultural as well as pugnacious lines. Their fighting habits get into the newspapers through occasional outbreaks, but their social proclivities, to the Americans, who are trying to "civilize" them, at least, appear to be just as troublesome. Just when a group of them seem to be getting nicely trained in American manners and ideas, reports a recent visitor to the Islands, they are very likely to revert to bare feet, plural marriages, weird costumes, dog-meat dinners, and other savage habits. Uncle Sam has a Filipino Jekyll-and-Hyde problem on his hands, according to this correspondent who writes in the Springfield *Republican*. For instance:

> There was one young American woman who decided this about as soon as she reached her new home in the Philippines. Minerva Hopkins was the daughter of substantial Maine farming people. She had graduated from a freshwater coeducational college. One of her fellow students there was a Moro and a datu.
>
> The Moros are a Filipino tribe and a datu is one of their princes or rulers. The datu in question paid his eastern court to the sturdy daughter of Maine, who had more book learning, poor girl, than knowledge of world affairs. She married him in the Methodist chapel of her home town and went out to his country to start life among Filipino royalty.
>
> Six weeks later she beheld her princely palace. It was a three-room shack made of sawali, a sort of straw-matting. The bamboo of its floors was so wide apart that Minerva caught her heels in the cracks. The walls, which once had been whitewashed, were spotted with queer red markings. That evening when the old princesses and princes of Minerva's new family gathered, she understood about these spots. They were made when her relatives spat out against the wall the juice of the betel nut, which they chewed incessantly.
>
> But worst of all, the new "princess" from Maine found that she was only her husband's second wife. The "duty" wife whom he had married before he went away to college was a wild-eyed, dark-skinned, half-naked, nearly savage matron, who immediately climbed a tree and called down abuse in Moro hill language as soon as Minerva's position in the household was explained to her. Poor Minerva was not even legally married to the prince by the laws of her own land. The black lady in the tree had that honor, together with her nose-ring.
>
> The white folks in Manila still can remember the utterly crusht little farmer's daughter who made her outraged return trip from the betel-nut palace alone, and frantically cabled to Maine for money to go back home and stay there. Her husband had graduated from college, perhaps, but his ideas about marriage hardly corresponded with his A. B. degree.
>
> The amazing savage too tragically often crops out in these dusky wards of Uncle

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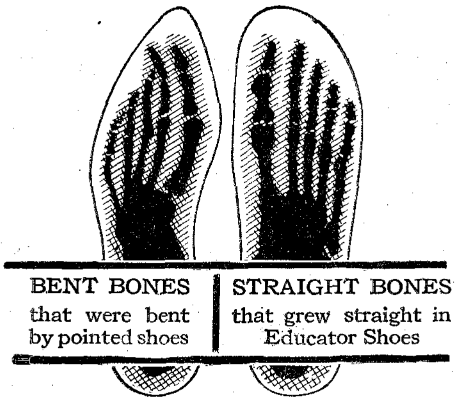
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PERSONAL GLIMPSES

Continued

Sam just when they seem to be getting nicely civilized. There was the mestiza girl, Rosario Colario. A mestiza is a Filipino with part native, part white ancestry.

Rosario had red hair. Her mother had been the half-breed daughter of an energetic, handsome, red-haired Irishman. But the Irishman had sailed for home at last, leaving Rosario's mother to fall into bad ways. Finally she had become one of the dark-eyed army of women who infest the steamships in the Far East.

Thus Rosario had come to her mother—Rosario who later was a pupil at the Normal School in Manila. Some nice American school-teachers had adopted her, but they could not impose upon the free Rosario their Western modesty. As she used to explain:

"My mother was Maria Santa, but she never knew who my father was. She met him on a steamer, and because she didn't know his name she called me Rosario, for that was the name of the ship they traveled on together. Only such a little distance—and yet I came to her. Oh, señorita, how strange not to have your father's name; to have only the name of the vessel on which he traveled for a few days!"

This girl was an amazing mixture of East and West. At school she was a brilliant student, excelling the other girls who were pure Filipino. But after winning 100 per cent. in her studies she would break out into frightful rages, stamp her feet and tear her bright red hair. Her language would be picturesquely profane. At last her wild blood sent her forth to roaming the seas as it had sent her mother.

But if the amazing Jekyll-and-Hyde puzzle of the Filipinos is tragic at times, it is also often comic. To quote the writer further:

There was, for instance, the latest episode about the dogs. Your provincial Igorot Filipino loves a nice luncheon of good, lean, half-starved dog-meat. He prefers it to chicken or roast beef any day.

Gov.-Gen. Leonard Wood, with tact and kindness, once made a speech to these hill gentlemen, suggesting that Christian Filipinos, who shortly would achieve freedom, should prepare for that gracious state by not eating dogs any more. The Filipino Government, to discourage the practise, passed a law putting a heavy tax on dogs taken over the government roads up to the hill markets.

At once arose the canine bootlegger, who herded small droves of bow-wows up over the hard, untraveled hill-paths, to evade the tax. "Bootleg dog" to-day is a popular delicacy in the hill country, and even the young man who graduated from an American college in June and has returned to his mountain home likes his dog-meat when he can slip away to the nipa shack to eat it far from critical, over-dainty neighbors.

The Army and the shoes furnish another instance when the amazing dual nature of the Filipino showed itself. They very patriotically raised a small army to help defeat Germany, but it wasn't ready until just before the Armistice.

Altho it had never seen the battle-line in France, and never would, authorities decided there really must be a good moving-picture made of that army. Its soldiers all looked so well in their uniforms. The picture was made. The spectators noticed that the soldiers who came in from Paranoque to pose for it, came with their Army boots tied together and slung over their shoulders. They were given ten minutes' recess to put their footgear on, just before marching past the camera. As soon as they were snapt, off came the boots and out came the corn salve.

"The amazing passions of the civilized side by side with the abandon of the primitive," was the way an American Army officer characterized the poor Moro girl who killed herself because her white lover had gone back home. He had worked hard on his sugar plantations many miles from Manila. It was a lonely life. No white women, no theaters, no newspapers except those weeks old. So he had brought Felicita to his low, cool ranch house.

Before she came there she had been a little drudge on the small sugar farm of her rather brutal father. Her own mother was dead, and the new wife was distracted with many babies and the whims of her husband. Felicita had not had a petted childhood.

But when she went to the Saunders ranch house she had all the bright native skirts money could buy. She could play the phonograph, prided herself on her civilized, ladylike ways. The heat of the day found her taking her siesta just like American women, and when the master rode in from the fields at night she sat at a real table with him, and there were as many forks and spoons at her place as at his. And she really loved her American master.

Then came the day when this daughter of savagery listened to her fate. The American was going home for a year—perhaps longer. He had made money; probably he would sell the plantation. If she wished, she could live on there—a superintendent would be up from Manila in a few days. He would see to things while the master was gone.

In a few wild words the girl spoke her decision. "I leeve here with nobody but you," she said. "You go, I go. I have feelings for you in my heart."

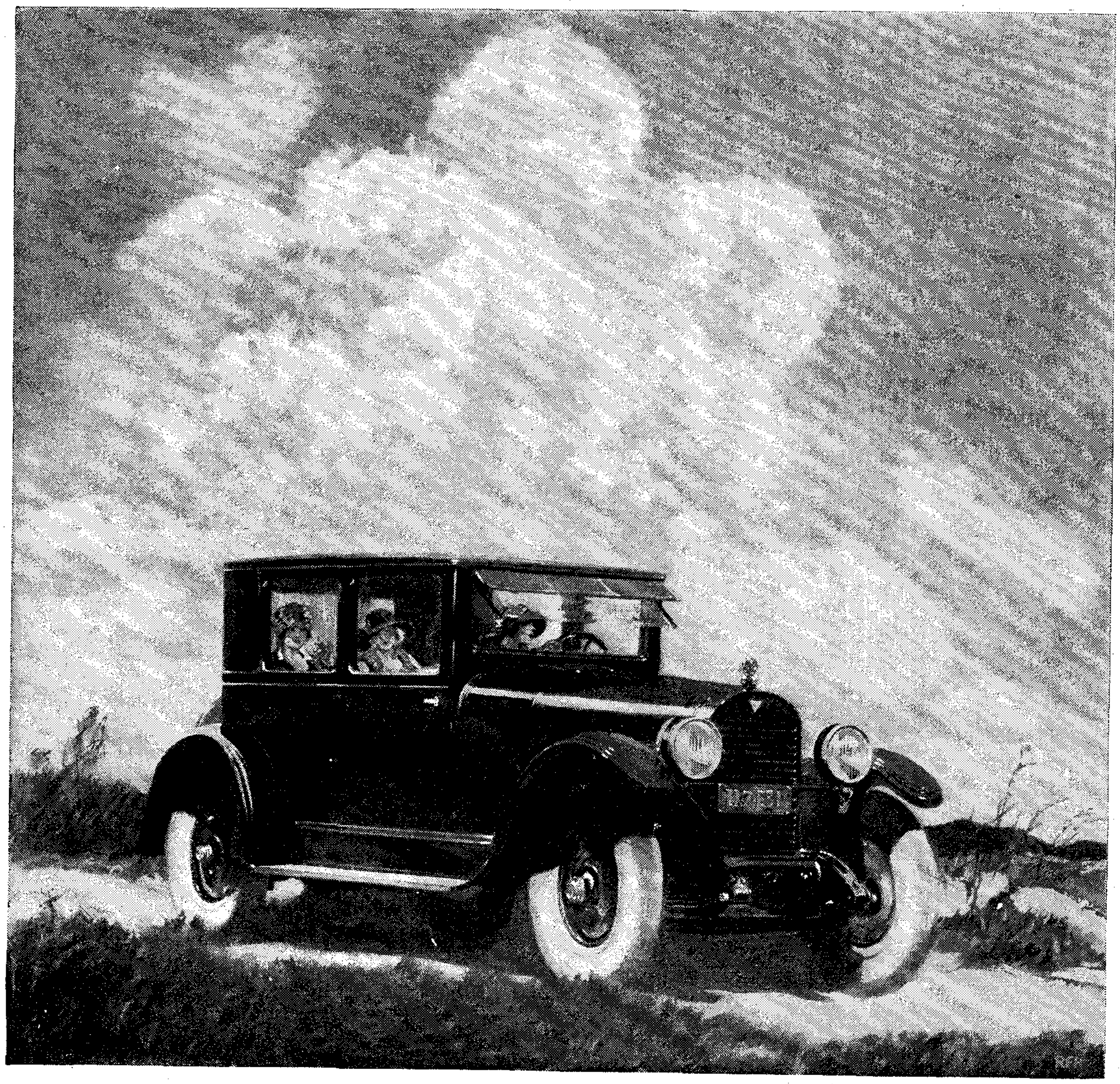
The master went, and the day after he left the girl rode into Baguio and bought a gallon of kerosene. The rest of the story is quite terrible. She poured it upon herself, and before help arrived she was burnt so badly that death came a few days later.

Many commissions travel many miles to explain how the Filipinos long for their freedom with a longing ardent and sincere. On one of these visits to Washington one of the patriots wasn't quite as familiar with the various forks at a White House dinner to which they were all invited by the late President Harding as he was with his primitive rice bowl back home.

Oysters came first, and he naively lifted one wabblingly to his mouth between thumb and forefinger. At this, they say, the leader of the mission broke into native speech, pitched very high.

"The fork near the rose, the fork near the rose!" he cried. "Eat the oyster with that, you son and grandson of a pig. Disgrace not your own any more in a strange land."

What to do for the man who mixes up his dinner implements is probably the least perplexing part of the grave problem Uncle Sam is struggling with in the Philippines. It is a problem that promises to cost more trouble and expense than the United States had any idea of when it made the Filipinos its wards.



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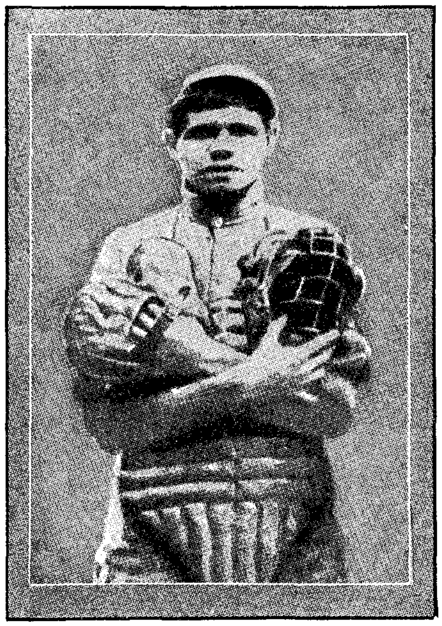
SPORTS · AND · ATHLETICS

THE REAL "BABE" RUTH

THE BRUTALITY OF AMERICAN ATHLETICS might well appall a visitor from the gentler lands of the Old World if he could see the mighty "Babe" Ruth staggering about a hotel room, reeling under a rain of blows from his wife, in a boxing bout, and when the bout is over, then to behold him seized and thrown heavily to the floor by his three-year-old daughter. These tribulations of the baseball hero are now coming out in *Collier's Weekly* in an article by a friend, Arthur Robinson, who seems to feel that now it can be told. Apparently the picture of health, the truth is, however, that Ruth suffers so terribly from indigestion that he can eat only ten times a day. The rest of the time he chews tobacco and takes bicarbonate of soda. When his baseball days are over, he can sing bass in a quartet, play the ukulele, or come out as an after-dinner speaker. But let Mr. Robinson tell it—



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AS A "KID" CATCHER

This unusual photograph of the Bambino recalls the days when he learned the A B C's of the game on the nine of a boys' institution.

> To the alternately idolatrous and jeering millions who have watched this modern Beowulf at bat driving out his great smashes, it may have appeared that he was just a thick-skinned ball-player, schooled to deafness on the field.
>
> The skin of my friend Babe Ruth is not thick. I have seen hundreds of men, women, and hero-worshiping boys get under it. Like me, they discovered that Ruth, in the raw, is as likable as a human being as he is interesting and fascinating as a ball-player and psychological study.
>
> For ten years I have done widely diversified newspaper work in New York, meeting all kinds of characters in and out of sport, on and off Broadway, around and about the country, but never have I met one who has sustained my interest from day to day and year to year as has Babe Ruth.
>
> He has very few secrets from me. And knowing all his faults I am genuinely helpless in my affection for him. In short, I like him and often apologize for him; at other times, it is impossible even to apologize. He is a human being apart from all others of the species. He is more than unique; he is really a phenomenon. And I like him.
>
> Mrs. Ruth calls him George, and it is of George Ruth, mainly, that I write—the Ruth that neither the public, nor the newspapermen, nor even his fellow players, know.
>
> He has a gruff manner about him. He deals profusely in horseplay. He is something of a physical clown—a good-natured personification of Brute Force. But he is ever so gentle and tender, too. I have seen him in a boxing match with Mrs. Ruth in the room of a Boston hotel, at which only one other person and myself were spectators—a match in which he allowed himself to be decisively outpointed and slightly wounded. I have also seen him wrestled to the floor by his blond-haired three-year-old daughter, Dorothy. I myself have tapped him on the head with a golf club without any serious aftermath.
>
> But just as he is a success even when he fails on the baseball field—that is, a sensation and a source of dramatic interest even when he strikes out—so is he equally interesting in Pullman trains and in hotels on the road.
>
> Often he travels with a little portable phonograph and gives concerts in the baggage-rooms of some wayside railroad station while waiting for a train. At such times he will sing bass in a quartet, and do quite well indeed with his favorite song, "My Darling Lou," and not so well with others. He has a special fondness for the ukulele, and likes to dance. He plays bridge, stud poker, and draw poker the way he hits a baseball—wildly, freely, forcefully; and more often than not he loses.
>
> He eats as very few men can. He eats often—probably on an average of ten times a day. Railroad engines consume an enormous amount of fuel. So does he, and it is a wonder that he manages to survive the amount and sort of food he eats.
>
> He is a little temperamental. He has a deep, abiding suspicion that he always suffers from stomach trouble. Before almost every game he complains to the club-trainer about this and then devours huge quantities of bicarbonate of soda. I don't believe there is another human being alive in all the world who has actually eaten so much soda or chewed so much tobacco as Ruth.

The King of Swat is "amazingly well informed on baseball statistics," we are told, and makes "a keen analysis of the records." Getting down even closer, as it were, to the essential Mr. Ruth, his biographer continues:

> He does not wear underwear, winter or summer. One of his favorite diversions of bull-frog hunting at night, with lights attached to the front sights of the rifles. He is immaculately groomed and always has his barbering done in his hotel room. He is manicured frequently and pays high for everything. A Texas barber once charged him $1.80 for a shave and a few hot towels.
>
> And, as you might expect, he is superstitious. Hendrik Van Loon, author of "The Story of Mankind" and "The Story of the Bible," gave him a silver dollar two years ago—the day he dedicated the Yankee Stadium by making a home-run—and for a long time the Babe carried the coin with him.
>
> He does more autographing of souvenirs than probably the ten most prominent movie stars combined. He gets an enormous number of letters from fans all over the country, and no "celebrity" ever received such queer requests—from get-rich-quick promoters, from charitable organizations, from strangers who want to share in the riches they attribute to him, and from clubs, schools, and churches—asking him to assist in various functions, or possibly make a little speech. Incidentally, the Babe is an astonishingly good after-dinner talker. He has perfect poise and presence and a free flow of talk.
>
> Consider his superstitions. The sight of a yellow or white butterfly on the field of play will either terrify him with bodings of ill-luck or exalt him to a plane of ineffable anticipation of self-assured good fortune on the diamond.
>
> On the road, a few years ago, he pitched to the Yankees in batting practise, following the loss of a few important games, and that day the Yankees, then engaged in the thick of a pennant fight, won. The next day and every day thereafter until the Yankees lost again he pitched to the players in batting practise because he was convinced it was lucky.
>
> When they lost he tried warming up the pitcher before the game—for luck—and found that successful. He kept on warming up the pitchers until the Yanks again lost, and then he tried hitting fungoes to the outfield. When all other expedients failed, he went out on the coaching lines.
>
> These are his special superstitions; but with Miller Huggins, the Yankee manager, he shares another. If the team wins, he returns to the hotel and goes through the same door he used on his way out. If it loses he tries another door. And in common with most ball-players he believes that a load of empty barrels, seen on the way to the ball park, is a sign of certain victory.

He rarely answers letters, says Mr. Robinson, but sometimes the thoughts of his correspondents stick out in his mind. For instance:

> Fans tell him he has a wrong stance or a right stance or a bad

Oct. 4th to Oct. 11th

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Squibb's Analgesic Balm—A pure, useful product that should be in every medicine cabinet. Will not leave the skin greasy.

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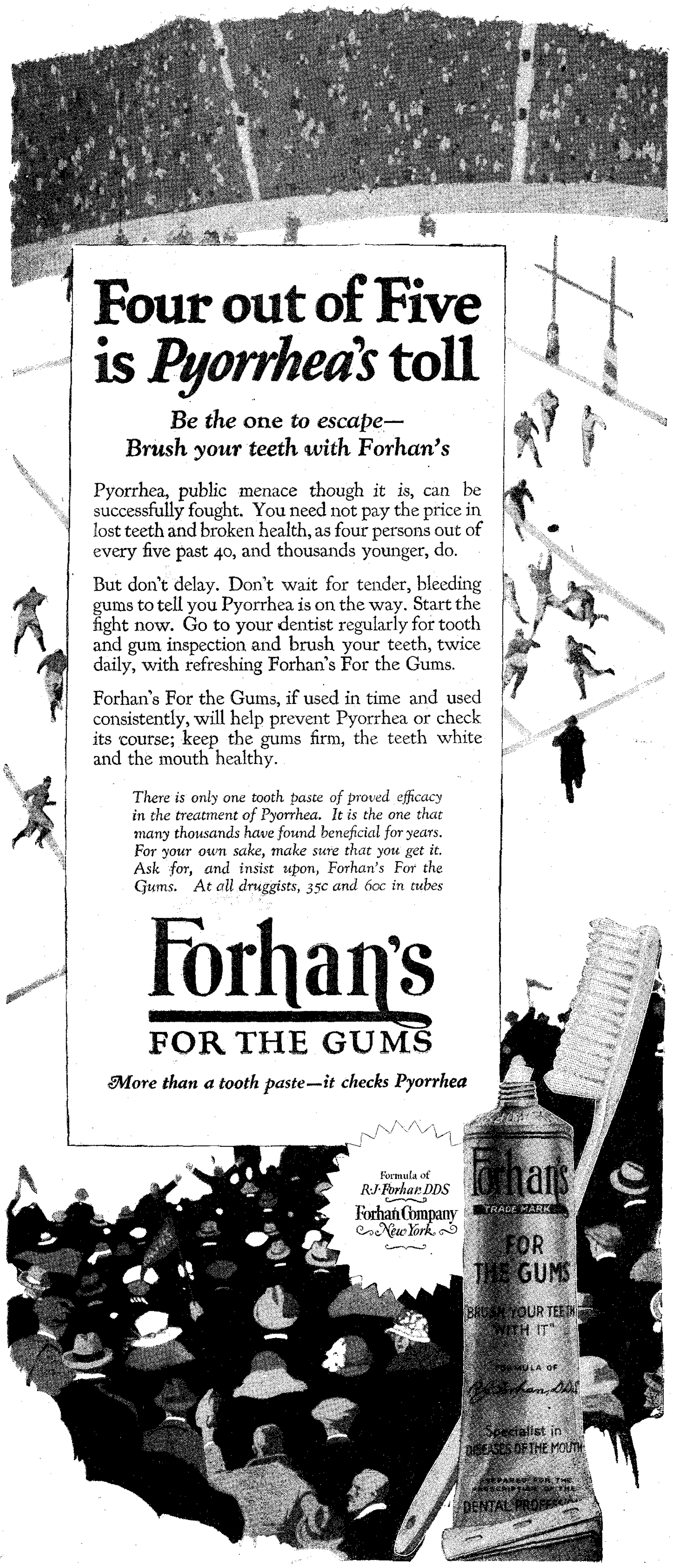


Four out of Five is *Pyorrhea's* toll

Be the one to escape—
Brush your teeth with Forhan's

Pyorrhea, public menace though it is, can be successfully fought. You need not pay the price in lost teeth and broken health, as four persons out of every five past 40, and thousands younger, do.

But don't delay. Don't wait for tender, bleeding gums to tell you Pyorrhea is on the way. Start the fight now. Go to your dentist regularly for tooth and gum inspection and brush your teeth, twice daily, with refreshing Forhan's For the Gums.

Forhan's For the Gums, if used in time and used consistently, will help prevent Pyorrhea or check its course; keep the gums firm, the teeth white and the mouth healthy.

There is only one tooth paste of proved efficacy in the treatment of Pyorrhea. It is the one that many thousands have found beneficial for years. For your own sake, make sure that you get it. Ask for, and insist upon, Forhan's For the Gums. At all druggists, 35c and 60c in tubes

Forhan's
FOR THE GUMS

More than a tooth paste—it checks Pyorrhea

Formula of
R. J. Forhan DDS
Forhan Company
New York

SPORTS AND ATHLETICS
Continued

swing for a curve ball. "I guess," he says, "that most of the baseball scientists sit in the bleachers."

He is solicited by vaudeville agents, who offer attractive tours on little time and big; by committees of fraternal organizations who want him to appear on the coast in exhibition games. To these requests Ruth turns the cold ear of a business man. He'd be foolish if he didn't. An athlete's financially productive life is short.

But there are innumerable requests to which the Babe does not turn a cold, businesslike ear. They come in shoals. Daily, when the team is at home, Christy Walsh, who syndicates his newspaper articles, carries to the Yankee Stadium loads of balls and bats—all for the bold and legible signature of the recognized Sultan of Swat. Out in Los Angeles there is a high-school league. It means something in the lives of the winning team if each member receives as a trophy of victory a bat signed by Babe Ruth.

In Indiana the Knights of Columbus, of which the Babe is a member, are building a school for delinquent boys. Baseballs signed by the Home Run King can be sold to advantage for the home. In Nebraska the Elks, and in Oklahoma the Masons, have similar charities, and balls and bats similarly signed have added market value. Or a ladies' organization desires him to attend a bazaar in some town where he is scheduled to play, and will he make a talk and sign souvenir programs? He will and does, gladly. By mid-July, this year, Ruth had signed eleven hundred bats and about three times that number of balls.

Newspaper editors throughout the country use him and his name to stimulate circulation and attract interest to their papers. It is advertised that on such and such a day at a certain time the Babe will throw several dozen autographed baseballs out of a window in the offices of a newspaper, and long before the appointed hour the streets are jammed with thousands of boys and grown-ups eager and ready to scramble for the balls.

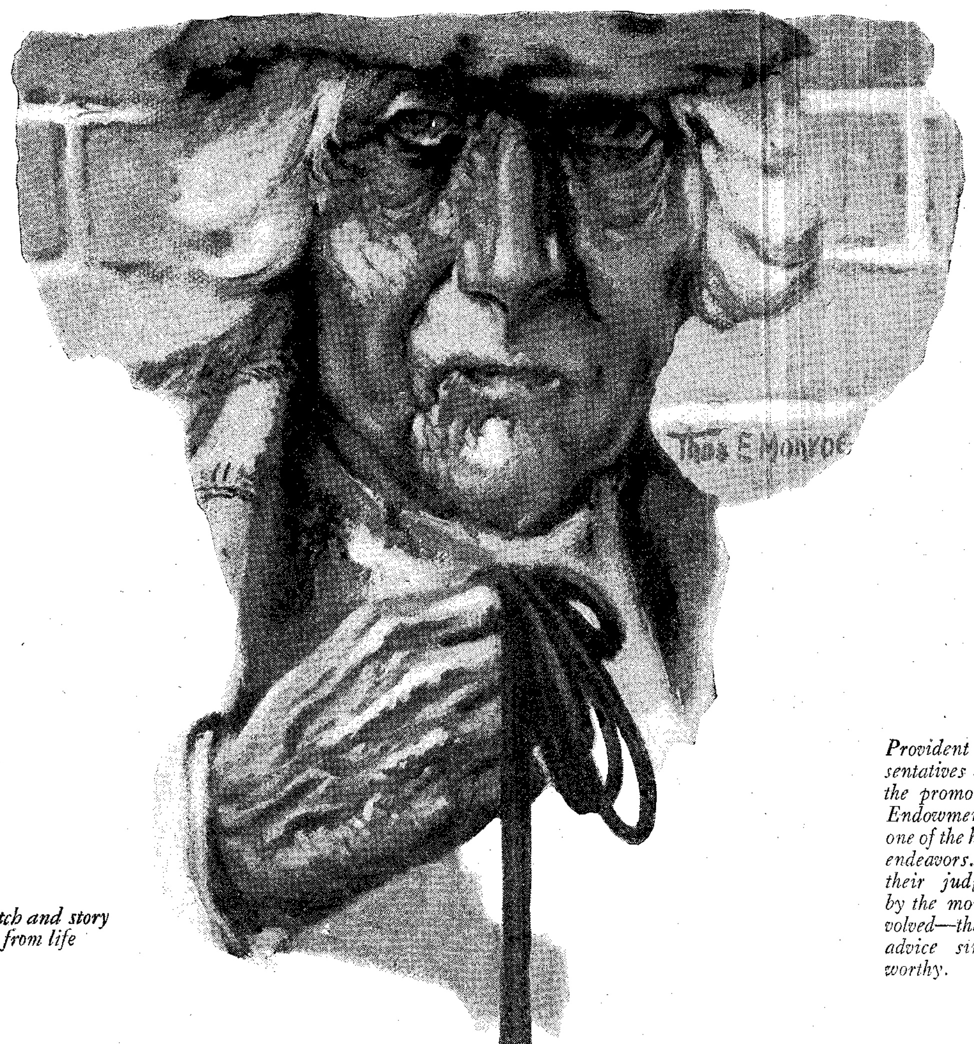
The general significance of all this, announces Mr. Robinson, is that "Babe Ruth to-day is a milestone in the progress of American life. Yea, even a vital economic social force and factor." It is pointed out, in verification of this large statement, that:

The Yankee Stadium cost several millions and is appropriately called, "The House That Ruth Built." He has drawn more people to baseball than any player in the history of the game. Everywhere larger ball parks have been built simply because of the interest he has attracted to the game. And baseball salaries have gone up because of him.

No sporting figure has ever received the publicity he has. He is before the public, as a player, one hundred and fifty-four days a year. But there are some stories concerning him that have never been told. The one which follows, told here for the first time, involves the most dramatic moment I have ever shared with the Babe.

It was somewhere in Texas, on the special train in which the Yankees were making their spring training trip north

DRURY COLLEGE LIBRARY
Springfield, Missouri



Sketch and story from life

Provident Mutual Representatives are confident that the promotion of Old Age Endowment Insurance is one of the highest of business endeavors. You will find their judgment unaffected by the monetary return involved—their counsel and advice sincere and trustworthy.

Not a beggar ~ *just a seller of shoelaces!*

HE stands with his back against a huge gray building on the busiest block on the avenue. Eyes cast down—head lowered to hide a face that may be known to some who pass.

But drop a coin in his box without taking its full value in shoelaces and he will be at your side in an instant. In his face the pride of a man beaten yet unbroken—in his voice the reproach of one who has never yet accepted alms.

He is not a begger—just a seller of shoelaces.

You know men in a similar position—men who, thirty years ago, gave every promise of being among the business leaders of the city.

You know others, too, who are enjoying peace and comfort at seventy. And it is toward the promotion of this contentment in the later years of life that Provident Mutual is dedicated.

It is a human work, yet always a struggle. For men in the prime of life are prone to procrastinate when the subject is that of their future.

YOU realize the uncertainty of YOUR future. You know, too, that a decision made at this moment and acted upon today, will assure you an income at a period when you may no longer be able to support yourself. Ask the Provident Representative to explain to you the Provident Mutual plan of Old Age Endowment Insurance. If you do not know his address write to the Company itself.

Provident Mutual

Life Insurance Company of Philadelphia, Penna

Founded 1865

©1924

PINE'S AUTOMATIC
WINTERFRONT
opens and shuts itself

Your Motor Tells You

Are you using the choke too much these Fall mornings? Is there some back firing and spitting before you get under way?

These symptoms are your engine's way of proclaiming that you need a Winterfront on account of cooler weather.

Whenever it is cooler than 60° out-of-doors your Winterfront will insure easier starting and save both gas and oil.

Remember these important points—
—Winterfront is entirely automatic. It opens and shuts itself
—while the engine is warming up, all the heat is held under the hood by the tightly closed shutters
—before the engine begins to overheat the shutters begin to open
—before it cools below efficient running temperature the shutters begin to close.

And you have nothing to remember; there is nothing you can forget. Winterfront does it all.

There is only one Winterfront—it is made by Pines. The price for cars with small radiator is $22.50; for medium radiator $25; for large radiator $28.

PINES WINTERFRONT CO.
408 N. Sacramento Blvd. Chicago, Ill.

Winter Driving
We will gladly send you this booklet of useful information on care of your car free.

Keeping Your Car Fit in Cold Weather

PINES WINTERFRONT CO.
408 N. Sacramento Blvd., Chicago, Ill.
Gentlemen: Without obligation please send me booklet advertised in Literary Digest, October 4th.
Name..........
Street..........
City.......... State..........
I Drive.......... Model..........

SPORTS AND ATHLETICS

Continued

from New Orleans, playing exhibition games en route.

My friend the Babe was suffering from an attack of "the misery" which was critically and alarmingly acute. "The misery" is peculiarly a baseball disease. It is a compound of all the ailments known to the ball-player. It includes a long and cancerous batting slump and general debility. In short, it is a Terrible Thing.

Physically the Babe was in better shape than he had ever been. He had spent the winter on his farm at Sudbury, Massachusetts, chopping wood, building hen-houses, hunting and plowing through miles of snow-covered roads. He had gone back to nature and to wide open spaces to reform and to forget and live down his colossal failure in the world series against the Giants in '22; and he reported for training at New Orleans weighing only 200 pounds—a weight which presumably attuned his tremendous hulk to the celebrated "pink of condition."

The newspaper correspondents with the Yankees, recalls Mr. Robinson, said he would have his greatest year. Then—

The misery attacked him, feeding at first upon the memory of his failure in the world series and then gnawing at his inability of the moment to hit a baseball with *anything* approximating his former violence and consistency.

Day after day the Babe went without making a hit; a week passed and he made no homers. Another week of pitiful effort. The king—the Home Run King—was tottering on his throne.

He brooded almost insanely. Huggins diagnosed his condition and case over and over again, and finally arrived at a decision in his drawing-room on the special train in which we were touring the South and Southwest.

The Babe, Huggins, and myself were the only ones in the room.

"Babe," said Huggins, "I want to tell you something. I think you ought to know. I have been in baseball for more than twenty years. I have seen ball-players come and go. No man lasts forever. This slump you have been having is no ordinary thing. I have been trying to figure out just what is the matter with you. Apparently you swing the bat the way you used to. Apparently nothing is the matter with your eyes. Physically you're in great shape. But for a month you have looked worse than the bushiest bush-leaguer in the outfit.

"The symptoms are all familiar. There are times when dying men should be told the truth. Babe, I don't like to say it, but I think it is best that I should. Babe, you're slipping! You've seen your best days. Babe, you're just about through. Make up your mind to it—you're just about *through!*"

A strange, fugitive look came into the Babe's eyes. He did not gasp, but his huge body stiffened almost imperceptibly at the shock. He glanced incisively at Huggins. Then, almost savagely he growled, "Hug, you're crazy!"

But the manner in which he spoke indicated he believed that Huggins *might* be right. For several minutes he sat there silently, staring out of the window into the dark shadows of night, alternately puffing on a cigar that was not lit, and chewing tobacco.

Huggins said nothing. I said nothing. The situation was funereally oppressive. Babe Ruth—the Home Run King—the greatest and most picturesque figure baseball had ever known—was dying and had been told so! The public, through the news bulletins issued daily by observing and expert baseball writers, knew that the Babe was ailing and had "the misery," but the public did not know just how seriously indisposed he was. Even the baseball writers themselves didn't know.

The next day the Babe struck out a few times. He acted like a man who had been told he was dying. But he also acted as a man who said over and over again, "I won't die—I won't die—I won't die; I'm not slipping—*I'm not through.*" And toward the end of the game, in overwhelming ultimate desperation, he reached out with the big bat for a ball that was wide and high of the plate—virtually a wild pitch—and made one of the longest home-runs I had ever seen him hit. He caught the ball two or three inches from the end of his bat, swung the full force of his great shoulders and back behind it and drove the ball high and far above and beyond the roof of the distant bleachers—accomplishing a feat which had never even been approximated before. That home-run was oxygen to the dying Home Run King.

That fall, as is well known, he defied Judge Landis and was suspended for the first six weeks of 1922 season. Up to the end of the year, however, he had earned about $250,000, says Mr. Robinson—and spent most of it. The story of his financial embarrassment, with his wife playing the part of savior of his fortunes, begins with his gambling. According to Mr. Robinson:

He went to the race-tracks and gambled high, betting as much as $26,000 on a single race. In Cuba, following a disastrous experience with book-makers, he found himself about "broke" and in an awkward situation. He owed $65,000 to the race-track hawks and vultures. He had transportation for himself and Mrs. Ruth back to the States, but he had that obligation of $65,000 to take care of, and what little money he had left was tied up in investments which Mrs. Ruth had made for him.

Finally he was compelled to take Mrs. Ruth into his confidence. "We'll have to cancel our passage," he said, "until I can dig up that sixty-five grand."

But they did nothing of the kind. Mrs. Ruth calls the Babe "Hon."

"Hon," she said, "here's a check for $65,000. Go out and pay your debts."

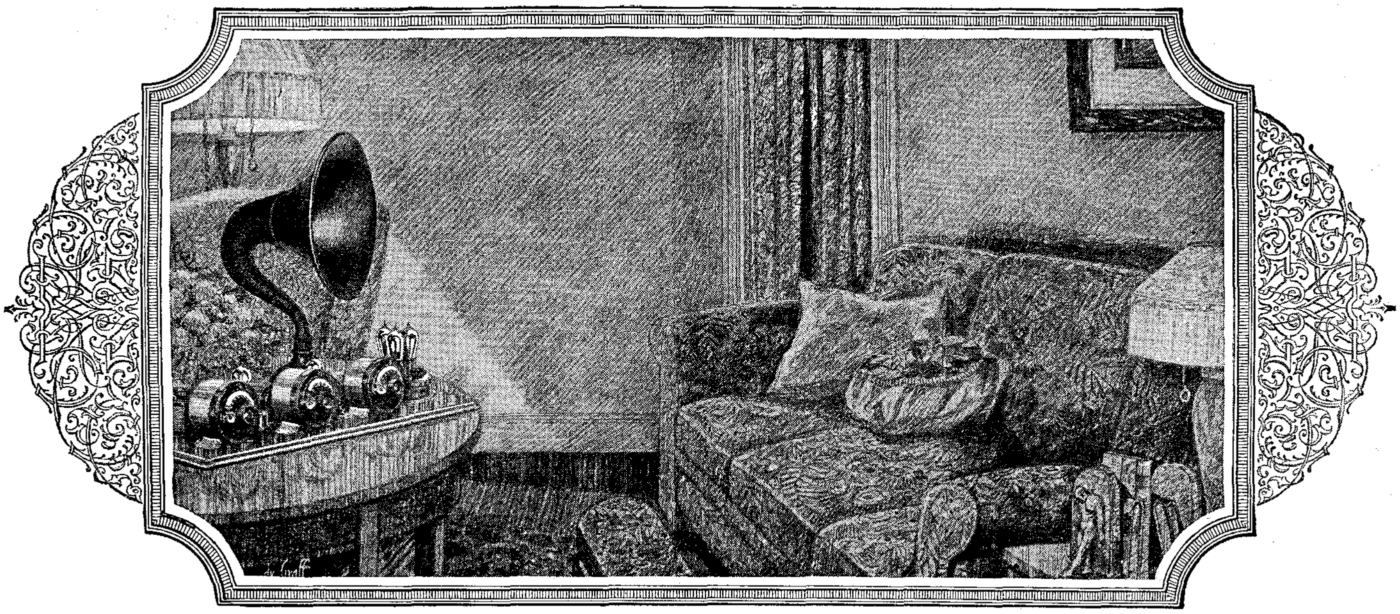
And the Babe did, after an almost miraculous recovery from the shock of discovering his wife had somehow managed to save $65,000 from the wild wreckage of his first year's great successes. And since then Babe Ruth has learned many things—and failed to learn a few others.

It was necessary, following this, to protect him from himself and the attacks of the army of confidence men and women which constantly intrigued against him. So detectives employed by the Yankee owners and by the powers-that-be in baseball began to watch him and those who insinuated themselves upon him.

But that—as they say—is another story, spun of the fabric of an old-fashioned dime novel and equally as thrilling in its melodramatic developments.

ATWATER KENT

RADIO



Simplicity Plus Exquisite Workmanship

IN radio, efficiency increases as experience refines and simplifies it:—If you will examine an ATWATER KENT Receiving Set you will notice the absence of intricate wires and controls:—you will be impressed with the simplicity of its construction.

Largely because of this simplicity—plus exquisite workmanship and precision of engineering skill, ATWATER KENT Receiving Sets have no peer in the combined features of selectivity, distance, ease of operation, tonal quality and volume.

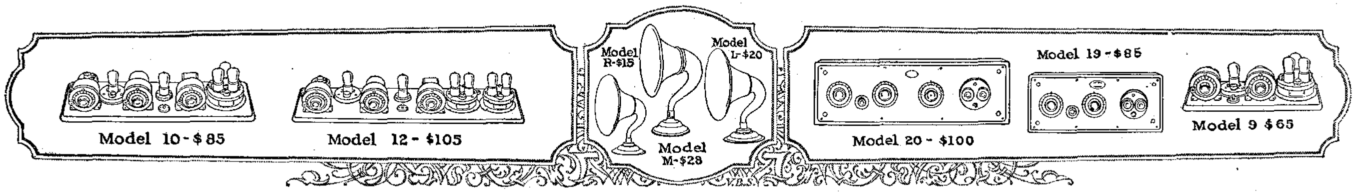
—and it is a significant fact that as radio gains new enthusiasts, the demand for ATWATER KENT grows.

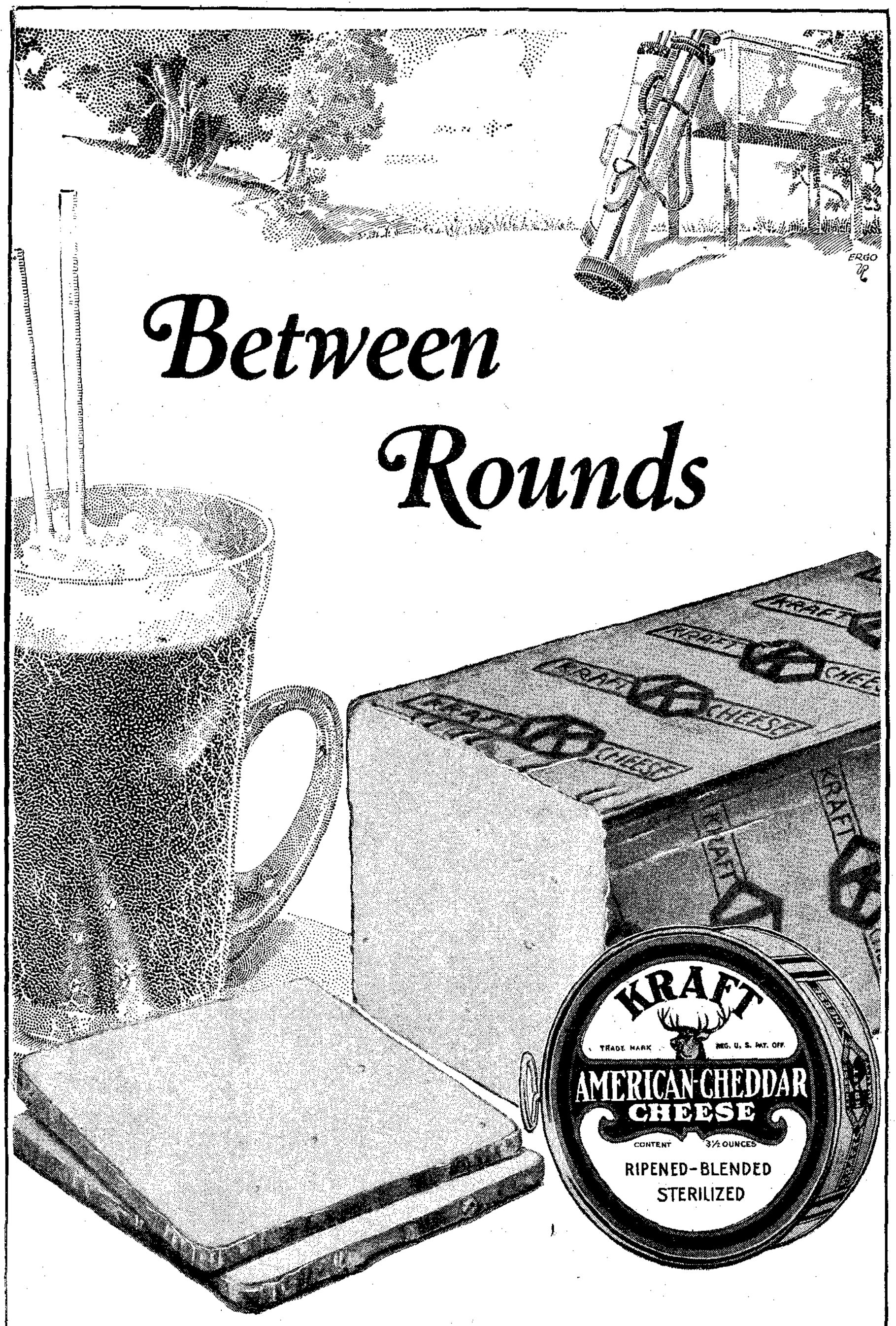
There is an ATWATER KENT Receiving Set to suit your preference, in size, price and type. There are three loud speakers to select from. Before you purchase, make it a point to see ATWATER KENT instruments and compare prices.

Instructive Literature sent on request

ATWATER KENT MANUFACTURING COMPANY - *4965 Stenton Ave.,* PHILADELPHIA, PA.

THINK OF WHAT IS BACK OF IT





Between Rounds

you feel the need of nourishment. A heavy meal saps your energy and spoils your game. Refreshments should be light but high powered.

No food combines these two in a greater degree than cheese, and the several kinds gives the needed variety.

Speaking of cheese, you need remember but one thing—the name Kraft. That name guarantees you the choicest of prime cheese, selected by experts, graded by laboratory tests and then blended in just the right proportions to produce the exquisite Kraft flavor. Make no mistake about it, there's no substitute for Kraft Cheese.

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NEW YORK - CHICAGO - POCATELLO, IDAHO
KRAFT-MACLAREN CHEESE CO., LTD., MONTREAL, CANADA

KRAFT CHEESE
Decidedly Better

Made and Known in Canada as Kraft Canadian Cheese

THE "PEERLESS LEADER" OF HARD-BOILED BASEBALL

A HUSKY, square-shouldered first baseman, who managed his team by licking anybody on it, who won four League pennants and two World's Series almost in a row, was the idol of Chicago's fans from 1900 to 1912. This was Frank Le Roy "Husk" Chance, who died September 15, in Los Angeles, at the age of only forty-seven. "Tinker to Evers to Chance" was the refrain the loyal fans used to chant at the old west-side ball park when the Chicago Cubs were winning pennant after pennant.

This refrain told the story of nobody knows how many lightning fast double plays. It has since immortalized in song and story one of the most famous infield combinations known to baseball. Joe Tinker was the short-stop who speared the infield drives and flipped them over to Johnny Evers at second, nailing the forced runner. Evers, all set to throw, would catch the ball and slam it, all in one lightning motion, down to Frank Chance long before the other runner could make first. Harry Steinfeldt, the third baseman, was almost equally famous in the combination, but his name did not fit the rhythm of the chant. Here is the way F. P. A embodied it fifteen years ago in a much-copied poem, which we reprint from the New York *Evening World:*

These are the saddest of possible words:
  Tinker to Evers to Chance.
Trio of bear-cubs, and fleeter than birds—
  Tinker and Evers and Chance.
Thoughtlessly pricking our gonfalon bubble,
Making a Giant hit into a double,
Words that are weighty with nothing but trouble:
  "Tinker to Evers to Chance."

The "Peerless Leader," as they called Frank Chance in those days when he was field general of the Cubs, we are reminded, hung up one of the greatest pennant-winning records in all League baseball Best of all, points out the Syracuse *Herald*, "no breath of scandal ever touched him, he guarded not only his own reputation but that of his team. Strict disciplinarian that he was, he made rules for himself as well as others." The result, especially from 1906 to 1910, as the New York *World* and many other commentators point out, was the "greatest baseball machine yet known." Incidentally this same paper notes that in his sixteen years as a player Chance took part in 1,232 games, making 1,273 hits for a total batting average of .297. Here is the way they talk about him in the city for which he worked so loyally and so hard—we quote from the Chicago *Tribune:*

Frank Chance and Chicago were pretty good to each other. Chance gave Chicago four National League pennants and two

Low-Cost Transportation

A Quality Car for $540

Although its low price puts the Star car in the great less-than-$1000 class, which includes about 85% of all cars sold, it is entitled to recognition as the quality leader of the low-priced field.

Note These Quality Features of the STAR

Continental Red Seal Motor, designed by the engineers of Continental Motor Company in collaboration with Durant engineers. It is distinguished for power, quietness, economy, and low service costs due to simplicity and accessibility.

Force-feed Lubrication. The Star is the only car in the low-priced field having positive force-feed lubrication to all bearings, which greatly increases the durability of the motor.

Durant Tubular Backbone. The Star is the only low-priced car employing this important structural improvement, the most efficient device known for resisting twisting strains and for insuring a strong car foundation and for keeping all moving parts in perfect alignment.

Standard Transmission. Three speeds forward and one reverse, making the car easy to handle under all conditions and increasing operating economy.

Vacuum Feed Fuel System. Insuring a steady flow of gasoline on all grades as long as any remains in the 11½ gallon tank at rear, which is where the gasoline supply belongs for safety and convenience.

Strong Spiral-bevel Rear Axle Gears. This is the same type axle as is used in high-priced cars.

High-grade Cooling System, including large radiator, 16-inch fan and circulating water pump insuring proper motor temperature and driving comfort under all conditions.

Disc Clutch—an unusual feature in a low-priced car, and one especially appreciated by those who have used cheaper types of clutches.

Alemite Lubrication, the same as used on high-priced cars, making the greasing of the chassis quick and easy.

Demountable Rims and Extra Rim, the same as used on high-priced cars.

Semi-Elliptic Springs. These not only greatly increase riding comfort, but give the Star car the long, low appearance that is an essential factor of the popular stream line design. The spring base is 141 inches—longer than that of any other car near the Star price.

Various other quality features will be shown you by any Star dealer to prove the wonderful value of a Star car at $540. If you seek low cost transportation, we suggest careful comparison of the Star with any and all cars in the less-than-$1000 class.

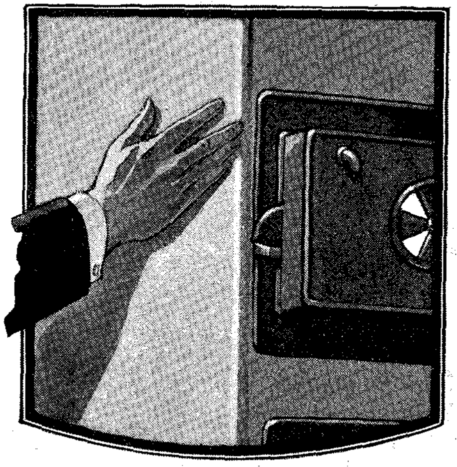
PRICES: f. o. b. Lansing, Mich.

TOURING, $540	ROADSTER, $540	COUPE, $750	SEDAN, $785	CHASSIS, $445

DURANT MOTORS · INC ·
57th Street and Broadway, New York
Dealers and Service Stations throughout the United States and Canada

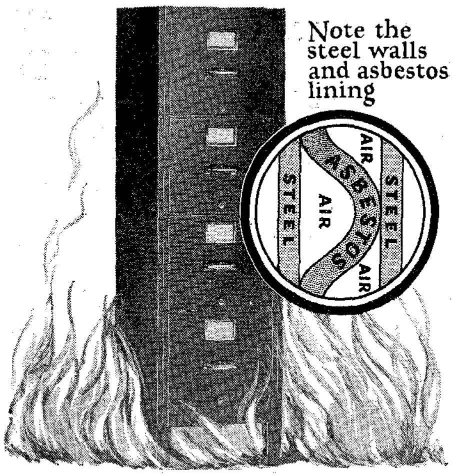
FOUR GREAT PLANTS AT ELIZABETH, N. J. · LANSING, MICH. · OAKLAND, CAL. · TORONTO. ONT.

STAR MOTOR CARS



Why isn't the boiler-wall hot?

ASBESTOS is the answer. The fire inside is glowing-red, but the outer wall is cool to the touch because it is coated with asbestos.



Note the steel walls and asbestos lining

In "Y and E" Fire-Wall Steel Files, asbestos keeps the heat out, just as the boiler wall keeps it in. *Two* walls of steel *plus* a layer of asbestos surrounding all papers — mean extra protection for your records. When you buy steel files, why not buy the utmost in fire resistance?
Mail the coupon for free Fire-Wall book.

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1034 JAY STREET, ROCHESTER, N.Y.
"Y and E" Branches in principal cities
Agents and Dealers everywhere
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Steel and Wood Filing Cabinets—Desks—Safes—Office Systems and Supplies

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Please send me free book on "Y and E" Fire-Wall Steel Files.
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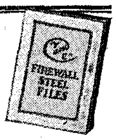


SPORTS AND ATHLETICS

Continued

world's championships in the space of five seasons. In return Chicago gave Chance a fortune and dubbed him the "Peerless Leader." As such he was known to every baseball fan throughout the nation.

They called him "Husk" soon after he joined the old Chicago Nationals—then called Anson's Colts—in 1898, but Frank Le Roy Chance was the name his parents gave him soon after he was born at Fresno, California, on September 9, 1877. His father was vice-president of a bank, and for a time it seemed as if young Frank would spend his life in the same way.

Soon after his father's death, Frank was sent to Washington College at Irvington, California. There he was catcher on the school nine for three years. Then, with just another year standing between him and a diploma, he crossed the mountains to Sullivan, Illinois, to play on a semi-pro team. He'd been promised all of $40 a month—part of which, he recalled later, he actually received.

Back in California the Chance family kept clamoring for Frank to return and take up something sensible, like bank clerking.

So Frank went back to college for a time. Saturdays and Sundays, however, he played ball with the Fresno team. He hit the ball to the percentage of .479, and such batting soon drew the attention of Bill Lange. He sent word back to "Pop" Anson, and "Pop" ordered young Frank to come to Chicago. He was then a catcher.

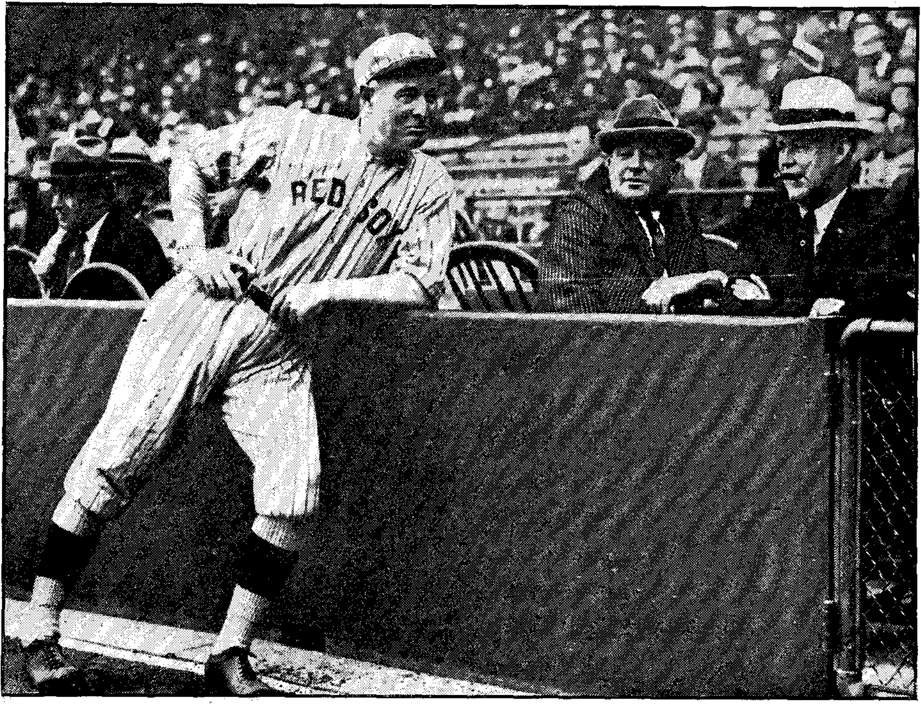
Other teams had been putting in their bids for the husky Californian, and Baltimore outbid Chicago $300. But the chances looked better in Chicago, for Tim Donahue was the only regular catcher in those days, and he might be laid up with a bad thumb at any moment.

Frank Chance was twenty-one when he joined the Cubs. Here is the way he looked at that time to a sporting writer at the training-camp:

> Chance is of prepossessing appearance and decidedly athletic build, of more than medium height, with square shoulders and weighs 188 pounds. In manner he is unassuming, but speaks with a quiet confidence of his own ability to keep up with the fast company of the National League. There is no braggadocio, however. In speaking of his ability this morning, he said:
>
> "What I don't know about baseball would fill several large volumes, but I am willing to learn and I pick up any little things rather quickly. I hope there is some one who will put me on the right track. This is my first experience among good players."

Continuing the Iliad of Chance's career as the hero of baseball fans and small boys, the *Tribune* writer goes on to say:

> Chance played the outfield and sometimes the catcher's position for several seasons. Then, in 1903, he was switched to first base. It was in this position that he made his great record and inspired that famous old litany of the double play that the baseball scribes sang for so many seasons.
>
> Chance ran his team from first base. Sometimes the boys grew obstreperous and had to be disciplined. "Husk" did it with a barrage of rights and lefts. There wasn't anybody on the team he couldn't lick. Chance was boss.
>
> The Cubs took the pennant that year in a red-hot fight. But the White Sox—then known as "the hitless wonders"—showed them who was king of the roost at home. The Sox copped the world's series.
>
> The old Cubs machine was going good, however. The next year and the next—1907 and 1908—they took the pennant and then trounced Detroit for the championship of the globe. It was in these



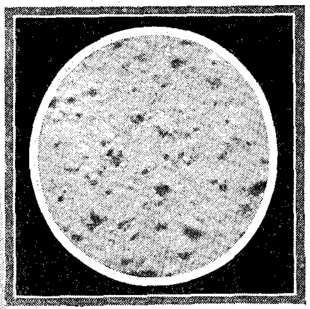
P. & A. photograph

THE FAMOUS CUBS COMBINATION

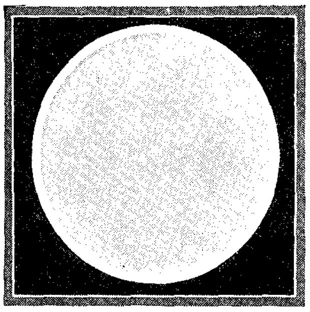
"Tinker to Evers to Chance" reads Evers, Tinker, Chance, from right to left in this picture of their last meeting a year ago, before Chance and Evers took the management of the White Sox.

No matter how dirty the smudges are—*Barreled Sunlight* *can be washed like tile*

MARKS *left by grimy little hands are washed off quickly and easily without wearing through the paint—if the paint is Barreled Sunlight!*



Ordinary flat finish white paint



Barreled Sunlight

What paint looks like through a microscope

These photographs were taken through a powerful microscope. Each paint was magnified to the same high degree. The astonishing contrast shows why Barreled Sunlight is so easy to keep clean. Its surface is smooth, even and non-porous. It resists dirt and can be washed like tile.

WHITE woodwork throughout the house from which the worst fingermarks can be washed quickly and easily! Kitchen walls as clean as your china plates — bathrooms as bright and sanitary as if they were tiled from floor to ceiling!

That's what Barreled Sunlight means in thousands of American homes today.

The photographs on the right tell an amazing story. They show why Barreled Sunlight *can't hold dirt* — why, no matter how soiled it becomes, it can be washed like tile.

The lustrous surface of Barreled Sunlight is so smooth that the finest particles of dust cannot get beneath it. Smudges cannot "sink in."

MADE by our exclusive Rice Process, Barreled Sunlight is guaranteed to remain white longer than any gloss paint or enamel, domestic or foreign, applied under the same conditions.

Barreled Sunlight costs less than enamel, is easy to apply and requires fewer coats. One coat is generally sufficient over a previously painted light surface. Where more than one coat is required use Barreled Sunlight Undercoat.

Barreled Sunlight comes ready-mixed in cans from half-pint to 5-gallon size — and in barrels and half-barrels. Can be readily tinted.

If your dealer cannot supply you, send coupon below with ten cents for a sample can, containing enough Barreled Sunlight to paint a bathroom cabinet, shelf, mirror, etc. — or any similar articles.

U. S. GUTTA PERCHA PAINT CO.
Factory and Main Offices:
15-B Dudley St., Providence, R. I.
Branches:
Borden Bldg., New York City
655 Washington Blvd., Chicago
36 O'Farrell Street, San Francisco
Distributors in all principal cities. Dealers everywhere.

7 things to know about Barreled Sunlight

1. Washes like tile
2. Easy to apply
3. Costs less than enamel
4. Requires fewer coats
5. Possesses a soft lustre peculiar to itself
6. Can be tinted any color
7. Guaranteed to remain white longer than any gloss paint or enamel, domestic or foreign, applied under the same conditions.

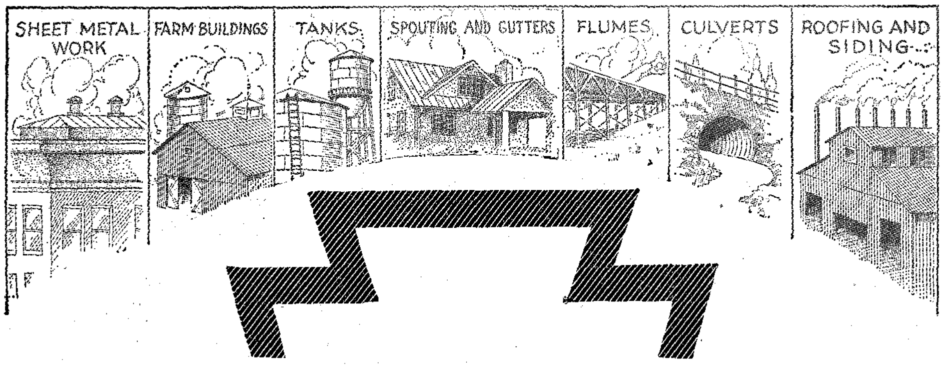
Save the surface and you save all

Send the coupon for sample can

U. S. GUTTA PERCHA PAINT CO.,
15-B Dudley Street, Providence, R. I.
Enclosed find ten cents for sample can of Barreled Sunlight to be mailed postpaid.
Name..............................
St. and No..............................
City.................State...........

Barreled Sunlight
THE RICE PROCESS WHITE

DO YOU require Steel Sheets and Tin Plates that will give maximum *rust-resistance?* Specify Keystone Copper Steel for all uses above or below the ground. The problem of securing increased service and durability from sheet metal has been effectively solved by this alloy of copper and steel.



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SPORTS AND ATHLETICS
Continued

days that the nation paid tribute to Chance's generalship by dubbing him "The Peerless Leader."

The Cubs slipt a cog in 1909, but the following year they led their league again. They lost in the world's series, however, with "Connie" Mack's Philadelphia Athletics.

The way in which Chance became part owner of his team is one of the great stories of baseball. It came about, he once narrated, because of a single play during a hot game in Cincinnati. The account we have been quoting tells the tale as follows:

It was 1906, and the Cubs were fighting hard for that pennant. They were in second place. There weren't many more games to play.

Chance hit safely and stole second with one out. Joe Tinker was at bat. He was famous as a swatsman in those days, and every one expected him to swing wide and heavy. But Chance had figured things out for just such a time as this. He gave Tinker the sign.

Then as the Cincinnati pitcher let go the ball the Peerless Leader streaked toward third. Tinker, as directed, laid down a bunt. Chance didn't stop. He shot across the base and sped toward home. He slid. Safe!

Next day Charles P. Taft, the new owner of the Cubs, sent for his manager.

"Frank," he said, "that was the greatest play I ever saw or ever expect to see. I'm going to show you that I appreciate your work and your efforts with the team. I'm going to let you buy a tenth interest in the club for $10,000."

That one play netted Chance $140,000. He sold out about the time he left the team in 1912, after a row with Pres. Charles W. Murphy. Then he went to Cincinnati, but he stayed only a short time.

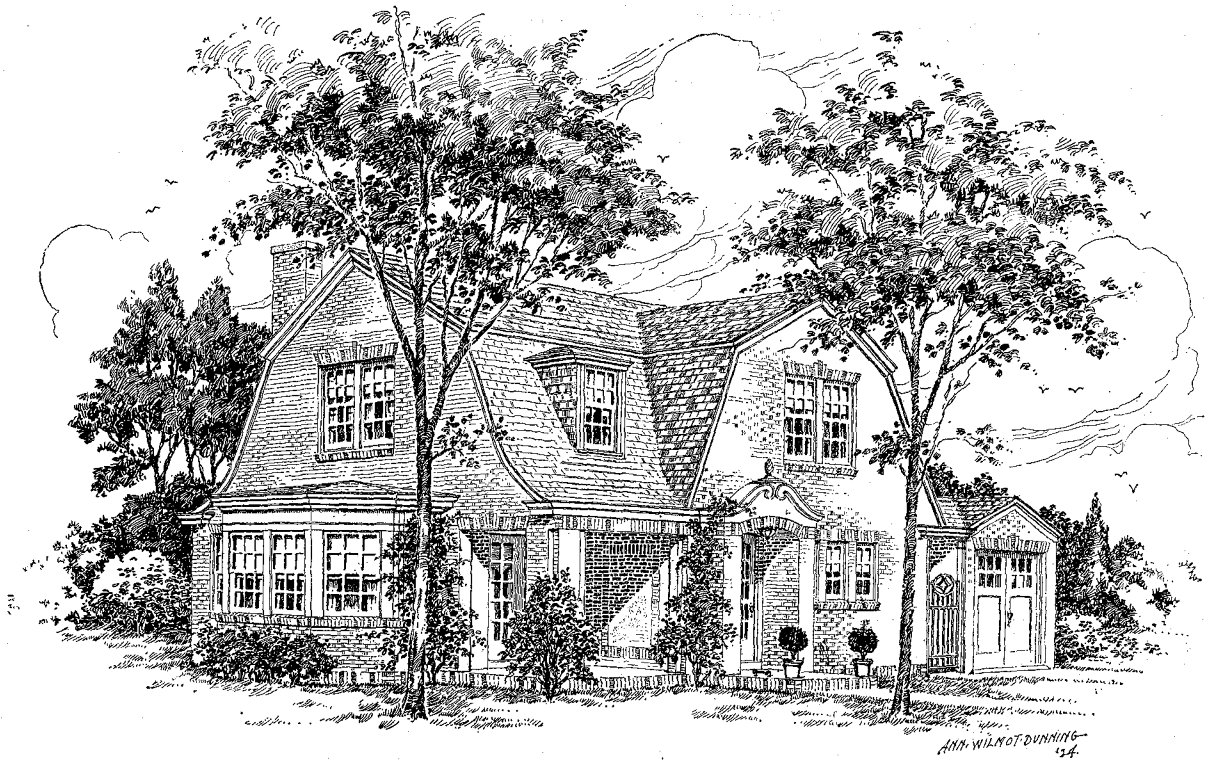
When he left the Cubs, Chance practically quit the game. He "came back" in 1914 for a season as manager of the New York Yankees, which was a badly disrupted team in those days. Then he retired to his famous Cubs Rancho at Glendora, California, not far from Los Angeles.

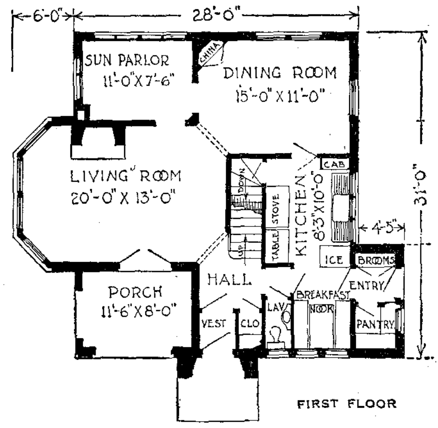
The old veteran of the diamond stayed there until last year. Meanwhile, he dabbled around in the game a bit, acting as adviser for the Los Angeles club of the Pacific coast League. Then, in 1923, he came East once more to manage the Boston Red Sox.

It was just about a year ago that the rumor passed around that the old Peerless Leader was coming back to Chicago. The rumor proved correct. Chicago welcomed him last spring when he detrained to lead the White Sox—the club that licked him in the old world's series scrap seventeen years before.

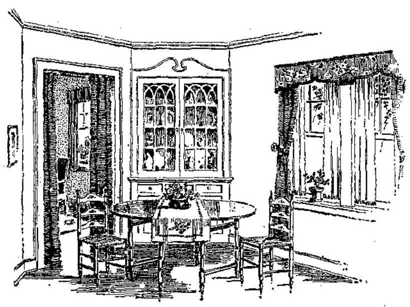
But Chance's health was failing and it became necessary for him to return to California.

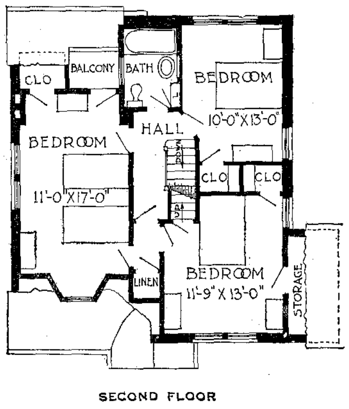
It was in California that Chance last participated in baseball, at the annual Old Timers' Day game in Los Angeles Many of Chance's old side-kicks were there, playing their heads off, but Chance


ANN WILMOT DUNNING '24


6'-0"
28'-0"
SUN PARLOR 11'-0"X7'-6"
CHINA
DINING ROOM 15'-0"X11'-0"
LIVING ROOM 20'-0"X13'-0"
CAB
KITCHEN 8'3"X10'-0"
STOVE
TABLE
4'-5"
31'-0"
ICE
BROOMS
ENTRY
HALL
BREAKFAST NOOK
LAV
PORCH 11'-6"X8'-0"
VEST
CLO
PANTRY
FIRST FLOOR

A·F·B·A
USE FACE BRICK
—it Pays




CLO
BALCONY
BATH
BEDROOM 10'-0"X13'-0"
HALL
BEDROOM 11'-0"X17'-0"
CLO
CLO
LINEN
BEDROOM 11'-9"X13'-0"
STORAGE
SECOND FLOOR

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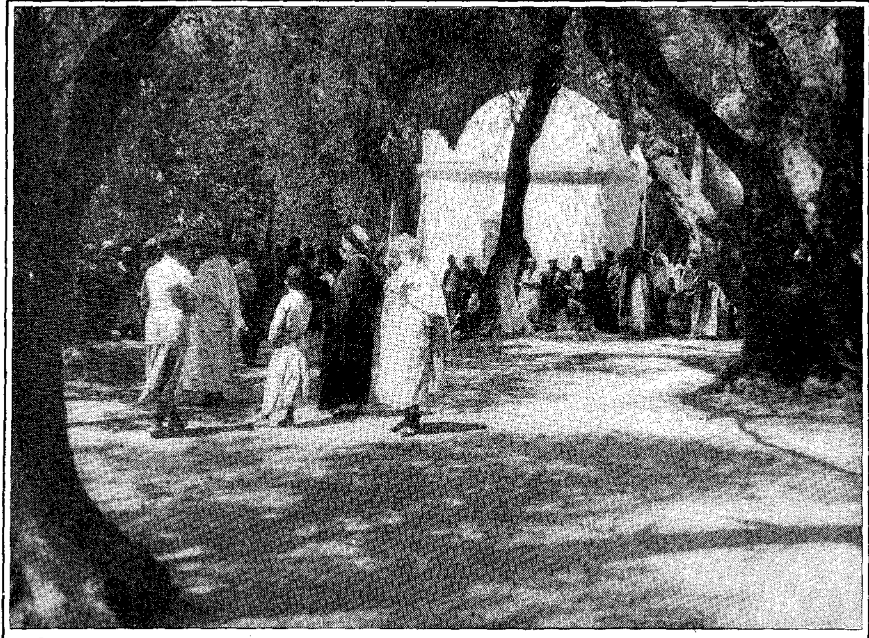

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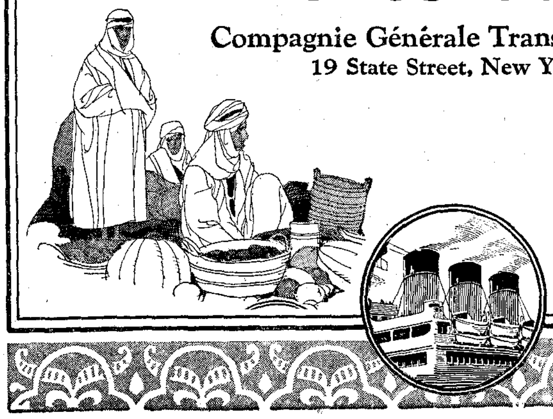

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SPORTS AND ATHLETICS

Continued

couldn't get in the game. On September 15, he died of the bronchial asthmatic affection which had brought his collapse in Chicago last spring. At the news a wave of remembrance and sorrow went across the country, while old friends like Barney Oldfield and Jim Jeffries vied in their condolences with "bank presidents, actors, jurists, reporters and trainmen."

"A clean, hard-playing, hard fighting manager, who never recognized defeat until the last man was out in the final inning" and who played the game of life the same way, says the Chicago *Evening Post*, and it continues significantly:

> But the fame and the influence of "The Peerless Leader" goes further than the profession which he so loved. For in the years from 1906 to 1912, when the Tinker to Evers to Chance infield combination was at the height of its fame with the Cubs, he was at once the inspiration and the idol of thousands of youngsters who haunted the vacant-lot diamonds and sought to emulate his prowess as an athlete.
>
> They failed, of course. But in these later years, they realize that, despite failure, they gained a love of good sportsmanship and of the cleanly and fairly played game which became invaluable in their mature vocations.

POLO, THE FATHER OF BASEBALL AS WELL AS CROQUET

ALL state officials were compelled to play polo, until certain eminent statesmen, being worn out and aged, tumbled off their ponies and lay on the ground unable to rise. Whereat the Emperor, the Empress and the court ladies were highly amused and "all shouted with laughter at the sight." We have had Tennis Cabinets and we have been threatened with Golf Cabinets, but a Polo Cabinet in this country seems far off. Is it possible that the above lively picture of polo at the Chinese Court in the eighth century may be repeated some day in America? Now that we have won the International Polo Matches again, the game may advance rapidly in popularity. It would be interesting to see the Secretary of State madly riding off the Postmaster-General, while the Secretary of Commerce with a terrific backhand swat lifts the ball out of danger so quickly that the Secretary of War's pony, swerving too sharply after it, throws him to the ground with a resounding thud. "A general was compensated for the loss of an eye during a spirited chukker by being promoted to President of the Board of Works," we are told. The horrifying possibilities of this precedent become manifest when we visualize a one-armed Director of the Budget, or a Chief Justice with a cauliflower ear. Worse is to come. In the year 881 A. D., the Emperor Hsi Tsung put to death an overzealous statesman who "usually objected to His Majesty's polo playing." If our President —but enough, one may grow too morbid. These and many more forebodings are suggested by an entertaining article in *The Polo Monthly* of London on the game as it used to be played in China.

Toss a polo ball into the street on market day, or into a caravanserai at twilight, suggests another writer, and see what happens. The place to try this is in the back hills of Persia or Afghanistan. The minute the ball hits the ground, we are told, there will be a rush toward it of the rag-tag and bob-tail of the town, mounted mostly on wiry little ponies. In a flash, most of the able-bodied population of the town, vaulting on the nearest horseflesh handy, will be in the mêlée. Crash! down the street they go, whacking at the ball, cannoning into each other and the roadside shops, upsetting counters of merchandise, stately palanquins, and bawling pack camels. Apparently, at the drop of the hat, a perfectly Donnybrook Fair of polo can be precipitated in such towns, sufficient to produce a business moratorium for several days. This sounds like the authentic homeland of polo to the casual reader who had supposed the English invented the game for the purpose of selling fancy ponies to American millionaires. As a matter of fact, we learn from still another article in the stoutly democratic Kansas City *Star*, the game is only a little older in England than America, and goes back to a surprizing past. Says this writer:

> Its origin is hidden in the mists of time, but it is pretty well established that the Persians were playing a game closely resembling the modern polo at least two thousand years ago. And researchers have found evidence that most of the modern ball games, including baseball in America and cricket in England, can trace their ancestry back to the ancient Persian sport. The word "polo," according to philologists, means, "ball," being derived from the Tibetan "pulu," which specifically signifies a ball of willow wood. And polo to-day is played with a ball of willow wood.
>
> Researchers, if they are ambitious, can nearly always start from almost nothing and arrive at almost anything. Therefore when they tell us that golf, croquet, basketball, shinny and all the rest of the ball-game tribe descended by one route or another from the ancient game of "pulu," as played by the wild riding horsemen of old Persia and Tibet, we have to believe them.
>
> Two thousand years of adaptations by many people, in many lands, under many conditions, naturally brought many changes in the game of polo, besides the numerous offshoot games played under other names. The Encyclopedia Britannica lists no less than twelve varieties, from the primitive form, consisting of feats of horsemanship and skill with stick and ball, down to the present English and American forms with their strict rules and highly developed organizations. In some countries and ages it was played with light wooden balls, as at present; in others balls of leather, paper or bamboo fiber. In some places it was a "nice" game, gently played; in others it

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SPORTS AND ATHLETICS

Continued

was as rough as football was in the old days.

From Persia, we learn, this game of wild nomads seems to have spread westward to Constantinople, then called Byzantium, and thence eastward through Turkestan to Tibet, China and Japan. From Tibet, the writer tells us, the game is supposed to have worked down into India, where the British learned it. How recent really is polo in England? Here is a little summary of its rise:

> Polo was introduced into England about the time of the Civil War in America and brought to this country a half dozen years later. The first match game in England was played by cavalrymen who had served in India. For a long time it was an Army game almost exclusively and, for that matter, still is, except where taken up by wealthy civilians. In the first English game, writes H. I. Brock in the New York *Times*, "one of the ivories from the mess billiard table" did substitute duty for the traditional willow ball. Afterward improvements were introduced. Ponies were brought over from Ireland to replace the unhandy regimental chargers as mounts, ash hockey sticks were employed and a white cricket ball replaced the one borrowed from billiards. With this equipment the Ninth Lancers were invited to a match with the Tenth Hussars, and the two regiments met, eight on a side, on famous Hounslow Heath. Other regiments took up the game, and in 1870 a team representing jointly the First Life Guards and the Royal Horse Guards, Blue, met in Richmond Park the combined teams of the two Indian regiments, the Tenth Hussars and the Ninth Lancers. After that Lillie Bridge became the headquarters of a polo club, but it was not long before the Hurlingham Club abandoned its traditional sport of pigeon shooting and took up the new game. Hurlingham's famous match-ground was laid out in 1873, and ever since it has been the official center of polo for all Europe and America. It has never been displaced by the other London clubs, Ranelagh and Roehampton, which entered the field later.
>
> James Gordon Bennett arranged the first game of polo in America in 1870 at Dickel's riding academy, Fifth Avenue and Thirty-ninth Street, New York, and later in the same year the play was transferred to the old Jerome Park track of the Westchester Racing Association. Among the earliest formal clubs to be founded on this side were the Westchester Polo Club of Newport in 1887 and the Meadow Brook Club in 1881. It was in 1886 that the Westchester Polo Club invited Hurlingham to play at Newport for the international challenge cup, which has been the emblem of polo preeminence ever since. Hurlingham carried the trophy away easily enough from that first team of American defenders, who, by general consent, were at that time better horsemen than poloists. That first team consisted of W. K. Thorne, P. Belmont, Foxhall Keene and Thomas Hitchcock, father of the young Thomas Hitchcock, one of the defenders of the same cup this year.
>
> American teams went after the lost cup in vain in 1900 and 1902, and it was only

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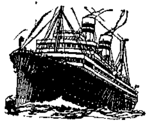

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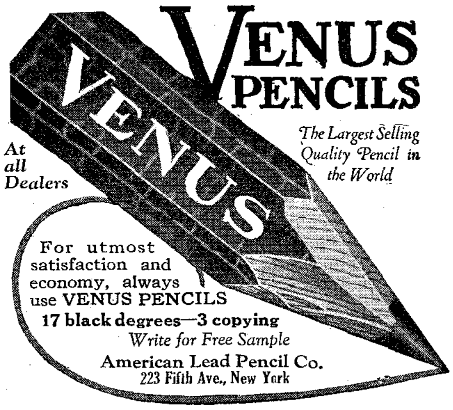

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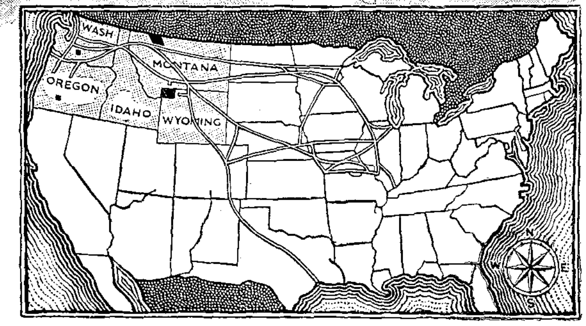

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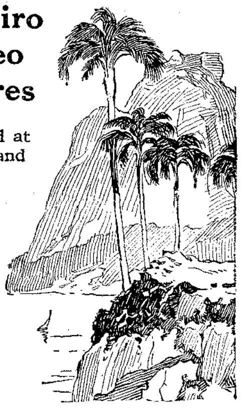

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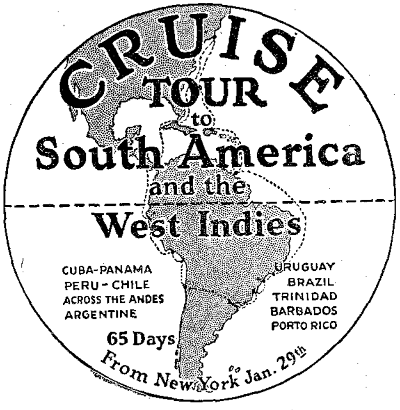

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SPORTS AND ATHLETICS
Continued

recaptured after seven years' preparation by Harry Payne Whitney's team in 1909—the famous "Big Four," made up of the Waterbury brothers, Whitney and Devereux Milburn. Held on this side by that same big four against all British comers in 1911 and 1913, it was again lost to the British in 1914 and remained with them while polo was adjourned for the duration of the war, in which so many British polo stars lost their lives.

In 1921, however, the cup was brought back from Hurlingham to Meadow Brook by an American team captained by Devereux Milburn of the original big four. It was this that brought a British expeditionary force to this country this year. And such was the interest in the effort to carry it back to England that a future king made a special trip over to see his future subjects perform.

How about the king who forced his aged statesmen to play a chukker or two before Cabinet meetings? This entertaining episode is related by a member of the Shanghai Polo Club in a recent number of the British *Polo Monthly* which is making a definite effort to develop the history and literature of this game. It is from a Chinese court circular of the eighth century he gathers the picture of the monarch and his gay court roaring with laughter as his aged counselors came a cropper. But a day of reckoning came for his son, who was deposed in 756 A. D. "One of his failings," says the circular, "was a habit of returning to the palace in broad daylight very drunk from polo." The writer comments:

A pastime which raised so disastrous a thirst in royalty naturally attracted disfavor from contemporary moralists and efficiency experts. But the Emperor Hsi Tsung of the T'ang dynasty persisted, for all that, in a fondness not less for polo than for football and cock-fighting. Also in the tenth century an emperor flourished who "played polo to excess." Thereupon his majesty's Ministers of State expostulated:

"To jump on a horse and swing a club, galloping madly here and there, with no distinction of rank, but only eager to be first and to win, is destructive of all ceremony between sovereign and subject."

Polo as a mounted game was played during the T'ang dynasty, which reigned in the sixth and seventh centuries A. D., the sport having been acquired from the conquered Mongols, a race of centaurs, men and women. The mounts of these ancient players were pure-bred Mongolian ponies, 13 hands, 2 inches in height, and it is precisely this same breed which supplies the mounts to the foreigners who play polo in the treaty ports of China to-day.

In China, as in India, there is a gap of two centuries in the record, "the galloping game," as the sporting writers are fond of calling it, not emerging again into the limelight till the twelfth century, when the "ruling monarch, in order that the game might be played regularly, had his fields covered with a kind of oiled cloth well sprinkled with sand whenever rain, wind or other adverse climatic conditions were likely to prevent play."

Once this particular emperor, who was a

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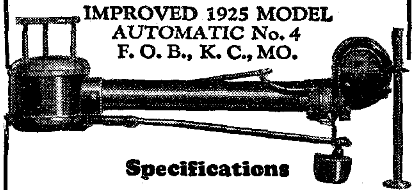

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player himself, lost control of his pony, this record tells us. The animal bolted under a veranda, the eaves of which were very low. The pony got through, but the royal rider was left hanging by his hands to the lintel. Like a true monarch he remained quite calm. Gently lowered to the ground by obsequious attendants, he pointed in the direction taken by the runaway and coolly gave orders for the beast's capture. At which the loyal spectators set up a shout of "Long live the emperor!"

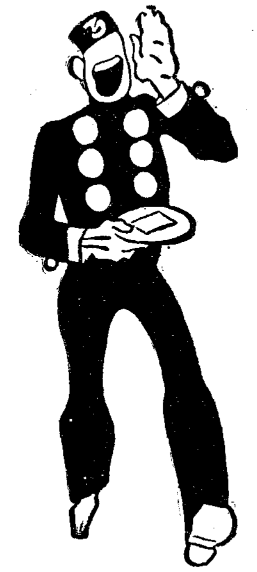
"LICKING-THE-BRITISH" WEEK

IN all the "high hat" sports, or at least those that used to be so-called before slam-bang American methods popularized them, the United States is giving Old England a terrible trimming this year. Letting the eagle scream, being "one of the best things of which we do anything of," as the vivid, if not too grammatical phrase puts it, all loyal Americans are thereby encouraged by an exultant press to take another carefree twist at the well-known lion's tail. In one day, points out Mr. Hearst's *American*, to wit, Saturday, September 13, the United States won four international athletic victories in golf, sailing, tennis and polo.

Under the eyes of the Prince of Wales, who came to this country especially to see the struggle, "the incomparable American polo team routed the pick of Great Britain by the unprecedented score of sixteen goals to five." This is count one in the *American's* specification. Incidentally, of course, it is to be noted that America's polo team subsequently won the next game and with it the cup and series.

On the same day the American amateur golf team defended the Walker Cup against British invaders, winning six out of eight single matches after having won three of the four two-ball foursomes the day before. Francis Ouimet, Chick Evans, Jess Guilford, Bobby Jones, Bob Gardner, and Dr. Willing, all won for America, some by very narrow margins, it is true, while Cyril Tolley and the Hon. Michael Scott for Great Britain defeated Max Marston and Jess Sweetser respectively. Count two.

In Philadelphia, the American tennis team completed their victorious defense of the Davis Cup. The defeated challengers were not from Great Britain this time, it is true, but they were their cousins, the Australians, and that is near enough for our jubilant sports writers. "Big Bill" Tilden and Vincent Richards defeated Wood and Patterson in singles, after Tilden and "Little Bill" Johnston had defeated the same pair in doubles the day before. Altogether in the five contests on three successive days, the invaders had won only one set. In fact, the victory of America's team was the most decisive the United States has scored in five successive years, and, as *The Times* puts it, "comes



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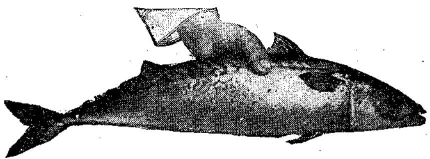

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SPORTS AND ATHLETICS
Continued

near being the most overwhelming known in the history of international matches."

That same Saturday afternoon on Long Island Sound, the American fleet of four six-meter racing sloops had outsailed the British in their sixth match by a score of 19¼ points to 17, the American boats taking first and third places. This would have given another British-American Cup to the country by a score of four victories to two. But, in this sport, the American victory was not destined to stick, and the exultant editors turned out to be a little too previous. We may have outsailed the British, but we didn't beat them.

For the *Dauphin*, which won the race, was charged with having interfered with the British boat *Betty*, altho her skipper, "Corny" Shields, entered counter-charges in one of those part tack-starboard tack controversies. The racing committee, according to the New York *Tribune*, was still struggling with this problem, when Shields, to end the situation, asked that the *Dauphin* be disqualified and the race given to Great Britain, altho many experts had held his case the better one. This action left the race score three to three, until the next day the British fleet won handily by 21¼ to 15 points, taking the series and with it permanent possession of the British-American Cup which has been raced for in "four of the finest series in international yachting." The incident, agree most writers, has established a fine precedent for international races in the true spirit of sportsmanship.

America's international athletic victories on the aforementioned Saturday were, thinks the editor of *The American*, a "fitting sequel to her display of military manhood on Defense Day—Friday." Other writers suggest that whether two million or 319,381 men "rushed to arms" on Friday, what we did in athletics the next day is a much better indication of America's manhood. Lest we take it too seriously, however, one wag in the New York *World* expresses grave fears as to the nerve strain of so many "crooshal" series.

The week, says he, should have been called Sport Week, consisting as it did of "heavyweight championships, international polo, both big leagues resembling abattoirs, all mixed up with horse-racing and tennis and golf." There were ten major events on the card, says he, and the country is only just beginning to remember that after all, "there's a President to be elected pretty soon."

Thereupon he proceeds to relate the pathetic tale of one Peter Fitts, who so adjusted his twinplex tripledyne radio set that all the sport returns began coming in at the same instant. "Come on, you Zev!" cried Peter. "Oh, what a slam—what inning is it?—And America keeps

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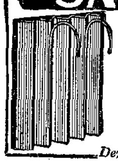

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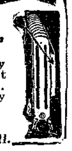

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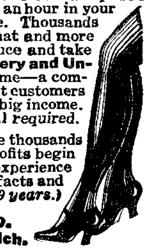

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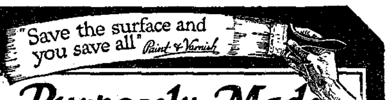
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the cup and makes the green in two.—Oh, you Washingtons—first in war and two goals in the fourth chukker!" Saddened relatives tried to hold him in bed and hush his feverish cries, while his relentless radio ground out the following chant:

"This is station KDKAWXJEAZFOW. The boys are in top-notch condition and as the first ball was pitched Epinard broke clean and scored two goals on a mashie pitch that just cleared the rightfield stands and narrowly missed killing Tilden's backhand three inches from the cup where the entire Washington team was protesting the decision which was awarded to McGraw on points just as the chukker ended. Listen to the cheering!"

A mighty roar surged from the loud-speaker. At its sound Fitts sat up in bed. A seraphic smile spread over his face.

"So the Prince of Wales won the National League pennant after all!" said Peter Fitts, and turned his face to the wall. All heads were bowed for a moment in silent grief. Then Mrs. Fitts spoke.

"Has any one got a hammer?" she asked.

The undertaker, who had dropt in on the chance of something coming his way, silently handed her the implement. Mrs. Fitts went into the next room, and the loud-speaker suddenly stopt functioning. There followed a confused sound of breaking glass and crunching ebonite. One by one we watchers stole away. It was no moment to intrude on a widow's grief, particularly when she is conducting ceremonies with an undertaker's hammer.

Outside, in the street, the undertaker sighed and spoke to me.

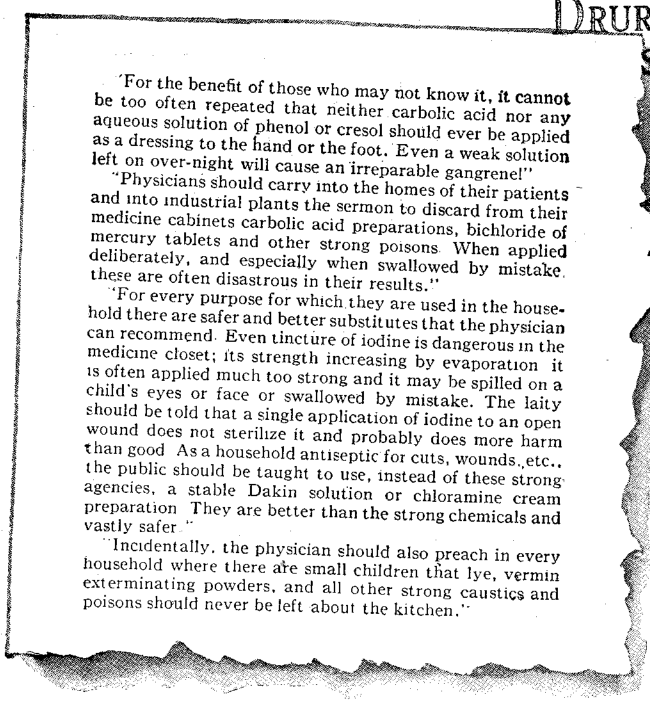
"I wish she'd waited till we got the fourth race," he said.

If America is becoming effeminate and decadent, the *American's* editor sees no sign of it in our athletic record. This is a year, says he, of American victories in international athletics which makes every one of us proud. He continues:

> The American, Walter Hagen, for the second time, won the professional golf championship of England, which is the championship of the world. A Yonkers boy of twenty-one years, Vincent Richards, won the Olympic tennis championship in Paris. American athletes swept through the Olympic games like a forest fire, carrying off all the premier honors in track athletics, wrestling, boxing, rowing, Rugby football and swimming. In swimming, the only Olympic team event in Paris open to women, our girls likewise made a clean sweep. Helen Wills, an eighteen-year-old California school girl won the women's tennis crown in the Olympics.

This may very well be, points out the New York *Times*, but the sports laurel is, after all, not the best one that ever entwined the brow of a nation. Whereupon he "gives us to pause" as follows:

> If the set international contests had been in literature or art or music, we might not have come off so gloriously. Even in science and in some aspects of government and public administration America is not yet ready to challenge all the world. What we need is to transfer to other provinces of life and of human endeavor the concentrated attention, the unsparing discipline and the selection of the best which we have so successfully exemplified and justified in the sphere of athletics.



"For the benefit of those who may not know it, it cannot be too often repeated that neither carbolic acid nor any aqueous solution of phenol or cresol should ever be applied as a dressing to the hand or the foot. Even a weak solution left on over-night will cause an irreparable gangrene!"

"Physicians should carry into the homes of their patients and into industrial plants the sermon to discard from their medicine cabinets carbolic acid preparations, bichloride of mercury tablets and other strong poisons. When applied deliberately, and especially when swallowed by mistake, these are often disastrous in their results."

"For every purpose for which they are used in the household there are safer and better substitutes that the physician can recommend. Even tincture of iodine is dangerous in the medicine closet; its strength increasing by evaporation it is often applied much too strong and it may be spilled on a child's eyes or face or swallowed by mistake. The laity should be told that a single application of iodine to an open wound does not sterilize it and probably does more harm than good. As a household antiseptic for cuts, wounds, etc., the public should be taught to use, instead of these strong agencies, a stable Dakin solution or chloramine cream preparation. They are better than the strong chemicals and vastly safer."

"Incidentally, the physician should also preach in every household where there are small children that lye, vermin exterminating powders, and all other strong caustics and poisons should never be left about the kitchen."

". . . discard from medicine cabinets carbolic acid preparations, bichloride of mercury . . . and other strong poisons."

"Even tincture of iodine is dangerous in the medicine closet."

"as a household antiseptic for cuts, wounds, etc., the public should be taught to use . . . a stable Dakin solution . . . ."

Noted surgeon warns against poisons in the household

EVERY adult, and especially every parent, ought to become familiar with the modern scientific view of antiseptics, as set forth in this article in the American Journal of Surgery (May, 1924).

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SCIENCE AND INVENTION
Continued

DISTORTION: FOE OF RADIO

DISTORTION causes more trouble in radio than static, yet books have been written about static, and distortion seems to have been taken for granted, says Pearcy W. Mack, vice-president of the Acme Apparatus Company, writing for *Radio Press Service* (New York). "Yet the fact is," Mr. Mack points out, "that static is a natural, uncontrollable function of the elements, while distortion is a controllable phenomenon of man-made apparatus. He goes on:

Amplification, which in essence is the multiplication of sound in both transmitter and receiver, eliminates distance and permits a room or hall full of people to be entertained simultaneously. It is not enough, however, just to amplify. With the vacuum tube, amplification can easily be obtained, but to secure amplification without distortion, requires skill and knowledge acquired by long study and development. When Chicago hears the opera singer's voice from Boston sound like cat-calls, you have amplification—but you also have distortion. The source may be excellent, but the energy of the voice goes through so many pieces of apparatus and changes in form that, unless great care is taken it reaches the ear garbled and unrecognizable.

Books by the score and newspaper articles by the million have been written on how to secure satisfactory radio reception, but after all the one indispensable fundamental essential is undistorted amplification. The amplifying transformer, which is the heart of the set, determines the reception. Without a good transformer, all the other parts and equipment, whatever the cost and however elaborate and expensive, can not produce good results.

A good broadcasting station transmits radiotelephony with practically no distortion: that is, the public have available a source of radio energy for entertainment and education. The receiving process may briefly be described. The receiving antenna absorbs a small portion of the available radio energy, bringing it unchanged to the living-room table. Here it is transformed in one of several ways, depending on the type of radio receiver used, into audio energy. We have found the simple, vario-coupler method to be the best method of tuning and preparing the radio energy either for amplification while the energy exists at radio frequencies, or for detection, or the changing from radio to audio energy; and the vario-coupler does not distort.

The next step is to decide from what distance one wishes to receive broadcasting or signals, and whether head-phones or a so-called loud-speaker will be used. Let us start with the simple set known as the crystal detector oufit.

A crystal detector may be connected to a vario-coupler, and when using head-phones, very good reception may be obtained. The slight chances of distortion lie only in the head-phones, as the crystal detector is almost a perfect detector; in other words, the radio energy is changed to audio without distortion. As a rule, head-phones have a natural audio period which makes voice frequencies of this period louder than those of other periods. This is known as resonance or the relatively free passage of energy at one frequency and the suppression of the energy at other frequencies. On the head-phones, however, this resonance phenomena is considerably reduced when worn against the ears, on account of damping or suppression of energy at all frequencies.

The crystal detector set is limited in reception distance and restricted to the use of head-phones. Therefore, in order to increase its receiving range or to add a loud-speaker, amplifying apparatus must be employed, bringing in a new source of distortion, unless care is exercised in the selection and use of this apparatus.

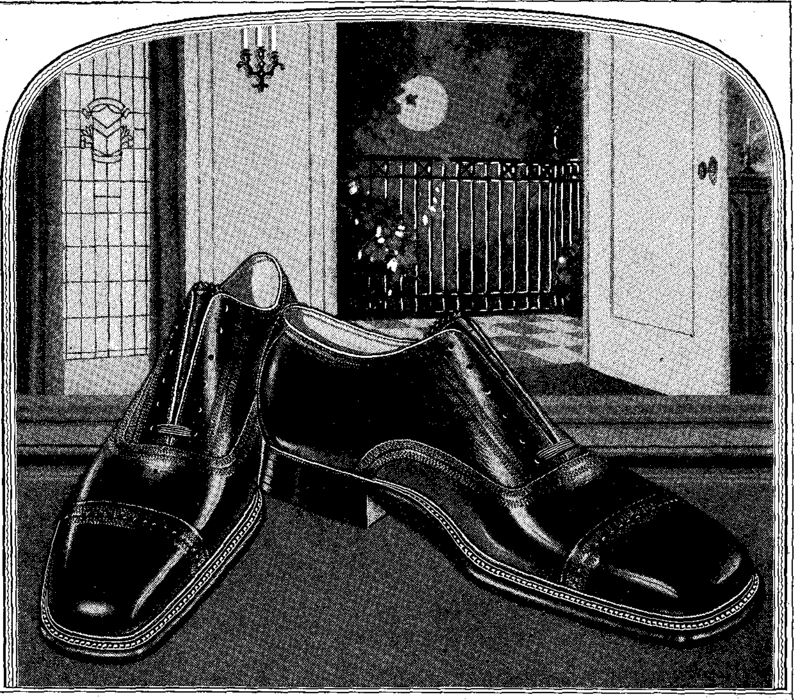
To increase the range of a crystal set, radio-frequency amplification should be used; that is, the energy is increased at the receiving station while it exists as radio, after transfer by the vario-coupler and before rectification or change from radio to audio by the crystal detector. For such amplification a radio-frequency-amplifying transformer and accessory apparatus are necessary, but with the proper apparatus, correctly connected, no distortion occurs, even tho several stages of amplification are used.

The next simple set is the single vacuum tube detector set. Here the complicated nature of the detector tube characteristics, as compared with the crystal detector allows a new source of distortion. More adjustment and variables enter into the operation, and its ability to oscillate opens up another phase.

To increase the volume of a crystal detector or vacuum-tube set, audio-frequency amplification must be used: that is, the energy is increased at the receiving station after it has been changed from radio to audio by the detector. Distortion is much more liable to occur in an audio-frequency amplifier than in a radio-frequency amplifier because the energy is being handled at frequencies most easily distorted.

In the transformer the voice currents are transferred from one circuit to another through a magnetic field. These two circuits are not conductively connected. Before the days of broadcasting, amplifying transformers were purposely made to have an audio resonance around 1,000 cycles, so that the prevailing spark frequencies used in radiotelegraphy would have free passage through them. But telephony deals with many frequencies simultaneously so that it becomes necessary to eliminate resonance from the transformer. Resonance in the transformer allows one or a few frequencies to come through much more easily than others, causing great distortion. If two or three stages of audio-frequency are used, any distortion occurring in the first stage is amplified by the succeeding ones in addition to what every distortion these succeeding ones introduce.

To understand the loud-speaker, the meaning of resonance must be thoroughly appreciated. How distortion may occur in a telephone receiver or head-set has already been mentioned. This is another example of resonance, which may be termed the friend and foe of the radio. Without it we could not have radio, because we could not efficiently transmit or receive, yet with it we may have distortion. Hence resonance is a friend only while the energy exists at radio-frequencies (example, tuning and selectivity), and a foe while it exists at audio-frequencies (example, distortion).



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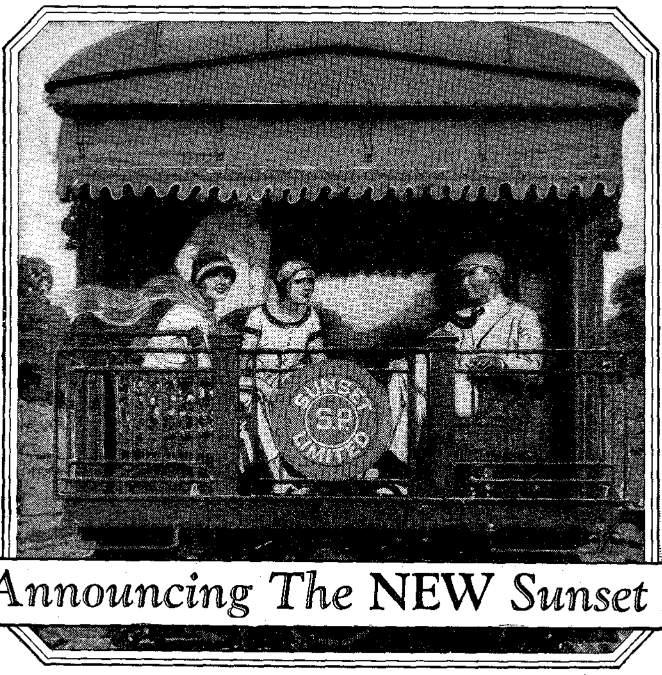

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INVESTMENTS ▾ AND ▾ FINANCE

GERMANY AS A TRADE RIVAL UNDER THE DAWES PLAN

OUR official authorities on commercial matters express no fear of the effects of German competition following the revival of German export trade under the stimulus of the Dawes plan. Their conclusions have already been noted in another department of THE LITERARY DIGEST. Attention, however, should be called to the efforts which will be made in Germany to acquire new markets and regain old ones, and to certain expert estimates of the result of such campaigns. In a leading article in *Export Herold* (Berlin) it is noted that "German industry and trade are energetically proceeding with their policy of rationalizing and perfecting methods of production, and are calculating prices in the strictest manner possible." In the same periodical we read that the German export business in agricultural machinery is increasing and is crowding out the United States in Chile, for instance. On the other hand, there is a cheerful note for American industry in the prediction that when frontiers are thrown open German buyers will, in spite of the excellence of the new models of German automobiles, "turn to the cheap American car on account of its low price." But the German Government intends to do its best to stimulate exports and severely restrict imports, *The Bache Review* hears from Berlin. The Ministry of Railroads intends to reduce freight rates on exports. "Tariffs on imports, unless special terms are successfully exacted by the Allies, will be revised upward," and *The Bache Review's* informant continues:

> These alterations will be inspired by the consideration that exports must greatly exceed imports if available reparations funds are to be created. Duties on raw materials, metals and semi-manufactured materials are to be kept low. But high tariffs are to be looked for on textiles, manufactured tobaccos, tinned foods, cotton yarns, automobiles, motorcycles, pneumatic tires, etc. The recent reimposition of the British 26 per cent. duty on German goods indicates the British apprehension of the possible severity of approaching German competition in the home market. The French are considering a similar 26 per cent. levy on German imports. The German policy envisaged means that she will buy to capacity such raw materials and other goods as she can reexport after value has been added thereto by German labor, but will take almost heroic measures to restrict importation of goods that would be domestically consumed.

Philip Snowden, British Chancellor of the Exchequer, has remarked that the Allies may "find a greater difficulty in receiving reparations than Germany will experience in providing them," and the Alexander Hamilton Institute's *Business Conditions Weekly* takes this as a text for its discussion of what Germany has to sell and where she can sell it. In 1911, Germany's three great items of export were metal products, agricultural products and textiles. Now these goods, we are told, are likely to be sold chiefly in the Allied countries, for "it is a mistake to believe that Germany can obtain this money by competing with France, England and the United States in foreign trade in South America, Asia, and other overseas markets. Germany's biggest markets will always be in France, Great Britain, the United States and the countries immediately surrounding her borders." Exports, we are reminded, depend on population and purchasing power, and so the countries which bought the most German goods in 1911 are likely to continue to provide the bulk of purchasing power in foreign trade. These were Germany's chief customers in the year mentioned:

German Exports, 1911 (marks,

Great Britain	1,139,000,000
Austria-Hungary	918,000,000
United States	640,000,000
Russia	612,000,000
France	598,000,000
Netherlands	532,000,000
Switzerland	482,000,000
Italy	347,000,000
Sweden	192,000,000
Norway	124,000,000
Total	5,584,000,000

The relative unimportance of Germany's South American and Asiatic markets shown by these figures:

German Exports, 1911 (marks)

Argentina	255,000,000
Brazil	152,000,000
Japan	112,000,000
India	99,000,000
China	72,000,000

A writer on the market page of the New York *Times* takes up this question of the effect of competition from Germany, remarking that, first of all, there is the unescapable tendency of trade to go back to its former, or pre-war, channels. Much of the trade which America captured from Germany will be lost again. In some cases it was the cheapness of Germany's goods which commended them, and then there are articles like chemicals and potash, "in which the Germans either have the monopoly, or a supremacy gained by long experience, which they will exploit to the utmost." But the main question is whether the German competition will be fiercer than it was before the war, and this question is answered as follows:

> To begin with, there was always an excess of merchandise imports into Germany over the exports from there. The so-called invisible exports, such as ship freights insurance, tourist receipts, and the

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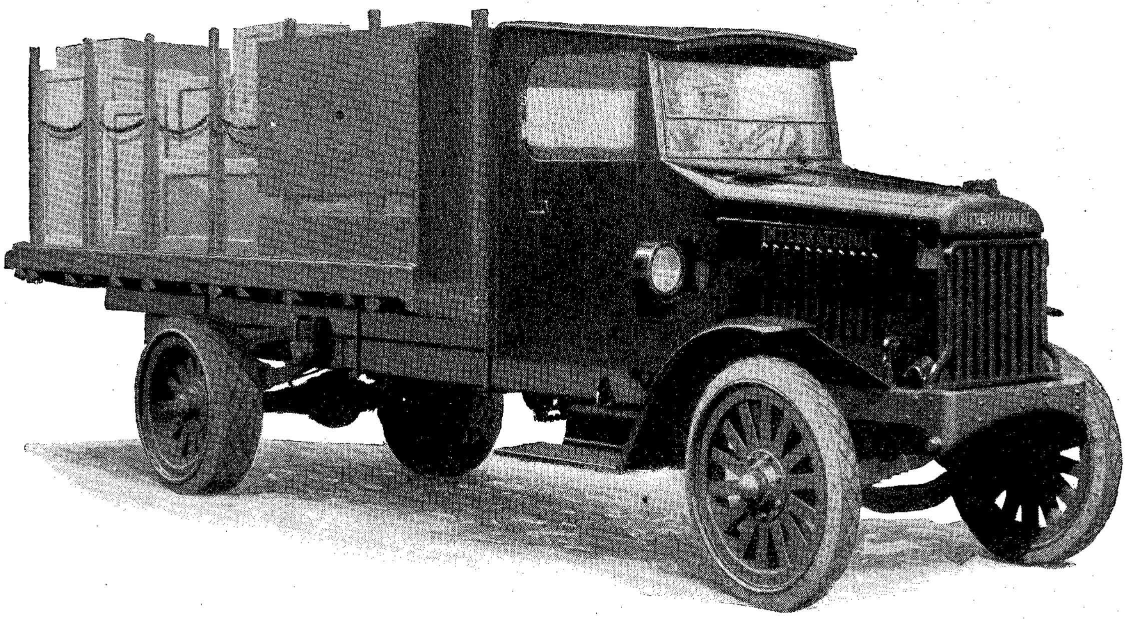

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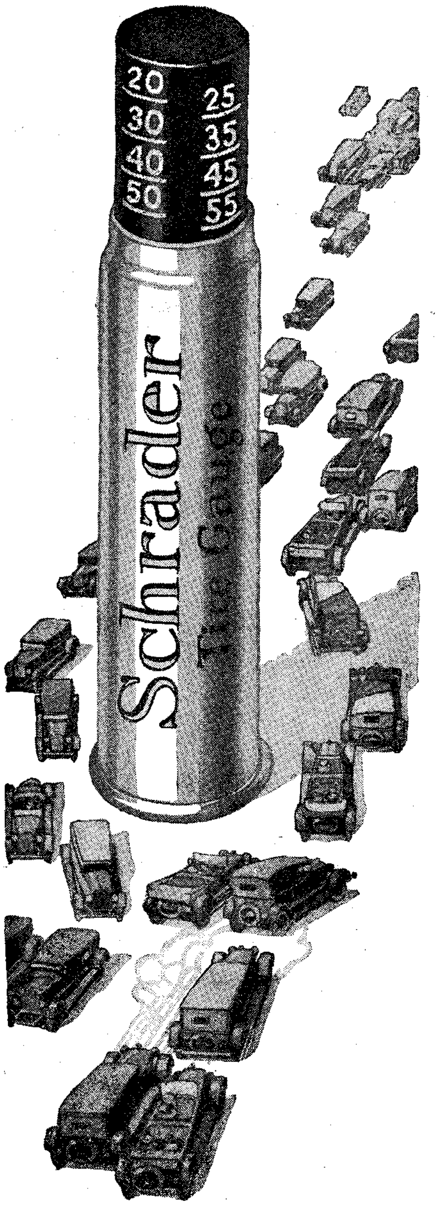

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INVESTMENTS AND FINANCE
Continued

like, made up an actual favorable balance of trade. In 1912 the excess of merchandise imports was $413,000,000, and in 1913 it was $160,000,000. The distribution of Germany's foreign trade before the war has a significance at present because, now that some kind of stability is in sight, it is likely to be duplicated. The best customer of the Teutons was Great Britain, which country took nearly one-seventh of the German exports and furnished about 8 per cent. of the imports. Three-fifths of the German imports came from seven countries in this order: United States, Russia, Great Britain, Austria-Hungary, France, British India, and Argentina. Of the German exports, three-quarters went to nine countries in this order: Great Britain, Austria-Hungary, Russia, France, United States, Holland, Belgium, Switzerland, and Italy. German imports from this country in 1913 were $407,246,000. Of this amount, 68 per cent. was in the following six categories: Cotton, copper, wheat, lard, raw furs and kerosene. Imports of German goods into this country in 1913 footed up $169,739,000. The only kinds amounting in value to $3,000,000 or over were potash, toys, coal-tar dyes, raw furs, calf-skins, glacé gloves and cotton lace. In the fiscal year ended with June 30 last the imports from Germany amounted to $146,816,067, a slight gain over the year before, while the exports to Germany were $378,350,363 in value, which was an increase of about $85,000,000 over those of the preceding year.

In value there is not a great deal of difference between the imports and exports from and to Germany from this country in 1913 and ten years later. But the differences in price levels have to be considered. In terms of commodities, the Germans last year took about five-eighths of the quantities which they did in 1913 and sent here about two-thirds of what they used to. But it is noteworthy that the principal items in both imports and exports remain the same. This also appears to hold true of German trade with other countries in the main, altho some dislocations caused by the war still remain. Among the latter may be mentioned the loosening of the grip which Germans used to have on the non-ferrous metals, the vegetable oil seed industry and the coal-tar products. As to some of these, the Germans are getting a profit indirectly through plants owned by them in foreign countries. Raw materials for German industries come mainly from abroad, and the bulk of German exports is of manufactured articles. This is bound to continue, and whatever competition these products encounter abroad must be overcome by greater skill or lower production costs, and competitors are well aware of this. Some of the unscrupulous methods resorted to by German industrialists before the war are no longer available, and this will tend to make competition less severe. The Webb-Pomerene act, permitting combinations among American exporters, will prevent German manufacturers from playing off one producer here against another, so as to obtain raw materials at lower cost. Taking all things together, it looks hardly probable that German competition will be any more severe, even if it will be as much so, as it was in the days before the war.

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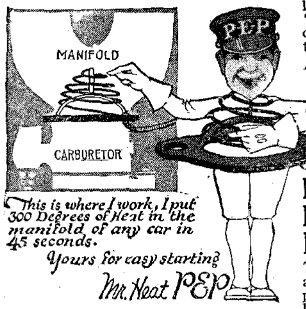
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CURRENT EVENTS

FOREIGN

September 17.—An earthquake in Armenia is reported to have destroyed 102 villages and to have killed hundreds of people.

September 18.—The Peking Government announces the outbreak of general civil war in China and rushes troops to meet Chang Tso-lin's Manchurian Army advancing south toward the Great Wall and Peking.

September 20.—The Spanish forces in Morocco win an important victory over the rebellious Moorish tribesmen by the capture of Gorgues, a strategic mountainous position.

The Chekiang forces defending Shanghai on the front, between the Shanghai-Nanking railway and Kiating, push the invading Kiangsu forces back, strengthen their lines and regain positions near Hwangtu, fifteen miles west of Shanghai. From Mukden it is reported that the second Army of Chang Tso-lin has routed forces of the Peking Government near Jehol, northeast of Peking.

A treaty of arbitration is signed at Rome by representatives of the Italian and Swiss Governments.

September 21.—Chang Tso-lin, Manchurian war-lord, requests the American and British consuls to warn their countrymen at Chinwangtao, a gulf port on the Manchurian-Chihli border, and at Shanhaikwan, an adjoining town, of his intention to bomb these places.

September 22.—The disarmament commission of the League of Nations agrees on a plan which provides arbitration for all disputes and for security for countries like France and Belgium, and arranges for an international conference for armament reduction in June, 1925, to which the United States and other nations not members of the League will be invited. The plan awaits ratification by the League.

September 23.—Gen. Chang Tso-lin captures Chaoyang, a town in the north of Chihli Province, according to a dispatch from Chang's headquarters.

The German Government decides to apply for membership in the League of Nations.

DOMESTIC

September 17.—The American round-the-world flyers reach Omaha, Nebraska, from Chicago, en route to their starting-point, California.

Delegates representing the 14,000 employees in the Amoskeag textile mills at Manchester, New Hampshire, unanimously accept a 10 per cent. wage reduction to go in effect October 1, after which the mills will operate as near to full time as possible.

Thirty-five bodies have been recovered from the Kemmerer coal-mine at Sublet, Wyoming, recently wrecked by an explosion, it is announced. Twelve miners escaped.

The Federal Trade Commission announces that the United States Steel Corporation and other leading steel and iron concerns have decided to obey the order of the Commission to desist from the "Pittsburgh plus" price practise.

September 18.—American insurance companies receive awards totaling $66,000,000 from the Mixed Claims Commission, which is dealing with claims

is Your town exposed to this peril?

In La Plata, Missouri, a town of 2000, near Kansas City, a bond issue proposal to erect a waterworks was twice defeated.

Fire originated in a defective stove in a department store during a Christmas celebration. Heroic efforts were made to check the blaze with bucket brigades and a chemical fire-fighting apparatus, but nine business buildings and stores—practically half the business section—were left in charred ruins.

The same disaster may occur in towns which have a waterworks system which is defective or inadequate.

Ironton, Missouri, suffered a fire loss of $50,000 on account of an insufficient supply of water. Three days later the citizens voted for a waterworks system to cost $40,000.

Regarded as fire insurance, health insurance, and promotion of all the vital interests of a town, a good waterworks system is cheap at almost any price. Yet it costs ordinarily, to each inhabitant, less than five cents a day.

A water supply system of Cast Iron Pipe can always be depended upon. Cast Iron Pipe will never rust out. When outgrown, it can be taken up and re-laid elsewhere. It lasts literally for centuries.

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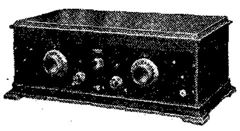

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CURRENT EVENTS

Continued

against Germany arising out of the World War. The awards are chiefly for losses on hulls and cargoes.

September 19.—James A. Drain, an attorney of Washington, is elected national commander of the American Legion at the closing session of the sixth annual convention, at St. Paul, Minnesota.

Awards to American claimants in five *Lusitania* cases, totaling more than $97,000, are made by the Mixed Claims Commission.

September 20.—The Army round-the-world flyers reach Fort Bliss, Texas.

September 21.—Tornadoes in Wisconsin, Minnesota, the Dakotas and northern Iowa cause the death of sixty people and damage estimated to be in excess of $1,500,000. Fifty-three are killed in Wisconsin.

The Prince of Wales ends his vacation on Long Island, and leaves for his ranch in Alberta, Canada.

The Army round-the-world flyers arrive in Tucson, Arizona.

September 22.—A cablegram received by the War Department from Gov.-Gen. Leonard Wood reports that political agitation in the Philippines is subsiding, and that economic and agricultural conditions are good.

The first round-the-world flight is completed when the American Army aviators reach Rockwell Field, San Diego, from which they started last March.

September 23.—The State Department, it is announced in Washington, last June directed all United States consuls in foreign service to decline to clear vessels on which liquor for beverage purposes is loaded and destined for the Philippine Islands, it being held that the Volstead Law applies to the Philippines as well as to continental United States. The announcement is made because of confusion as to the status of the Volstead Law in the Philippines.

Brig.-Gen. Charles E. Sawyer, physician to the late President Harding, dies suddenly at his home in Marion, Ohio. Dr. Sawyer was born in Nevada, Ohio, on January 24, 1860.

CIVILIZATION'S MONUMENTS

Stranger in City—"What is that splendid structure whose golden dome I see rising above the sky-line in the distance? Is it some church?"

Local Citizen—"No, that is our new filling station, which breaks all records for size and cost."

Stranger—"And what is that monumental edifice on the next square? Perhaps it is the city library."

Citizen—"No, that is the new moving-picture theater."

Stranger—"Now don't disappoint me this time. What is that wonderful sky-scraper over there, which seems to be as busy as a hive of bees? Is that the college?"

Citizen—"No, that is our radio bargain house."

Stranger—"Just one more and then I'll let you go. What is that colossal specimen of architecture which towers like a giant over all the other objects in the business district?"

Citizen—"Oh, that's the five-and-ten store."—*Pathfinder.*

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The dentist uses powder to clean your teeth. There is just sufficient grip and bite in Calox to remove the film placques from the teeth. The oxygen developed in Calox is purifying, kills germs and helps preserve the teeth.

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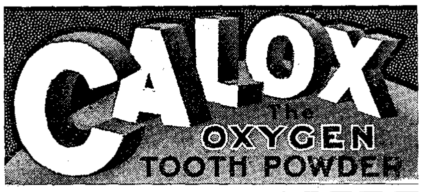

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THE LEXICOGRAPHER'S EASY CHAIR

To decide questions concerning the correct use of words for this column, the Funk & Wagnalls New Standard Dictionary is consulted as arbiter.

Readers will please bear in mind that no notice will be taken of anonymous communications.

arrive at or **in**—"H. M. F.," Hollywood, Calif.—The rule regarding "I arrived *in* Paris this morning" or "I arrived *at* Paris this morning" is as follows: always *in* a country; either *at* or *in* a city, town or village; *at*, if the place is regarded as a point; *in*, if it is inclusive.

"We arrived *at* Paris"; "He lives *in* London", "There are three churches *in* this village." In England the use of *in* before towns and cities is more restricted than in the United States; the distinction observed there between *at* and *in* often seems arbitrary.

bring, carry, take—"A. M. E.," Cloquet, Minn.—If an object is to be moved from the place we occupy, it is *carried* away; if to the place we occupy, it is *brought*. *Taken* is often used in this sense in the place of *carried*. Being at home, it would be correct to say "I *brought* it home."

calory—"W. D. R.," Clearfield, Pa.—The correct pronunciation of the word *calory* is *kal'o-ri*—*a* as in *fat*, *o* as in *obey*, and *i* as in *police*.

co-ed—"R. M. M.," Eskridge, Kans.—The term *co-ed* is college slang used in the United States to designate, when used as a noun, "a young woman being educated at the same institution as young men," and when used as an adjective, "designating a college or other institution where both sexes are educated."

cogitate, meditate—"M. G.," New York City.—One of the definitions for *cogitate* is "to turn over in the mind; think over; meditate." *Meditate*, is defined as "to engage in continuous and contemplative thought; think seriously; cogitate." Therefore, the words have the same meaning and may be used interchangeably.

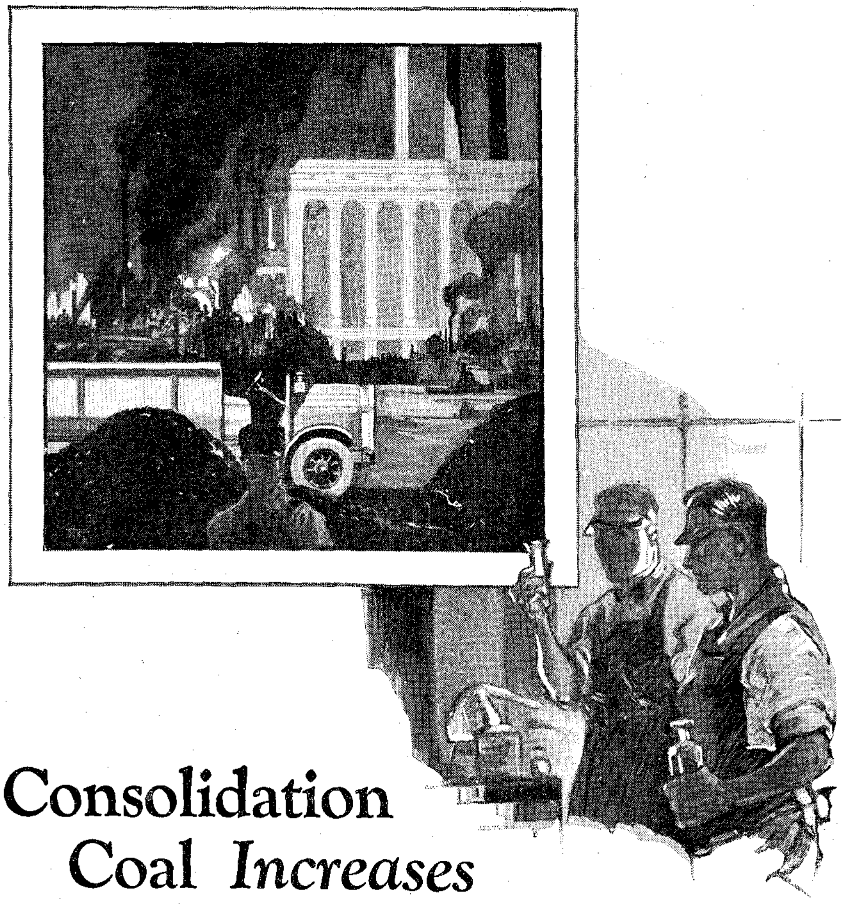
Dail Eireann—"D. E. W.," Rantoul, Ill.—The *Dail Eireann* is "the representative assembly of the Sinn Fein Party that proclaimed the independence of Ireland in Dublin, January 21, 1919. The term is pronounced *do''il'er'an—o* as in *or*, *i* as in *police*, *e* as in *prey*, *a* as in *final*.

ecumenical—"H. B. B.," Pittsburgh, Pa.—The word *ecumenical* means "of or pertaining to the habitable world; general; universal; specifically, pertaining or claiming to pertain to the Christian Church throughout the world; as, an *ecumenical* creed."

operative, operator—"W. E.," Mt. Sterling, Ky.—An *operative* is "a person who is employed as a workman in a mill or factory; a skilled workman; an artizan; one who operates a machine in a factory." An *operator* is "one who works or ontrols a machine; any skilled worker." The atter term is applied also in trading on the Stock Exchange by brokers and by firms engaged n coal-mining operations.

send to Coventry—"M. W. B.," Utica, N. Y.—*Coventry* is a city in the Midlands of England where at one time women who spoke to soldiers were ostracized because of the unpopularity of the troops. Hence, *to send to Coventry* was to banish from society or social intercourse. The practise may have originated from the fact that incompetent officers were sent to the town by he Parliamentary Army during the English Civil War, as Coventry was a stronghold of the Parliamentary Party. The origin of the phrase has been variously attributed, as to the number of Royalists in Coventry jail during the Commonwealth, and, also, to the restriction of trading privileges once imposed on Coventry.

supplice—"T. F. W.," Bottineau, N. D.—The meaning of the word *supplice* is "punishment; torture; pain and torment." As far back as 1656 he word was used by Blount to express the same meaning. There is also a passage in one of Mrs. Oliphant's works which reads: "It is easier to play he victim under the *supplice* inflicted by a pretty irl, than by two mature matrons."



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THE SPICE OF LIFE

Needless Advice.—"Men should not deceive their wives."

"Lord—they don't."—*Florida Times Union.*

Is There Hope?—If Mr. La Follette succeeds in doing away with the courts maybe he can be persuaded to do something about Congress.—*Miami Herald.*

Durable Man.—An Ohio woman has served her husband a pie every day since 1904. The remarkable thing is not the pie but the husband.—*Wilmington Every Evening.*

A Real Chaperone.—The Baptist young people, under the espionage of Mrs. W. H. Brown, gave a very enjoyable fish fry on the beach Thursday evening.—*From the society news of the Pensacola (Fla.) Journal.*

Hard Luck.—HUSBAND—"You accuse me of reckless extravagance. When did I ever make a useless purchase?"

WIFE—"Why, there's that fire extinguisher you bought a year ago. We've never used it once."—*Good Hardware.*

Conservation Again.—"You waste too much paper," said the editor.

"But how can I economize?"

"By writing on both sides."

"But you won't accept stories written on both sides of the sheet."

"I know, but you'd save paper just the same."—*Heywood Advertiser.*

Mistake Somewhere.—A young man once submitted a poem to William Dean Howells. "I think it is a magnificent poem," was the verdict. "Did you compose it unaided?" "Yes, sir," said the young man firmly. "I wrote every line of it out of my own head." Mr. Howells rose, and said: "Then, Lord Byron, I am very glad to meet you. I was under the impression that you had died at Missolongh a good many years ago!"—*Christian Register (Boston).*

The One Ultimate Tragedy.—The policeman, hearing the shot, burst into the fashionable apartment. Cringing before him on the floor was the crumpled figure of a woman, weeping hysterically, a smoking pistol clutched in her trembling fingers.

"My husband! Oh, my husband!" she moaned.

"Control yourself, lady," urged the officer. "Where is the corpse?"

"Gone," sobbed the woman. "He went out through the window. I—I missed him."—*American Legion Weekly.*

The Better Half.—"Do I understand you to say," asked the magistrate, "that when you heard a noise you quickly got out of bed, turned on the light, and went to the head of the stairs—that a burglar was at the foot of the stairs and you did not see him? Are you blind?"

"Must I tell the exact truth?" asked the witness, as he mopped his perspiring face and blushed furiously.

"Yes, sir, the whole truth and nothing but the truth."

"Well," replied the man, slowly, "my wife was in front of me."—*Tit-Bits (London).*

Have You a Little Tank in Your Home?—SWIMMING taught privately in your own home. Address 5359, Sun.—*Classified Ad. in the Baltimore Sun.*

Usual Proposition.—"Uncle, what is a café de luxe?"

"Oh, about five per cent. café and ninety-five per cent. looks."—*London Mail.*

Sign of Modernity?—WANTED—House on South Side or in Painted Post. No children. Must be modern. Address care of *Leader.*—*Classified Ad. in the Corning (N. Y.) Leader.*

Credit Acct.—PRISON GOVERNOR (to released convict)—"I'm sorry. I find we have kept you here a week too long."

CONVICT—"That's all right. Knock it off next time!"—*Vikingen (Christiania).*

Fully Equipped.—"I never saw but one man," said Uncle Bill Bottletop, "that I thought had a chance foolin' with bootleg liquor. He was a sword-swallower and his wife was a snake-charmer."—*Washington Star.*

Too Realistic.—"Did you enjoy the amateur dramatic show last night?"

"Well, I thought it was too realistic."

"Really?"

"Yes, it said on the program, "'One hour is supposed to elapse between the first and second acts,' and it actually did."—*Windsor Magazine.*

Getting Posted.—The telephone girl in a New York hotel answered a queer call over the house exchange the other morning about 11 o'clock. When she "plugged in" a man's voice said: "Hello. Is that the So-and-So hotel?"

"Why, no," answered the girl, "this is the Such-and-Such hotel."

"Oh, all right," said the man. "Just woke up and didn't know where I was."—*Pittsburgh Sun.*

Almost.—The secretary of the bar association was very busy and very cross one afternoon, when his telephone rang.

"Well, what is it?" he snapt.

"Is this the City Gas Works?" asked a woman's soft voice.

"No, madam," roared the secretary. "This is the Bar Association of the City of Louisville."

"Ah," came from the lady's end in the sweetest of tones, "I didn't miss it so far, after all, did I?"—*Dry Goods Economist.*

Raw! Raw! Raw!—The rookie had lately joined a crack cavalry outfit, and after several imitations of the Prince of Wales had lost some of his exuberance. He was standing on the sunny side of the canteen looking like the spirit of melancholy when the genial chaplain approached.

"What's the matter, my boy?" asked the chaplain. "Homesick?"

"Oh, a little, I guess," was the answer "You see, I'm just a raw recruit."

"Cheer up, you'll be all right. But you shouldn't say 'raw recruit.' The 'raw' i superfluous."

The rookie rubbed his anatomy reflectively and then replied with sad emphasis

"Not when you join the cavalry it ain't

—*American Legion Weekly.*